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THE
IRISH MONTHLY.

A Magazine of General Literature.

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

EIGHTEENTH YEARLY VOLUME,

1890.

DUBLIN:
M H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET.
LONDON: BURNS AND OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

1893
✓



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NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1891, to the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin, who will be glad of the opportunity of thanking them individually.

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1890.

IRISH JESUITS SINCE 1800.

THE following sketch, founded on some notes of Father Grene's (who died Feb. 4, 1887, aged 80), was drawn up for a domestic publication, intended only for members of the Society of Jesus. Some of the persons named were known, or are known, to many of our readers, who will also take a kind interest in some whom they hear of here for the first time. The domestic character of some of its details is, indeed, an obvious objection to the publication of the sketch in its present form; but, on the other hand, its simplicity and unconventionality may have advantages of their own.

Irish history has been said to be *invertebrate*, wanting the backbone which is furnished to the history of England (for instance) by the regular line of kings, around whom historians have found it convenient to group the successive events into chapters. In the history of the Society of Jesus a similar purpose is served by the succession of generals. Even in this fragment of the history of a small province of the *Minima Societas*, the fittest item to begin with is a list of the Irish Provincials. Strictly speaking, the first of these was Father Joseph Lentaigne, who became Provincial on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1860. Ireland was previously a Vice-Province from the year 1830, and before that date a Mission, both depending immediately on the Father General.

SUPERIORS OF THE MISSION.

Peter Kenney, September 30, 1812.

Charles Aylmer, September 29, 1817.

Bartholomew Esmonde, August, 1820.

Peter Kenney (*a second time*), September 29, 1821.

VICE-PROVINCIALS.

Robert St. Leger, May, 1830.

Peter Kenney (*for a third time*), April, 1834.

Patrick Bracken, May, 1836.

Robert St. Leger (*second term of office*), February 23, 1841.

John Curtis, March 19, 1850.

John Ffrench, June 24, 1856.

Joseph Lentaigne, February 2, 1858.

PROVINCIALS.

Joseph Lentaigne, December 8, 1860.

Edmund O'Reilly, December 8, 1863.

Nicholas Walsh, April 20, 1870.

Aloysius Sturzo, March 18, 1877.

James Tuite, July 31, 1880.

Thomas P. Brown, April 21, 1883.

Timothy Kenny, February 3, 1888.

The chief link between the Irish Jesuits who flourished before the suppression of the Society in 1773, and those who resumed their work after the restoration, was Father Thomas Betagh, who was born at Kells, in Co. Meath, in 1738. He was not the youngest of the ex-Jesuits, for Father John Barron was only 49 years old when he died in 1798, and Father Betagh was over 60 at that date. The following seventeen are given as the survivors of the Irish Mission, as our Province was then called:—

John Ward	died 1775	aged 70
Clement Kelly	" 1777	" 69
Edward Keating	" 1777	" 69
John St. Leger	" 1783	" 70
Nicholas Barron	" 1784	" 64
John Austin	" 1784	" 67
Peter Berill	" 1784	" 72
James Morony	" 1785	" 71
Michael Cawood	" 1787	" 79
Michael Fitzgerald	" 1791	" 97
John Fullam	" 1793	" 74
Paul Power	" 1795	" 63
John Barron	" 1798	" 49
Joseph O'Halloran	" 1800	" 74
James Mulcaile	" 1801	" 73
Richard O'Callaghan	" 1807	" 79
Thomas Betagh	" 1811	" 73

These Fathers looked forward with confidence to the restoration of the beloved Society, and they husbanded carefully the resources in their hands, confiding the management of them to one of their number who gave an account of this fund when they met from time to time. Father John Ward filled this office very satisfactorily, and, at his death in 1775 Father Fullam succeeded. These funds were kept safe with the help of Father Marmaduke Stone, and still more of Father Charles Plowden of the English Province.

These Irish Fathers devoted themselves to missionary work, and also to education in Dublin, with great success, Father Austin and Father Betagh being the most distinguished. Several youths of high promise were trained up with a view to entering the Society, especially after it had been restored in Sicily, in the year 1804, by Pope Pius VI. Thither these candidates for the Society were sent from Stonyhurst, where they had been placed for their education. About this time the Father General Brzozowski wrote to Father Betagh a letter, which is preserved in the archives of the Irish Province, and which shows the close relations subsisting between the members of the suppressed Society in places so far apart as Dublin and St. Petersburg :—

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,
P. C.

Cum summa animi mei voluptate a Patribus nostris qui sunt in Anglia accepi quam egregiam operam quamque utilem Reverentia vestra, quamquam ætate provecta, ponat in illa Domini Nostri vinea. Non dubito benevolentiam qua Episcopi Hiberniæ prosequuntur Societatem proficisci a zelo apostolico antiquorum nostrorum Patrum, sed eandem augeri per laborem indefessum quem vident a Reverentia vestra in salute animarum procuranda exantlari. Gratias igitur Reverentiæ vestræ ago quantas possum maximas pro hoc erga Matrem nostram amore. Perge, Pater Reverende, eam tuis ornare officiis et beneficiis. Para tui zeli et spiritus successores ex iis juvenibus qui in Anglia instruuntur. Certissimus est consensus Summi Pontificis quoad vestram nobiscum unionem, quidquid quidam aliter dicant vel scribant. Hoc consensu posito, cum melius profecto sit esse quam non esse, judicarem Societatem in Hibernia etiam resuscitari posse, licet caute, prudenter, et sine strepitu, ne scilicet ob hunc ipsum consensum Sanctissimo Patri novæ causentur molestiæ. Veniet tempus, et brevi quidem, quo Sancta Sedes etiam canonice scripto hanc unionem confirmabit. Si itaque mature præparamus socios, gaudebit tum ecclesia Hibernensium, gaudebit Societas, adesse operarios et milites, qui ad prælia Domini prælianda sint parati.

R. P. Callaghan virum apostolicum saluto ac veneror. Utrique

omnem divinam benedictionem precor, meque Societatemque utriusque
sanctis sacrificiis commendo.

Reverentiæ Vestræ

Servus in Christo addictissimus,

THADDÆUS BRZOWSKI,

P. G., S. J.

Petropoli, 14 Junii, 1806.

Father Betagh, who then filled the office of Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Dublin, had formed high expectations, in particular of Mr Peter Kenney, then about 25 years of age. A friend said to him one day : 'Oh ! Dr. Betagh, what will become of us all when you go to Heaven ?' 'No matter,' answered he, 'I am old and stupid, but there is a young cock coming from Sicily that will crow ten times as loud as ever I could do.'

In the ninth volume of this Magazine, at page 441, and again at page 500 (August and September 1881), may be found an article entitled 'To Palermo and Back, Seventy years Ago,' which describes the voyage to Sicily of the first band of young Irish Jesuits of the nineteenth century. A letter is there given, dated 'Stonyhurst, July 7th, 1809,' in which the Rector, Father Nicholas Sewall, gives 'the Rev. Mr. Betagh, Cook Street, Dublin,' an account of the departure from Liverpool in the ship *Lascelles* of Bartholomew Esmonde of Kildare, Paul Ferley of Dublin, Charles Aylmer of Kildare, Robert St. Leger of Waterford, Edmond Cogan of Cork, and James Butler of Dublin—'all young men of abilities and likely to do credit to their country.' Next follows a minute account of the voyage by Bartholomew Esmonde, then aged 19 years, and the youngest of the little company. Peter Kenney and Matthew Gahan had preceded them to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. England then occupied Sicily against France ; and Father Kenney was sent on one occasion to Civita Vecchia to act as interpreter between the Pope and the English Admiral, who held himself in readiness to give to His Holiness the protection of the British fleet.

Of the little band mentioned above Edmund Cogan died after a year in Sicily. The others after their ordination were fortunate enough to be at Rome on their homeward journey when the Pope restored the Society throughout the world. They were thus among the first to resume the Jesuit dress. On the 7th of August, 1814, the Bull of Restoration was published at the Gesù, where the Pope, in the presence of the Sacred College of Cardinals, celebrated Mass at the altar of St. Ignatius.

Meanwhile Father Betagh had died at 92 Cook Street, Dublin, Feb. 16th, 1811, aged 73. He had kept an excellent school behind the

houses in Fishamble Street, and amongst his pupils was Daniel Murray, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and ever a devoted friend to Father Kenney and the Society. Another pupil of his was Michael Blake, the restorer of the Irish College in Rome, and subsequently Bishop of Dromore in Ulster.* In a sermon preached on Palm Sunday, 1811, which was printed with another in 1821, and which now lies before us, he pays a very touching tribute to the 'venerable Betagh,' as he calls him. The sermon was for the evening Free Schools which Father Betagh had founded and supported, and which to this day are known as Dr. Betagh's Schools. Already, in 1811, more than three thousand boys had received their education in these schools, which have been continuing their work ever since. Dr. Blake speaks of 'the man who established that Institution, who cherished the objects of it with the affection of a parent, who superintended their instruction, who rewarded the most promising of them by a classical education, who at the age of seventy-three would sit down in a cold, damp cellar every night to hear the lessons of these children, and contrived to clothe forty of the most destitute of them every year at his own expense.' After describing the patriarch's holy death, the young priest—who himself lived for fifty years after—gives a wonderful account of the grief shown by the people, 'the crowds which, at all hours of the day and night, and under the most heavy, incessant rain, were seen pouring in from every quarter of the city to the house where his body lay.' His funeral testified to the extraordinary veneration in which he was held by all classes.

But we have given an undue amount of our space to Father Betagh. We do so because he was the chief connecting link between the old and the new Society in Ireland. Another of the Fathers during the interregnum, Father Mulcaile, translated Feller's Philosophical Catechism into English. Father Callaghan, whom Father Brzozowski, in the letter quoted before, salutes and venerates as a *vir apostolicus*, had suffered for the faith in the Philippine Islands.

After their return from Sicily in 1812, Fathers Kenney, Dinan, and Gahan resided at No 3 George's Hill, Dublin, which house is now a portion of the schools of the Presentation Nuns. The Jesuits, before and during the Suppression, had long been connected with that parish of St. Michan, and they officiated in the Parish Church, formerly in Mary's Lane, but removed long since to North Anne Street. Father Kenney was Superior of the Irish Mission of the Society. Another pupil of Father Betagh's, Dr. Daniel Murray, had been appointed

* Several papers in our Ninth and Tenth Volumes were devoted to this venerable man.

Coadjutor to Dr. Troy, the Archbishop of Dublin ; and yet, in June, 1812, he was persuaded by the Bishops to become president of Maynooth College. He yielded, it is said, on condition that Father Kenney should help him as vice-president. In the College Calendar Father Kenney's appointment is assigned to the following November. Their term of office was intended to be brief, but it left its mark on the College, and no doubt had a share in the immense veneration with which Father Kenney's name is still remembered among the priests of Ireland. The meditations which the Vice-President proposed during that year to the students were eagerly copied, and are not even yet forgotten or disused.

The money mentioned before as having been carefully husbanded during the Suppression was expended on the purchase of Castle Browne, or Clongowes Wood, in County Kildare, 16 Irish miles, or 27 English miles, from Dublin. It is now known by its older name of Clongowes, but at the time it was called Oastle Browne, from the old Catholic family who had owned it, and of whom the head then was General Browne, in the service of the King of Saxony. Captain Wogan Browne is at this present moment a Catholic Officer in the British army. The Brownes had been in possession for two hundred years, being preceded by another Catholic race, the Eustaces, whose name still survives in the small town of Ballymore Eustace not far distant. The purchase of Clongowes was completed in 1813, but some time was spent in preparing it for its new destiny. The first pupil entered on the 14th of May, 1814. We should gladly mention the boy's name if tradition had handed it down.

There lies before us a fragment of a diary kept by someone at Clongowes two years after. Some little bits of internal evidence seem to point to Father Charles Aylmer as its author ; and comparing the handwriting with that of Father Aylmer's 'Journal of a Tour in Sicily,' which chanced to come under our eyes at this moment, the two manuscripts seem to be written by the same person. The Sicilian Journal is dated three years earlier, September, 1813. We notice in it that Father Aylmer was already a priest in his 29th year, having been born in 1784. This fragment of a journal ends with a lovingly minute description of the shrine of St. Lucy, at Syracuse ; and this is another proof of identity between Father Aylmer and the Clongowes Diarist, for it explains what had previously surprised me—namely, why in the Diary December 13th is called 'St. Lucy's Day,' no other saint of November and December being thus mentioned, except, of course, St. Stanislaus and St. Francis Xavier.

The diary begins on October 1st, 1816, giving the *status domus* at full length. Father Peter Kenney, Superior of the whole Society in

Ireland, prefect of higher studies, preaches every week to the pupils. Father Aylmer is the Minister and Father Claudius Jautard is Spiritual Father—a Frenchman, who seemed a patriarch in the youthful community, as another old scrap of paper tells us he was born in 1740, and entered the Society in 1756, before Choiseul and Pombal and the devil had got their will.* Father James Butler is Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology. Father Paul Ferley is Professor of Logic and Metaphysics; and curiously enough it is announced that he is to preach on the next Good Friday, still half a year distant, Father Matthew Gahan is described as missionary in the parish of St. Nicholas, Francis Street, Dublin, and confessor to the Nuns at Harold's Cross and Summer Hill—the former still the home of the Poor Clares, the latter the first beginnings of the Irish Sisters of Charity. The four remaining priests in the Clongowes Community seventy years ago were Fathers Robert St. Leger, W. Dinan, Bartholomew Esmonde (Superior of the Scholastics), and John Ryan, a missionary in St. Paul's Parish, Arran Quay. Among the Scholastics, the masters and prefects were Brothers Frazer, Levins, Connor, Bracken, Sherlock, Moran, Mullen, and McGlade. Several of these were following the theological classes at the same time, and others were applied exclusively to their studies; of these last two survived to our own time, dying only two or three years ago, nonagenarians—Robert Haly and John Curtis. A third was the first of all to die, the first buried in the rustic graveyard of old Mainham—Nicholas Fitzharris, who had been a Maynooth student during Father Kenney's vice-presidency, and followed him when he left the College.

The Diary begins with All Saints' Day, 1816, mentioning that the number of scholars was then 194. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier it is recorded, 'J. Heaney came to the house, and completed the 200 scholars who are in all on the list 201, in the house 199.' Among these were Joseph Lentaigue, who was our first Irish Provincial, and his brother, who died recently, Sir John Lentaigue; also Frank Mahony ('Father Prout'), and James Lynch, now Bishop of Kildare.

The manner in which Father Aylmer's opinion is reported in the following passage is one of my reasons for thinking that Father Aylmer wrote the Diary. 'The letter from Mr. Kenney on the 3rd was to desire the opinions of Fathers Ferley, Butler, and Aylmer with regard to his preaching a charity sermon in Cork, at the request of the Bishop, Dr. Murphy, and consequent to his accepting that of Cork, another in Limerick. The two former were of opinion that both ought to be accepted; the latter said he did not entirely agree

* He died at Clongowes in 1821, aged 81.

with them, because he thought that Mr. Kenney's frequent absence from the College, where he had so often declared that all were too young and not to be depended upon, was highly injurious. As to the propriety of preaching both sermons, Mr. Kenney himself could alone determine, as he alone knew the circumstances and situation of affairs.'

The Diary, which records very minutely everything about the examinations, and the health of the boys, and sundry other matters, ends with the 13th of December. On the same day it is said: 'We heard that Mr. Kenney had got possession of Hardwick Street Chapel.'

These entries refer to the first Dublin Sanctuary of the Society after its Restoration. It was already a holy spot. The Poor Clares, who are now serving God according to their holy state at Harold's Cross, near Dublin, carried out their vocation even amidst the terrors of the Penal Laws. In 1752, some of them who were living in North King Street, removed to the house of Major Favier in Drumcondra Lane, now called Dorset Street. 'After a few years,' say their annals, from which the Mother Abbess has copied this extract for us, 'they built a neat chapel with eight cells over it at a cost of £800. In the year 1804, October 19th, the community was transferred to Harold's Cross; and their chaplain, the Rev. Bernard McMahon, took a lease of the chapel, and celebrated Mass there till his death. He had the eight cells prepared for his accommodation as a residence. The gentlemen of Clongowes College are now in possession of it, the entrance being in 38 Hardwick Street, which has been built on the site of our kitchen garden that stood at the rear of the convent.'

This, the first public Jesuit chapel in Ireland in this century, is still easily recognised in the middle of Hardwick Street (No. 38). When St. Francis Xavier's Church was opened in 1832, our Fathers used the Hardwick Street House as a day school till 1841, when Belvidere College was opened at No. 6 Great Denmark Street. It became subsequently a Methodist chapel, and is now a National school under Protestant auspices. It was here that Father Kenney preached some of his first sermons, with that massive eloquence which has made his name so profoundly respected by the Irish priests and people. Next to him as a preacher was Father Esmonde, who began in the miserable little thatched parish chapel of Mainham.

In 1817, Father Fidelis Grivel was sent as a Visitor to England and Ireland. He made Father Aylmer Rector of Clongowes, with Father Matthew Gahan as Minister. In some unpublished reminiscences of Father Haly, we learn that Father Aylmer changed the dinner hour from half-past 12 to half-past 3 o'clock. But after Father Aylmer's rectorship this important event was changed back to the earlier hour.

Amongst the founders of Clongowes, a high place belongs to Father James Butler. He was a man of extraordinary ability and devotedness and inspired masters and scholars* with some of his own energy. His health gave way, and he died on the 22nd of August, 1821, aged 31 years : for his birthday was the feast of St. Stanislaus, 1790.

Just before this, Father Aylmer had been chosen to take part in the procuratorial congregation at Rome. The Russian Tsar had turned against the Jesuits, whom he had before befriended when all the world was against them. Father Aylmer arranged that three of the Fathers banished by Russia should come to Ireland—Fathers Casimir Hlasko, Francis Stackhowski, and a fine-looking young Father whose Christian name was Adam, says Father Haly. With this help a school of theology was opened, and six English scholastics were sent over to join it—John Weston, John Scott, Henry Brigham, William Waterton (brother to the famous traveller and naturalist), James Carr, and Bernard Addis. These all completed their theological course in Ireland, and retained ever after very pleasing memories of their Irish sojourn.

Father Kenney was sent twice to America as Visitor; first by the General, Thaddæus Brzozowski, in 1819, when he returned after a few months, and again in 1830, by Father Koothaan, when he spent three years in his arduous and delicate office, to the satisfaction of all.

Father Kenney, who had been Superior of the Irish Mission almost continuously since 1812—Father Aylmer filling the office for three years after September 29th, 1817, and Father Esmonde for a year after 1820—upon his return from America, became the second Vice-Provincial, in April, 1834, the first Superior, when Ireland became a Vice-Province in 1830, being Father Robert St. Leger, who had a second term of nine years before 1850, between Father Bracken and Father Curtis. He it was who was, for some years before the last mentioned date, Prefect-Apostolic of Calcutta.

It was chiefly between these two trips across the Atlantic—which at that time was considerably broader than it is accounted nowadays—that Father Kenney acquired his great and solid reputation as a preacher. In his style of eloquence, and especially in his slow and weighty delivery, he resembled O'Connell far more than Sheil. His retreats to the clergy were eagerly sought for. An aged Bishop

* One of these translated the whole of Cicero's oration, *Pro Milone*, into Greek, which won the admiration of a Fellow of Trinity College. Another (Jeremiah John Murphy), afterwards Master in Chancery, composed rapidly, at a T.C.D. examination, some eighty or a hundred excellent Greek hexameters on a given subject.

recalls in particular the overmastering tenderness and vehemence of his apostrophes to the crucifix, which he delivered with streaming eyes on some occasions; and he declares that his vivid recollection of Father Kenney's preaching had made him unable to relish any other preacher, however eminent, even Father Thomas Burke himself. Father Aylmer, himself a most effective preacher, used to say that his greatest humiliation was to be obliged to preach from the same altar-steps from which Father Kenney had electrified the congregation the Sunday before. Naturally the crowd on such occasions overflowed into Hardwick Street. Grattan is said to have expressed great admiration for Father Kenney's eloquence; and an eminent literary man declared that to listen to one of his well-prepared discourses was an exquisite intellectual treat. We may emphasize the phrase 'well-prepared' as an excuse for remarking that the impressions of some who heard him when he was forced to speak without due preparation run counter to these enthusiastic testimonials. Father Kenney's personal character had, no doubt, a large share in the effectiveness of his words. He was the trusted counsellor of very many among the priest and Bishops of Ireland. His own Archbishop, Doctor Murray, placed unlimited confidence in his life-long friend. When he wished to bring the famous J. K. L. round from certain peculiar opinions, Dr. Doyle and Father Kenney were invited to dine at the Archbishop's house in North Cumberland Street* where the points in question were discussed with the greatest fulness and candour (as we are assured), and with the result desired.

However, we must not forget that this rapid and unmethodical sketch is not a biography of Father Kenney, and we shall only add that he died at Rome, November 19, 1841, aged 62.

The venerable Dean Meagher, in his funeral oration over Archbishop Murray, called Father Kenney the Apostle of Dublin. Father Matthew Gahan,† whom we have mentioned before, had a better, or at least a more exclusive claim to the title often given to him, of Apostle of the Isle of Man. This interesting island was altogether destitute of spiritual help, and full of strange superstitions, when he volunteered for this lonely mission in 1826. He laboured hard, built a church at Douglas, and established schools, not, we may be sure, from the resource supplied by the handful of indifferent

* *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* Not even a curate would lodge in Cumberland Street now. Dr. Murray soon removed to Mountjoy Square, where he died.

† Nephew to Father William Gahan, O.S.A., remembered for his popular prayerbook "*Catholic Piety*," and for his connection with the deathbed of Lord Dunboyne.

Catholics he found on the island. Father Aylmer, by what we call an accident, paid him an unexpected visit in the early part of 1837, and was just in time to give the solitary missionary all the consolations of religion before he died on the 22nd of February.

The second visit of the cholera to Dublin, in 1834 (the first visit was two years earlier), carried off after one night's sickness, Father John Shine, and, four days later, Father Robert O'Ferrall, in his thirtieth year. The latter was brother to the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall, whose best title to remembrance is that he resigned the Governorship of Malta as a protest against Lord John Russell's Papal Aggression Bill. Father Shine was, perhaps, after Father James Butler, the most efficient of the first Clongowes professors, and had for four or five years taken charge of the day school into which the Hardwick Street Chapel had been transformed after the opening of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street. He caught the dreadful malady from a poor person whom he was attending. So great was the dread of contagion, that he was buried by torchlight in Glasnevin during the following night.

Before mentioning some names of persons, it seems right to speak, even with unfair brevity, of a place in which many Irish Jesuits have done good and hard work for God. The College of St. Stanislaus, at Tullabeg, in King's County, forty-nine Irish miles from Dublin, was opened not very long after Clongowes. It was, indeed, at first intended as a novitiate, and for some time was applied to this purpose under its first Rector, Father Robert St. Leger; but it soon became a school, at first preparatory to Clongowes, and subsequently vieing with Clongowes. Large additional buildings were erected by subsequent Rectors, especially Fathers John Ffrench, Matthew Seaver, and Alfred Murphy. A fresh impulse was given to the studies of the boys under Father William Delany, from the year 1870, and the College of St. Stanislaus scored well in the matriculation at the University of London, and also in the Irish Intermediate Examinations. But in the year 1886 it was considered wise to combine the teaching power of our two Colleges, which are not very far apart, and to give further development to Clongowes, the Mother-House of the Society in Ireland. Large additions to the buildings had been made by Father Eugene Browne, Father Robert Carbery, and other Rectors. On the 8th of April, 1866, a fire, caused by the negligence of a plumber at work on the roof of the fine study hall erected by Father Aylmer, spread to the refectory underneath, and destroyed these rooms, with many valuable pictures, books and papers. A plentiful supply of water and efficient engines kept the fire within its original limit, and no danger to life or limb occurred. The loss

was partly covered by insurance, and it was made the occasion of a practical proof of affection by former pupils of the College. The result has been highly beneficial to the elegance and efficiency of the collegiate buildings. May it be the opening of a new era of prosperity for dear old Clongowes under its present Rector, Father John Conmee.

This sketch deals chiefly with places and persons. The places which remain still to be commemorated must have even scantier justice accorded to them. We have mentioned incidentally that the Hardwick Street day school was transferred to Belvidere House, No. 6 Great Denmark Street, which in some of its internal decorations gives one some idea of the magnificence of the Irish nobility before the Union impoverished Dublin. Very fine school-rooms and a spacious lecture-hall and theatre have recently been built by the late Rector, Father Thomas Finlay. With the name of Belvidere—which is now attended by about three hundred boys, a large number for an Irish school—we may link the names of some of its former Rectors, such as Father Meagher (uncle to the eloquent Thomas Francis Meagher, of '48, and afterwards General in the American Army); Father Francis Murphy, still teaching boys in St. Patrick's College, Melbourne; and Father Michael O'Ferrall, who for some years after 1864, helped our Fathers of the dispersed Sardinian Province in their prosperous exile near the Golden Gate. He died soon after his return from San Francisco.

Father Edward Kelly, and Father Thomas Kelly, presided also over this establishment before and after Father Stanley Matthews, who died comparatively young; but their work in the arduous office of Superior lay chiefly in Limerick. Their names, coupled with that of their eldest brother, Father William Kelly,—one of the founders of the Australian Mission, and still exercising his versatile gifts A.M.D.G. in New South Wales*—suggest a remark that has sometimes been made. Is there any Province of the Society, even twice or thrice as large as Ireland, which has among its members so many pairs and triplets of brothers? We have just named three brothers. Of another name (Hughes) we have three also, and again two; and we have had two Fathers St. Leger, two Fathers Bellew, two Fathers Lynch, two Fathers Seaver, two Fathers Duffy, two Fathers Keating; and we still have two Fathers Dalton, two Fathers Finlay, four Fathers Daly, two Fathers Colgan, and some other fraternal couples,

* He has since been recalled to teach Hebrew and Scripture in the Theological Seminary opened recently at Milltown Park, near Dublin. Will it be indiscreet to add in the seclusion of a footnote that the only other member of the fireside circle has been doing the holy work of a Sister of Mercy these thirty years in Perth, Western Australia, whither she bravely went from her novitiate in the Mother House in Baggot Street.

besides cousins *galore*, that is, to *n* factors. But these details may, perhaps, be beneath the dignity of the historic muse.

St. Munchin's College (afterwards College of the Sacred Heart) was opened in Limerick, in March, 1859, with the cordial sanction of the good old Bishop, Doctor Ryan. Father Edward Kelly was the first Rector. The Church of the Sacred Heart was built by his successor, Father Thomas Kelly, and opened in 1868, the dedication sermon being preached by the holy and eloquent Dominican Bishop of Dromore, Doctor John Pius Leahy. The next Superior in Limerick was Father William Ronan, who is known in the United States for his exertions in establishing the Apostolic School at Mungret, near Limerick, in which very arduous task he was greatly encouraged by Doctor Ryan's successor in the See of Limerick, Doctor George Butler. Dr. Butler died in the year, 1886, and has been succeeded by one of the first Limerick pupils of the Society, Doctor Edward O'Dwyer.

Our Galway house was opened about the same time as Limerick. Father Robert Haly was the first Superior, and his exertions had the chief part in building the Church of St. Ignatius in that interesting but not very prosperous town. With Galway should be linked the name of Father Michael Bellew, a man of singular holiness. His eldest brother, Sir Christopher Bellew, resigned his position in the world to become a very devout and humble member of the Society, dying on the 18th of March, 1867. Father Michael Bellew died on the 29th of October, 1868.

A certain man of the world was once greatly struck by hearing the 'English Province of the Society' spoken of. He was delighted with the idea of the world-wide Church looking down on haughty England as a mere province. To call Ireland a Province would not be judicious in a politician; but in the Society Ireland only rose to be a Province in the year 1860. Every such Province has a novitiate and a foreign mission attached to it. The Irish novitiate was opened in that year at Miltown Park, near Dublin, under the holy and learned Father Daniel Jones; but it had begun its great and most successful work as a House of Retreats in 1858, under Father Edmund O'Reilly,* who deserves pre-eminently the same two epithets we have bestowed on Father Jones. Father Jones's successors, as Novice-Masters, were Father Sturzo, Father Charles McKenna, Father William O'Farrell, and the present Master of Novices, Father

* Father O'Reilly died November 10th, 1878. The following issue of this Magazine contained a sketch of his life, embodying some important testimonies to his great theological attainments, and his noble but most amiable character. Our Magazine also furnished last year some account of Father John O'Carroll, with some opinions expressed by experts as to his very remarkable linguistic aptitudes and attainments.

John Colgan. On May 3rd, 1884, Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, the novices were removed to Dromore, County Down, and subsequently to the appropriately named house of St. Stanislaus, Tullabeg, in Queen's County. Very numerous retreats for priests and lay gentlemen are given through the whole course of the year at Milltown.

The foreign mission assigned to the Irish Province is so congenial a field for the zeal of Irish hearts, that it requires some other name than foreign mission—which indeed is hardly a Jesuit word. The sons of St. Ignatius are at home everywhere, in *quavis mundi plaga*. A clever man has called the United States of America 'Greater Britain.' They might well be called 'Greater Ireland;' and Australia, also, is for an Irish priest only Ireland transplanted. In July, 1865, Father Joseph Lentaigue and Father William Kelly left Dublin on their way to Melbourne. The wonderful progress made in twenty years, the many colleges and churches founded at Melbourne and Sydney, and their suburbs, cannot be crushed into a paragraph. They have now thirty-six priests, several scholastics and lay brothers, and a novitiate. The Superiors of the Mission have been Fathers Joseph Dalton and Father Aloysius Sturzo.

St. Patrick's House of Residence of the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, Dublin, was committed by the Bishops to the care of the Society in 1873, the first Superior being the Rev. Thomas Keating, who has since died at Sydney. Under a new arrangement, the Catholic University College is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, Father Delany being Vice-Rector since the 21st December, 1881, till he was succeeded by Father Carbery.

Though we omitted it at the proper place, we must not omit altogether to mention the visit of Father Roothaan, the first General of the Society that ever set foot on Irish soil—though St. Ignatius did the next best thing in sending us two of his first companions, Paschasius Brouet and Alphonsus Salueron. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and the Italian Revolution wafted to our shores, perhaps, the greatest of the Generals since Claudius Aquaviva. He arrived in Dublin on the 19th of October, 1849, accompanied by Father Villefort of France, and Father Cobb of the English Province. He delighted and impressed everyone who came in contact with him. Of this we have a striking testimony in the first volume of the *Irish Annual Miscellany* (afterwards called *Essays, chiefly Theological*), by the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. He devotes a long paper to an account of 'Father Roothaan's visit to Maynooth.' On his part the illustrious visitor carried away the best impressions of our little island. The crowds that thronged St. Francis Xavier's

Church in Dublin, even on week days, and the immense number of confessions and communions delighted and edified him; and at Avignon he remarked that our Church at Marseilles was the only rival he knew for Gardiner Street, Dublin.* He wrote back to Ireland from the Continent: 'Multa ibi vidi et audiui quæ maximam mihi consolationem attulerunt.'

We have reluctantly put aside our intention of giving some details about certain of our Fathers *qui dormiunt in somno pacis*; for space would fail, and it is often better to leave one's self under the guilty consciousness of a duty undischarged than to make an utterly inadequate attempt at discharging it. The former course gives the duty a chance of being properly done hereafter.

One of the items in this *catalogue raisonné* of the Irish Province would have been Father John Ffrench, uncle to the present Lord Ffrench, who was Assistant at Rome from 1858 till his death in 1873, May 31st. He was a man of singular holiness, humility, patience and charity. Thirteen years later, his grave had for some cause to be opened, and his remains were found entire. One who had worked under him when he was Rector of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg—Father John Cunningham—died in 1858, in his forty-second year, leaving behind him a reputation for sanctity more than ordinary. The country folk used to scrape away the clay of his grave. Father Cunningham's remains were afterwards taken up and buried in the College Chapel. Another who ought to be mentioned is Father Henry J. Rorke, the first of that name which has several representatives in the Society, an impressive preacher, and a man of great influence on souls.

Such are the facts which it has occurred to us to jot down concerning the Society of Jesus in Ireland since its restoration. Our motives in drawing up this very simple sketch resemble those of the Cistercian monk who wrote the history of the monastery of Villars in in Brabant, which is given in the third volume of Martène's *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*. He begins thus:—

'Necessarium reor militaturis Deo in cœnobio Villariensi diligenter describere qualiter ordo ibidem viguit, quamque copiosa benedictione personæ domus hujus complectæ (?) fuerint, sicut seniorum nostrorum relatione didicimus, quatenus ii quos in sæculis superventuris divina gratia ad monasterium Villariense vocare dignabitur, si hanc parvitatibus

* Large additions and improvements have been made in the Residence and Church of St. Francis Xavier by one whose name is not forgotten in the United States by those whose recollections go back to the War—Father John Bannon. [Reversing Dickens's title, these Irish notes were meant for American circulation.]

nostræ paginam legere dignum duxerint, considerantes quam nobili regum mammilla lactati sint, erubescant filij degeneres inveniri.'

If this account had to be written in Latin, and if in the foregoing paragraph *Provincia Hibernia* were substituted for *Monasterium Villariense*, with what more appropriate words could our sketch have begun? Let it end with them, therefore.

EN ATTENDANT.

THIS morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies in the meadows,
On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering like gold,
Across the bright and breezy world ran shifting shine and shadow,
The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all is changed and cold.

*He's half an hour late,
While here I wait and wait.
Well! It is just my fate—
Too plainly I can see
He never cared for me.
How cruel men can be!*

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their foolish flutter,
And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a second still.
My eyes ache so! Would someone please to partly close the shutter,
And move those hateful hyacinths from off the window-sill?

*He's half an hour late,
No longer I shall wait.
Hark, there's the garden gate!
Love, is this you at last?
Ah, do not be downcast—
I knew the clocks were fast.*

FRANCES WYNNE.

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOME AGAIN.

IT was a very white-cheeked, weary-looking Molly who stood on the deck of the *Munster*, as it slowly steamed into Kingstown Harbour. In obedience to many a hasty "By your leave," or "Beg your pardon," from bustling sailors and excited travellers, she had retired to one side, and, leaning against the paddle-box, looked on absently at the general bustle and confusion. Why on earth was everyone in such a hurry? she wondered; surely they would all land soon enough; what was there to make such a fuss about?

At last the boat was still, and people began to pour across the gangway. Molly waited till the last straggler had pushed past her, and then, having secured the services of the ship's cook to carry her small packages, proceeded leisurely ashore. She almost fell against Mrs. Mackenzie, who was about to rush on board in search of her.

"*Here she is!*" she cried, ecstatically. "Gracious, child, what a fright you gave us! We thought you hadn't come. Mr. Burke, *Mr. Burke*, here she is, here's Molly. Now, have you got your luggage? Where's your ticket? Mind you do not leave your small packages behind."

"Dear auntie, you are the same as ever," said Molly, kissing her with a sudden remorseful warmth. She herself felt so different from what she had been on leaving, that she almost expected to find a like change in everybody else. It was refreshing to find Mrs. Mackenzie so exactly "herself."

"Well, would you tell me what *else* did you suppose I should be?" cried the latter, pausing, heedless of the bustle around her, to interrogate Molly, her eyes opened to the fullest extent, her mouth screwed up into a little round button of astonishment.

"Oh there! never mind, never mind," ejaculated Mr. Burke, with masculine exasperation. "Get into the train, and do your talking there."

Molly and her aunt obeyed, the former's small baggage was put in, Mrs. Mackenzie subsequently hanging out of the window, heedless of Mr. Burke's assurances that such a proceeding was quite

unnecessary, to "make sure" that the heavy luggage was not left behind. Finding that no one heeded her frantic efforts to attract attention, she clutched hold of a porter who happened to be standing within reach of her arm, and entered into a detailed description of Molly's boxes, begging he would *himself* put them into the train.

"Sure its the company manages it, ma'am," he replied, removing the straw which he had been chewing from his mouth, and gazing at her in apparent amusement. "It's them does it intirely, and if ye was the Lord Liffenant himself, wid Dublin Castle at his back, ye musn't dar' interfere."

"Do you mean to tell me we cannot claim our own property?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie, somewhat daunted by this dark allusion to the higher powers, and puzzled by the metaphor which suggested to her mind's eye a sort of vice-regal snail.

"Bedad, it's the company does it," repeated the man, replacing his straw, and walking away. A minute later the whistle sounded, and the train went off.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Mackenzie, slowly withdrawing her head, "if he was speaking the truth now. There was something in his eye I didn't like. Well, I suppose we must trust to chance. Now let me look at you, Molly. Dear me! I can't say you are looking well."

"Neither can I," observed Mr. Burke, in the severely disapproving tone usually adopted under such circumstances; "she looks anything but well. What have you been doing to yourself, child?"

"I'm so tired," pleaded poor Molly. "How can you expect me to look otherwise? I shall be all right when I have rested."

"Of course, of course," agreed her aunt. "Well, tell me Molly"—lowering her voice that their fellow-passengers might not overhear her—"weren't you *very* much surprised at the turn affairs have taken? What did you say when you first heard?"

"I was very much surprised," answered the girl faintly; she felt too much dazed and exhausted to think of a more original phrase.

"And weren't you delighted?" continued Mrs. Mackenzie. "Certainly you *are* a lucky girl. I never knew anyone so fortunate. Who could have supposed when you went away, and we were all so miserable, that everything would end so happily? I am so pleased, I don't know what to do with myself. Aren't *you* happy? Isn't it delightful to think that all your drudgery is over, and that you need never go back to that odious *chatto* again?"

Poor Molly tried hard to say something in token of the satisfaction she was so far from feeling, but the words stuck in her throat, and at last she took refuge in her former excuse of being so tired—so very tired: to-morrow she would be able to talk more.

She lay back in her corner and closed her eyes, hoping to avoid further questioning, but she felt the while that her friends were exchanging anxious glances, and making telegraphic signs to each other, expressive of amazement and distress. After a few minutes, therefore, she opened her eyes again, and sat up, resolving if possible to divert their attention from herself.

"How is Hugh?" she asked, languidly.

"Eh? oh, your cousin? wonderfully well, a new man in fact since he made that discovery. He has acted very well, hasn't he?" Thus Mr Burke in tones of patronizing approval.

"Very," agreed Molly, cordially.

"He intends to call this evening, to see how you are after your journey," said Mrs. Mackenzie, transfixing her niece with that loving, eager—too eager—glance of hers. "Poor fellow, he will be *shocked* to find you such a wreck. I daresay though you will be too tired to see him."

"Oh, no I shan't," returned the girl, with a sudden access of animation. "I wish you would ask him to stay for dinner. I should like to see him—he has behaved so well. I want to tell him so, and to say how—grateful I am."

She felt that the presence of the good, babbling little man would be an unspeakable relief. Before him no embarrassing questions would be asked, and politeness would forbid the expressions of rapture over her altered circumstances, which she found so hard to listen to, and so impossible to share.

When Hugh arrived, therefore, he was quite flattered at the pressing invitation which he received from Mrs. Mackenzie, and the warmth with which her niece seconded it. But in spite of all Molly's efforts, and of Hugh's unflinching flow of conversation, the evening was melancholy enough, and the latter withdrew at an early hour.

Molly hastened to bid good-night to the other two also, and retired, telling her aunt she meant to go to bed at once: the truth being that she was sorely afraid the latter might follow her to her room, to resume her astonished inquiries.

"I know I am very ungrateful and unkind," she thought remorsefully, "but I couldn't bear it to-night."

Left to themselves, her aunt and the lawyer stared at each other in blank dismay. Neither spoke for some moments, but the same thought

was in both their hearts: *what* could be the matter with the child?

"Perhaps she is only tired," said Mrs. Mackenzie, all at once.

"Perhaps," assented Mr. Burke, dubiously.

"I'll find out to-morrow, anyhow," said Mrs. Mackenzie, endeavouring to reanimate her courage.

"I beg you'll do nothing of the sort," retorted the lawyer sharply.

"Take my advice and leave her alone, ma'am. Don't ask any questions, and don't pretend to think there is anything amiss: that is the best chance for her. And then we must distract her thoughts as much as possible—the sooner we get her down to Castle O'Neill the better."

"Mr. Burke," whispered the lady, whose eyes had been growing round with awestruck wonder during this speech, "do you think—is it possible that Molly could be in love?"

"Bless my soul, how can I tell?" retorted her friend testily.

"What do I know about love? I think I'll say good-bye now. Don't ask any questions, that's all—and get her out of this as soon as possible."

Two days afterwards Molly and her aunt set out for Castle O'Neill. The girl felt an odd mixture of pain and pleasure as she alighted at the railway station, being rapturously greeted by the few old officials. Her own carriage was waiting for them, the fat coachman turning round with a beaming face to bid her welcome. As she drove through the familiar country, lovely even on this dull, wintry day, she felt almost in a dream. How sad she had been a few short months before, saying good-bye to these beautiful scenes, these kindly people; and now she was coming back, never, in all probability, to leave them for any length of time again; and oh, how little the prospect elated her, how heavy was the weight dragging at her heart!

When they were at a short distance from the lodge, a queer medley of sounds was heard; fiddles squeaking, drums beating, a babel of voices, which every now and then swelled to a great roar.

The coachman whipped up his horses, and in another moment they came in sight of a dense crowd. Molly's people had flocked from far and near to welcome her home; banners were waving, children were clapping their hands, triumphal arches were erected, the gateway being spanned by one of colossal size, on which the inscription *Cead mille faillte* was set forth in letters of flowers. Ever and anon came the hoarse shout from hundreds of throats: "Hurrah, hurrah."

When Molly's equipage was seen approaching, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. The temperance band from the neighbouring market-town struck up "Come back to Erin," which had been unanimously voted appropriate to the occasion, the fifes occasionally faltering, but the vigour of the drums leaving nothing to be desired. The schoolmistress led forward her little troop of rosy-faced, white-clad children, one of whom carried a large bouquet in her chubby hands. The oldest tenant on the estate placed himself in a commanding position near the gate, and pompously unfolded a roll of parchment, on which a congratulatory address was blazoned. He could not read, but that was of no consequence; he had learned his speech by heart, and the steward was at his elbow to prompt him. But the hubbub was so great when the carriage drew up before the entrance, that not a word could be distinguished; even the fifes were drowned, though the faces of the players grew purple with their efforts, only the thump, thump, thump, of the big drum dominated the general din.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted the people; scores of hands were thrust out to clasp Molly's; *caubeens* were tossed wildly in the air, many of them falling into the carriage, and being gingerly fished out and dropped over the side by Mrs. Mackenzie, whose face wore an expression of intense astonishment. Meanwhile, Molly had been smiling and nodding, shaking hands, and trying to say a few words in token of gratitude; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes full of tears.

Presently Mr. Burke elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Come, come, there has been enough of this," he said, after a glance at her face. "Miss Mackenzie is both pleased and grateful, and hopes to spend many happy years amongst you. Stand back now—stand back. Drive on, coachman!"

Drive on, indeed! There was a dive at the astonished horses, a sudden, simultaneous unstrapping and unbuckling of harness, a vision of apparently endless ropes, and Molly found herself advancing at a rapid rate towards the Castle, drawn by about fifty of her tenants.

"I am sure it is most gratifying, isn't it?" said Mrs. Mackenzie, who had now recovered herself in some degree, leaning back in the carriage, and bowing right and left in a queenly manner. "You should be a very happy girl."

But Molly did not answer; she was struggling to preserve her composure, which was severely tried by the exuberant rapture around her. She was touched, grateful, fully responsive to the affection lavished on her, but—happy! Oh, for a certain careworn face, for the clasp of somebody's strong, brown hand! What was all this seeming triumph, when her heart within her felt dead?

The anxiety of Molly's friends did not lessen as time wore on; indeed her health threatened to suffer from her pent-up sorrow. She could tell no one what was troubling her; the reserve which had prevented her speaking her mind fully to the man she loved, cut her off still more effectually from other people. Many a time, looking back on her last interview with Raoul, she bewailed that unfortunate reticence.

"If I could only have spoken!" she would say to herself. "If I had been a little braver. When I *knew* he loved me, there should have been no false shame. To think we were there together, loving each other so much, and that one word would have made us both happy for all our lives—and I did not say it! Both our lives ruined for want of one word! Oh, it is maddening—maddening!"

Sometimes she would wonder dimly if he suffered as much as she did; it was true she had seen the anguish in his face at the moment of their parting, an anguish which she could not bear to remember even now; but he, at least, had no idea that he was sacrificing her; he acted from a noble motive; while she knew of his love, and sacrificed him to her girlish timidity.

"But surely he might have known—he might have guessed how much I loved him too," she said to herself once, with a sudden burst of piteous sobbing. "Ah, if he had only trusted me a little more, if he had only understood how paltry everything in the world is compared to love."

Many a good girl suffers for a like cause; her whole life blighted through the scruples of a too honourable man. His position does not allow him to come forward, his poverty obliges him to hide his feelings—as if any woman worth her salt would weigh such trifles against his honest love! I say trifles—for trifles they are when the affections are thoroughly engaged. What is the loss of a few luxuries, or what mighty sacrifice after all is entailed in the exchange (let us say) of the name of Vere de Vere for Smith? and how much is the loneliness, the regret, the hopeless longing to which the punctilious lover has condemned her. He, meanwhile, amid all his sorrow, hugs himself at the thought of his own disinterestedness, is glad that he has had the strength to sacrifice himself, and does not wot that he has sacrificed her too. Injustice is too often perpetrated under cover of this same much-lauded self-sacrifice; in their own pain, people are blind to the suffering of others, or, when conscious of it, only appear to consider it from their own point of view, as increasing their personal misery, and rendering their struggle more hard. Sooth to say, even outsiders are prone to look at matters in this same light, and, in their sympathy with the sacrificer, to overlook

the sacrificed. In our admiration for Abraham, for instance, we are apt to forget that the sensations of Isaac when bound upon the wood must have been far from pleasant, and that 'sublime as was the courage of the father, there was no small heroism in the submission of the son.

Mrs. Mackenzie and Mr. Burke, after many consultations and much thought, resolved that Molly must be "roused" at any cost. And as life at Castle O'Neill did not seem to rouse her—conscientiously as she set about her duty, and persistently as she carried out her former routine—they decided that she must go away for the remainder of the winter.

"Where?" said Molly, drearily, when this idea was broached to her."

"To London, or abroad if you prefer it; Rome, Cannes, Paris—you can have your choice."

"Paris!" cried the girl, with sudden animation. "Yes, I think I should like to go to Paris."

She could not, of course, seek out Raoul, but to be on the same side of the Channel, in the same country with him, was always something. And then who knew—is it not the property of youth to hope against hope?—business *might* take him to Paris, and if she was staying there they might meet.

And so to Paris they went, Molly and her aunt, and though, to the latter's surprise, the girl did not seem to care for shopping, and was not particularly eager about sight-seeing, she was undoubtedly roused and interested. They would perambulate the principal squares and boulevards, till the elder lady declared she was ready to drop; for, strangely enough, Molly never seemed to care about driving—and oh! how hopeless it was after all! Of course she did not see Raoul, she did not even come in contact with Gaston, though once she thought she caught sight of somebody very like him driving with a lady.

Then she proposed to her aunt to make a little tour through Normandy; it was rather early in the season to be sure, but she was tired of Paris.

So they wandered through certain quaint old towns, Mrs Mackenzie not finding much to admire in the narrow streets, and dim majestic churches, though the picturesque charm of the former and the solemn beauty of the latter would have gladdened Molly's heart, had it not been too full of other things. She went as near as she dared to Vire, always hoping by some extraordinary chance to meet Raoul, but always hoping in vain.

"I suppose I must make up my mind never to see him again," she sighed, worn out at last by long expectation and perpetually re-

newed disappointment. "I cannot find him, and he will not try to find me."

One day, therefore, she suddenly asked her aunt to take her home. She had neglected her duties too long as it was, and wanted to return to them at once.

Castle O'Neill was looking very lovely on the afternoon on which they returned ; it was early in Spring, and everything was beginning to bud and blossom. The young lambs were just at the pretty stage of their existence ; the birds were very busy with their nests ; ploughing, and sowing, and potato setting were in full force ; in fact, everything about the place was astir, and full of life.

"I must take up my life too," thought the girl, as she sat down in her own room to rest after her arrival. "I must begin to live for others ; after all I am only a unit in this great big world ; my unhappiness is only an unimportant item in the sum of human sorrow. But here I may be much ; I am the pivot on which many lives turn. I must remember that, and do my very best : Castle O'Neill expects Molly Mackenzie to do her duty."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LOVE TOKEN.

Presently the housemaid entered with a great bundle of letters on a salver. Molly's movements had been too uncertain during the past few weeks to admit of their being sent on.

"This registered parcel came a fortnight ago, Miss," said the woman, laying a small packet on the table.

Molly glanced at it, and the colour rushed to her face. It bore the Vauxmoncour postmark, and was addressed in the countess's cramped writing. And stay ! There were one, two letters, from her too. What could she have written about ? Molly had despatched a note to her on first arriving at Castle O'Neill ; but she had taken no notice of it, and the girl inferred she did not want to keep up a correspondence with her.

As soon as the housemaid had left the room, Molly, with trembling fingers, broke open one of the letters, which was written on thin, crackling paper, and sealed with an immense coronet.

It proved to be an appeal for help. Madame de Treilles required a certain sum of money at once, and knew not to whom to apply. For certain reasons she did not wish her brother to know of her necessity, and, therefore, had no choice but to sacrifice her jewellery. She was, therefore, sending by that post the few ornaments which remained to her, begging her dear Miss Mackenzie (should she not wish herself to become the purchaser of them), to dispose of them as soon as possible, and to remit her the equivalent. There was, in particular, a certain medallion, a miniature curiously set, by which the writer set great store, it having originally belonged to her great-grandmother, a demoiselle de Rohan, who had married a foreigner. This heirloom had belonged to the eldest daughter of the house for four successive generations, and its present owner was *narrée de douleur* at the thought of its passing into the hands of strangers. Perhaps Miss Mackenzie, touched by her grief, would be good enough to become at least the temporary purchaser of it; and if at any future time the countess found herself in a position to do so, she would hasten to reimburse her.

"Poor thing," thought Molly, sorrowfully. "I suppose her son has been at his old work. How much trouble he has brought on them all! She does not mention Raoul, and I suppose I mustn't either. Of course her writing to me is to be kept a profound secret from him; he would never forgive her if he knew—and yet I am so glad to help her."

Sighing, she opened the other letter, which bore the date of only two days before, and which was conceived in a very different strain. Madame la Comtesse was surprised at not hearing from Molly sooner, her anxiety at the time of her last letter demanding a more speedy response—but it imported little. All her maternal solicitude was at an end; her son was about to make a splendid alliance, and would now be provided for without her aid. She would confide to her dear friend, that it was on his account she had been so anxious to obtain a little money. Now there was no longer the same urgent necessity, though, if Miss Mackenzie would have the *gentillesse* to become the temporary purchaser of the jewels already sent to her, the sum advanced would be very useful for current expenses. After her son's marriage Madame la Comtesse would be able to repay her. She would not conceal from her dear, sympathetic young friend that she was "*au comble de sa joie*." It was such a marriage as she had scarcely dared to hope for. Everything was perfect: fortune, rank, relations. She had made enquiries about the young lady, and ascertained that her health was good, that she was of an amiable disposition, and was in appearance quite presentable. Gaston was *aux anges*, not, as he

had written to his mother, on account of his fiancée's colossal fortune, but because on that account his union with her became possible. Had she been poor, as he said, his own poverty would have forbidden him to address her, but, thanks to her *dot*, he was enabled to do so; he only valued it on that account. He had loved her long, and love equalised all things: "a true man's heart was worth all the money in the world."

Here Molly suddenly laid down the letter, and laughed till she almost cried. Gaston was *impayable*. Certainly he knew how to make his stock phrases serve him on every occasion. There was much more to the same effect; a postscript, begging Molly to be so good as to return the medallion mentioned in a former letter, as the writer did not wish it to be included in the trinkets which were to pass for the time being out of her hands.

Molly was unfeignedly glad at the countess's news. She trusted that "the colossal fortune," of which, with the trifling addition of the healthy, amiable, and quite presentable young lady, the count was soon to become the owner, would in some degree ameliorate the condition of things at La Pépinière. Raoul would at least be free from constant anxiety about his nephew, his purse would no longer be drained, and it was to be presumed, that Gaston would supply "the mother whom he adored" with the little luxuries which were now provided at so great a cost. In the meantime, Molly was delighted, for the countess's sake, to transact a little amateur pawnbroking, for to such the latter's request that she would become the "temporary purchaser" of her trinkets, virtually amounted. However, the little formula saved Madame de Treilles' self-respect, which would have shrunk from openly asking her to lend her money, and the girl was only too glad to keep it up.

She drew the parcel towards her, and opened it tenderly and compassionately; it must have been hard for poor Madame la Comtesse to part with her little treasures. There they lay, carefully packed in a sandal-wood box; a few rings, a bracelet or two, an old fashioned pair of fine diamond earrings—not very much to represent a fine lady's jewellery. Probably the rest had been already disposed of. At the bottom, in a little case of its own, was the much talked of pendant. A really beautiful miniature, set in a sort of scroll, very finely worked with alternate trefoils of emeralds and diamonds. The painting represented a young man; his dress, as much of it as could be seen, being apparently of the last century. The expression of the face, indeed the whole thing was strangely familiar to Molly. Where had she seen it before? Had the countess ever worn it during her stay at the château? Never—of that she was sure; it was Madame de Treilles'

custom to eschew ornaments of every kind. Where, then, could she have seen it?

She turned it over curiously. On the back was a quaintly designed monogram, surmounted by fanciful arabesques, with, underneath, some words engraved in extremely small characters. What a strange business it was; somehow Molly seemed to recognise the monogram, and to expect the arabesques to be there!

She carried the locket to the light, and slowly deciphered the tiny words:—

“A. S. de R. Gage d’amour.”

The monogram in the middle was formed of the letters R. O. N., perhaps R. O’N. Was that little flourish meant for an apostrophe, or was it merely an appendage to the central letter? R. O’N.! Molly’s hand shook so much that she well-nigh dropped the precious trinket. She rushed across the room, and taking a jewel-case out of her wardrobe, began hurriedly to search among its contents. A sudden idea had struck her—a mad and ridiculous idea of course—that she might have seen such an ornament with Miss O’Neill. Was not that bracelet, for instance, which she used to wear sometimes, set with somewhat similar medallions? Now that she thought of it, was not one of the miniatures missing, and had not Miss O’Neill said once that if it were ever found in the possession of anyone calling himself O’Neill, she would deem it likely that he belonged to *her* family. And this had originally been the property of a de Rohan, who had married a foreigner—perhaps an Irishman, an O’Neill. R. O’N.—why those initials might stand for Roderick O’Neill! Most of the male O’Neills of the elder line were Rodericks, just as the scions of the younger were Hughs. And in that case Madame de Treilles would be descended from the O’Neills, and Raoul would be——“Oh, I am a goose to dream of it! It is absurd, *impossible*! Still I may as well convince myself that I am wrong.”

The jewel-case contained poor Miss O’Neill’s favourite ornaments, which Molly had put away carefully after her death, and which had not been touched since. She unlocked it tremulously, and took out its contents one by one. Here was the bracelet. Her fingers bungled curiously over the spring, but the velvet case was open at last, and Molly could place Madame de Treilles’ miniature between the other two. A beautiful rosy colour—the flush of intense joy—overspread her hitherto pale face. The central medallion represented a young man, and the others contained girlish heads, but in other respects the three were precisely alike. The paintings were evidently by the same hand, the style being identical; moreover, there was a strong family likeness in the three young faces, and the self-same simper sat on all

the painted lips ; the setting was similar in every particular, and the fanciful monogram on the back altered only in a single letter of each—J. O'N., M. O'N., and now R. O'N.

"What does it mean?" said Molly to herself; "let me think—what can it mean?"

This was the missing miniature, of that there could be no doubt ; it had been in the possession of the Sauvignys for four generations, having been originally brought into the family by Mademoiselle Sophie de Rohan, who had married a foreigner. Suppose a certain Roderick O'Neill had left his country about the end of the last century, had joined one of the Irish brigades—as Miss O'Neill said so many of her family had done—and had had chanced to be that identical foreigner? What more likely than that he should present his *fiancée* with his own portrait, yielded up for the purpose (it may be unwillingly) by his mother or some of his feminine belongings? If this were the case, why Raoul could prove his descent from the O'Neills of Castle O'Neill, his grandmother being doubtless the daughter of Roderick of that ilk. Raoul would have the right to claim everything at present in Molly's possession, the right to claim Molly herself, if he were so minded—Raoul was the heir!

Suddenly she fell on her knees, sobbing out a broken prayer of thanksgiving, and covering the little miniature with kisses ; a slender link indeed on which to hang so great a chain of evidence, but Molly felt it all-sufficient. *Gage d'amour* ! Oh, blessed words ! did they say half as much to that pretty prim young demoiselle long ago, as they did to this Irish nineteenth century maiden ? Did she ever weep such passionate tears over them, or repeat them with such rapturous joy ? *Gage d'amour*—a love-token indeed, a pledge that the barrier which had so long separated her and Raoul must now perforce be done away with, that the silence which both deemed themselves bound to observe must be broken at last.

Oh, dear, clever, good Miss O'Neill, how inspired she had been to make such a will ! how wonderfully wise to word it in just such a manner ! Raoul, as a man of honour, would have been almost bound to give Molly the option of refusing him, even had he never hitherto seen her ; but under present circumstances—"Oh, thank God, thank God," she sobbed over and over again ; and presently Mrs Mackenzie was surprised out of something very like a nap, by a rushing figure bursting into her room, and an ecstatic cry :—

"Oh, auntie, I *am* so happy ! I haven't a penny in the world that I can call my own."

Mr. Burke, hastily summoned on the following day, heard Molly's story with anything but rapture, and advised her, testily enough, to put her ridiculous theories out of her head.

"Let your count or baron, or whatever he is, hunt up his inheritance for himself if he wants it. I never heard anything so absurd in my life; I am certainly not going to allow you to be disturbed on the evidence of a trumpery bauble that may have changed hands a dozen times after it left possession of the O'Neills."

"Yes but it hasn't, dear Mr Burke," urged Molly eagerly; "it has been in Monsieur de Sauvigny's family for generations; I feel—I know he can prove his rights. Oh, I do so want him to be the heir," she cried, clasping her hands.

"Do you, indeed," said Mr Burke, softening a little, but still very much put out.

"Yes, and I want *you* to prove it for him," pleaded Molly very gently.

"Upon my word I'll do no such thing," declared the lawyer, reddening with indignation. "One would think I had nothing else to do but hunt up people's grandmothers. First there was yours—no, I believe yours was a grandfather, that makes it a *little* more respectable; then two, no less, for Hugh, one spurious and one real; and now *this* Frenchman's. I tell you what it is, Molly, I draw the line here; a French grandmother is a little too strong—the last straw breaks the camel's back, you know."

"Oh, *please*, dear Mr Burke," petitioned Molly, half laughing and half crying, "just this *one* more. You shall never, never be asked to find another."

"And who do you suppose I shall find to send to France?" he grumbled. "It is not everyone who would be equal to this job."

"I want you to go yourself," said the girl simply. "Don't think me very exacting, but really I would trust no one but you. It is a very delicate matter, and must be carefully dealt with. I want you to spare no pains, to leave no stone unturned—oh," cried Molly, in a voice trembling with earnestness, "I can't tell you how much I have this business at heart."

"Well, well," sighed Mr Burke, a sudden moisture dimming for a moment his sharp little eyes, "a wilful woman must have her way, I suppose. I'll go and examine this gentleman, and see if he has a mole on the small of his back, and a strawberry mark on his left arm—the infallible means of identifying the rightful heir to a property, I believe, when he chances to be mislaid, as at present. Having the antique ornament ready to hand is a great point—only it should have a secret spring in it to be quite correct. Now all we want is a 'casket,'"—emphasizing the word with withering scorn—"and a score or two of letters, for the romance to be complete."

"I daresay you will find letters enough at La Pépinière. I wish you wouldn't laugh like that—it looks as if you did not believe in my theory, and yet everything is so clear."

"Why didn't your Frenchman recognise the name of O'Neill, and realise that you were a connection of his family, I should like to know?" grumbled the lawyer, turning a little testy again as Molly waxed more and more eager.

"Because I never had occasion to speak of it. I only alluded to Miss O'Neill once, and then it did not occur to me to mention her name."

After a little more parleying, and many hints from Molly as to the best manner of carrying out his difficult task, Mr Burke consented to set out at once for Château de la Pépinière, there to make enquiries, to overhaul the family papers, and, if Molly's theory proved correct, to announce to Raoul that an inheritance awaited him.

"You will be sure to make him understand *everything*, won't you?" said Molly diffidently, as he rose to go—"I mean, all about Miss O'Neill's will, and—and the conditions, you know."

"Don't be afraid," returned her friend drily, "I'll make him understand. Am I to infer, then, that you for your part are not unwilling——? Ah, the little hussy! she's gone."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARCADIA.

The result of Mr Burke's researches was eminently satisfactory to Molly. The bridegroom who had some six score years before led Mademoiselle Sophie de Rohan to the altar, proved in truth to be Roderick O'Neill, Lieutenant in the Irish Brigade, which fought so bravely under Lord Clare. Raoul's grandmother, on the mother's side, was the only daughter of this couple, a posthumous child, born after her father was slain in battle. Documentary evidence of these facts was found amongst the papers which Raoul put at the lawyer's disposition, and there was also, as Molly had suggested, a considerable number of letters, which would have furnished additional proof had such been required.

The girl's inferences were, therefore, entirely correct, and that

which she so ardently desired turned out to be the case: Raoul de Sauvigny was the heir of Castle O'Neill.

Apparently Mr. Burke succeeded in making him understand his position very thoroughly, for a long letter soon found its way to Molly, a letter which she read on her knees, and which was carried about all day next her heart, and at night laid under her pillow. Innocent, tender, foolish young love! of what extravagances is it not capable! Very shyly, very happily, did she set about her answer to this missive, and after writing and tearing up about a dozen, she despatched one which only contained a single word: *Come!*

And so he came. Partly in remembrance of her girlish dream and partly to secure undisturbed privacy, Molly awaited him in the old garden, leaving directions that on his arrival he was to be sent to find her there.

It was then mid-April, the loveliest time of the lovely spring. A thousand delicate, pale-hued flowers, brightened the terraces and tilled the hollow beneath; lilac trees, white and coloured, bent beneath their load of bloom, a few little pink buds of the monthly roses already shone out amid the vivid green that hung over the arched gateway, and yonder, foaming up behind the ruined castle, was an ocean of exquisite fruit blossom, white, and creamy, and tenderest shell-pink. Molly's favourites, the birds, were piping a jubilant bridal-song, each doubtless celebrating his own particular rapture, yet apparently casting in his mite of ecstasy to swell the sum of her immeasurable joy. The leaves were dancing in a gleeful breeze; the sun was shining over all. Oh, this ancient world of ours, how it blossoms still! oh, spring, how ever fresh, how ever new, how ever welcome is it, even after a thousand winters! oh love, the old, old story, will it ever pall on us, though countless times retold! And, oh love, and youth, and spring-time altogether, what an Eden do ye make of this work-a-day world!

So Molly watched and waited at the gilded gate, and at last she heard Raoul's footfall in the distance. Too shy to run to meet him, she stood clasping the topmost bars, her blushing, expectant face peering down. How wonderful was the fulfilment of that former day-dream of hers: this was the wayfarer coming, the worn and weary wayfarer, who here was to find rest and comfort for evermore.

Now his figure was discerned rapidly approaching under the stately colonnade of yews; on he came, awhile in shadow, now in light, stepping forth at last into the full blaze of sunshine.

But stay! was this her wayfarer? A great rush of wondering delight swept over Molly's heart, so transformed, so transfigured was the face upturned to meet hers. He paused for a moment, looking

at her. The feathered orchestra piped louder, and louder, and the breeze tossed the lilac blossoms hither and thither, and waves of the sweet spring scents were wafted to them from the garden below—but Raoul was only conscious of Molly.

“Child,” he said breathlessly, “is it a dream? Tell me, is it a dream?”

“Yes, it is a dream,” answered Molly, with sweet, tremulous laughter. “This is a dream-world. Do you not know?—it is Arcadia, Raoul.”

And then—“oh, love!” he cried, with swift impetuous, strides lessening the distance between them,—“love, let me in!”

M. E. FRANCIS.

THE END.

COMRADES.

I.

THE stars sent forth a holy light,
The bells were chiming clear,—
Back swung the portals of the Night
And showed the fair New Year.

In midst of snowy rays, the pure
All-spotless youth delayed,
As of his present home secure—
Of coming half-afraid.

With timid eyes to pierce he strove
The mystery of the glooms,
His hand still lingered, with his love,
'Mid paradisaal blooms.

One beauteous foot the threshold pressed,
One loitered in the bower,
When there was laid upon his breast,
Of flowers the fairest flower.

A little Babe, dove-innocent,
 A star its brow above,
 Blue-eyed, with loving looks intent,
 And arms outstretched for love.

His hands forgot the Eden-blooms—
 No bloom like this was there;
 His eyes gave o'er to search the glooms
 Before a sight so fair.

His heart leaped up; with joy suffused
 His radiant visage shone—
 As dove o'er dovelets bowed, he mused,
 Then, fearless, glided on.

The stars shot forth a holier light,
 The bells sang loud and clear,
 As through the portals of the night
 Came forth the glad New Year!

II.

The leaves went from the withered trees
 As summer birds take flight;
 The church-bell swung i' the moaning breeze
 With dismal knells at night.

From hill to hill a heavy cloud
 Trailed, splashing o'er the mere;
 The vaporous mists arose to shroud
 The face of the dying year.

As monarch weary and sad and old
 Who doffs his rich array,
 The year resigns his red and gold
 For penitential gray.

With pilgrim foot he paces forth,
 His breath comes chill and slow;
 Dim-eyed, he knows not south nor north
 Amid the drifting snow.

And, as he moves, a rosy child
 Beside his pathway stands,
 Blue-eyed and beautiful and mild
 Who played with happy hands.

He looked down on the sunny head :
 "Thine eyes," he said, "are clear ;
 "I cannot go alone he said,
 "The way is dim and drear."

He caught the child up to his breast,
 Who smiled in sweet amaze,
 And then as with one fear oppressed,
 Sent back a homeward gaze.

His gold hair mingled with the gray,
 His hand waved, onward borne,
 The snow closed round them on their way—
 And I was left forlorn.

S.

A NOW DESCRIPTIVE OF CHRISTMASTIDE.*

NOW it is Christmas week, and Christmas Day falls on a Wednesday, which, in the opinion of the city clerk and others of his kind, is the next best thing to falling on a Tuesday ; for what tyrant, commercial or otherwise, would compel his retainers to work on the ensuing Friday and Saturday ?

Well, then, now are the city offices voiceless and dusty ; now are four-wheelers rumbling and jolting, and hansoms dashing and swaying, and all their summits are overloaded with hampers and baskets, with lids bulging and straining against doubtful knots and anything but infallible string. Now are cab-drivers jolly and frosty, or they are jolly and foggy, for they are like the weather, and inseparable from it, and they take their fares without grumbling (that is to say, to any appreciable extent), for times are looking up, and fares are tumbling in.

Now do old gentlemen buy new woollen wrappers, and young ones new white kid gloves ; and both of them purchase innumerable Christmas cards covered with angels, and robins, and holly ; they also spend fortunes in postage stamps, and feel bored with addressing so many envelopes.

Now does the baked-potato-man, near the theatre door, order a double supply of cold stock, and perhaps laments in the morning

* The form and title of this paper are suggested by Leigh Hunt, whose subject, however, is "A Hot Day."

that he did not invest further; and his red-hot rival, the roasted-chestnut-vendor, pokes his fire, and seems regardless of economy in general and profit in particular, as he piles up anew the fragments of coke.

Now do oranges remind one of pits and amphitheatres, and the Ali Baba and Puss in Boots of our youth; and walnuts are captivating to the eye, and almonds and raisins a glimpse of paradise.

Now is some favourite nook in each Catholic church transformed by devout hands into a representation of the Crib of Bethlehem, and much pious ingenuity is lavished on every detail, from the straw-bestrewn floor, and the soft-eyed, dappled oxen, to the glittering stars above; and thousands visit these cribs and exclaim: "How natural!" and some among them gaze with wet eyes, and yet withal a joy in them; and children ask to be allowed to stop a few moments longer to look at the Child Jesus and the Mother of Divine Love.

Now are public halls and private homes decorated with a profusion of evergreens and flags, mottoes and seasonable proverbs; and people in them walk about laughing and singing (at least in their homes), and even the dyspeptic seem glad, for no other reason, we suppose, than that *other* people are glad: and it does not surprise us very much when we detect them, despite coughs and colds and other additional ailments, beating time on the window panes with their fingers and purring "Glorias."

Now are schoolboys, red-cheeked and impudent, fresh home from school. Now do they levy blackmail on near relatives of the masculine order, under the delusive plea of Christmas boxes; and they are allowed greater freedom, especially at the table and in bed in the morning, for *now* does *not* the school-bell bring their chubby little noses to the surface of the blankets, but their sisters knock gently at their doors and wish them everything good, the morning included; and trust they slept well, and will they come across to the lake after breakfast and see if the ice will bear? To which they make what answer they please, and no one is annoyed, and the whole world seems created for healthy schoolboys and generous, foolish old fathers.

Now do soldiers in barracks draw their pay and obtain leave for a week; and they may be seen in railway-carriages and steam-boats, with their great coats on and their kits under their arms.

Now do the canteen receipts increase immeasurably, though the barracks are more than half-empty ; but many there are who remain behind, not, maybe for choice, but that the barrack-room is their home, and the canteen their relaxation ; and each mess has been saving and frugal during the long autumn months, that Christmas, when it comes, may be fully honoured.

Now are sailors arriving at country railway stations, and exchanging greetings with porters and station-masters ; and their trousers are wider and their blue shirt-arms shorter than usual, although the weather is bitterly cold—for they wear their holiday rig, and desire to emulate a personified freedom and a general looseness of structure—not to mention exhibiting to the rustics the tattooed anchors and crossed flags conspicuous on the brown wrist reddening in the cold, wintry wind.

Now are their hardy colleagues aboard ships far away at sea, hovering around the galley door, whilst the dusky cook, in a snowy cap and bare arms, hands forth steaming “dough-boys” and “plum-duff,” whilst the spray is drenching the weather bulwarks, and the green water is hissing under the lee channels as the heeling, canvas bedecked bark rushes nearer—still nearer home !

Now are the theatres crammed, from the regiment of footlights below to the blinding lustre-decorated gasolier at the roof ; and orchestras play medleys composed of all the catch-tunes of the past year, and choruses are taken up by the “gods,” and echoed from the pit, to be joined in again in effervescing, reckless jollity by the greater part of the “house ;” the few exceptions chatting in the stalls, or quizzing from the boxes ; their aristocratic blood or immaculate shirt-fronts being some impediment perhaps—but their hearts are sound, and many among them hum to themselves or beat time with their patent-leathered feet.

Now does the pretty little ballet-girl and her mangling mother (excuse the epithet, dear reader) eat substantial suppers, and order the best of porter, and drink tea at three shillings a pound ; and pay off old-standing debts, and contract new ones, and otherwise make the most of the season. Not forgetful, of course, of the poor little dwarf sister who stays at home all day and works at mantle-making. She is clothed afresh from the second-hand wardrobe at the corner of the street (the one with a dark side-entrance), and the monthly hire of her sewing-machine is paid up to date. Now all is rosy, therefore, and the ballet-girl sings all the way down

stairs going to rehearsal, and all the way again at midnight (although tired and limp after the evening's pirouetting), sheltered under her mother's shawl, in lieu, we suppose, of wings.

Now does her shady father, the "super," drink a little more than is customary, but contributes the greater part of his increased mite to the general fund, and, on the whole, is not so bad as he might be at this time of the year; and his erstwhile greasy cap is replaced by a felt hat of indubitable respectability, and his paper collar is again bedight with a necktie wealthy in colour. He sheds fewer tears in his beer than ever, despite the increased potations, and talks less of the old home in Hampshire, and the birds-nesting and squirrel-hunting days of his youth, ere he came to the great metropolis, and was swallowed up in the gaping maw of this huge London—this panting minotaur among cities; now his laughter is more genuine; and domestic brawls seem things of the past.

Now are poets writing cheerful lyrics about snow, and bells, and hymns of peace, and kindred subjects; and few people care to read them, because, we suppose, they have read such things a hundred times before, or they prefer the real, practical Christmas to the ideal fancies of a rhymers. But they (the poems) fill up odd corners of weekly journals, and help to make things generally pleasant.

Now are postmen, dustmen, lamplighters and news-boys extraordinarily civil; for to-morrow or the next day is Boxing-day, and they have an eye to the main chance—or yesterday was the day, and their stock of gratitude has not yet quite evaporated.

Now, lastly, the weather is seasonable and frosty, and the grocers' shops look cheerful and homely, or it is unseasonable and foggy, and the grocers' shops still look homely and cheerful, and so do red curtains on parlour windows. And people in 'busses and tramcars are not so cross and morbid-minded as they might be, considering everything that happens to people nowadays; and things generally are as jolly as ever, and everybody forgives everybody else; and all but priests and milkmen rise late in the morning and go to bed later at night.

And, now, I think, that is about all; and you, dear reader, are tired and commence to fidget with the page wearily, and long to turn it over; so, *now*, pray do, with our best Christmas wishes for the whole year—old wishes, indeed, but yet ever new!

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

AT night what things will stalk abroad
 What veiled shapes, and eyes of dread !
 With phantoms in a lonely road
 And visions of the dead.

The kindly room when day is here,
 At night takes ghostly terrors on ;
 And every shadow hath its fear,
 And every wind its moan.

Lord Jesus, Day-Star of the world,
 Rise Thou, and bid this dark depart,
 And all the east, a rose uncurled,
 Grow golden at the heart !

Lord, in the watches of the night,
 Keep Thou my soul ! a trembling thing
 As any moth that in daylight
 Will spread a rainbow wing.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TOLD IN A FLORENTINE STUDIO.

“ MAY Jesus Christ be praised ! ” said Francesco Bandinelli. And a chorus of children’s voices answered : “ For ever and for ever. Amen.”

“ You come, dear children,” said the old *pittore*, as his habitual smile grew sunnier, and his ever cheerful voice became more animated—“ you come in the train of all things holy, bright, and beautiful. How good is God ! An hour before the morning Ave an angel whispered, and I woke. The gay, glad sun had anticipated me. The birds had reached the third nocturn of their matins. Yonder mass of blue and scarlet anemone bent in adoration as the wind of Heaven swept by, bearing on its bosom the angels of the city. The mignonette sent forth a breath of sweetest incense as the birds reached their Benedictus. I knelt and prayed.”

The old man bent lovingly over a fold of St. Francesco's brown habit, touching it caressingly with the point of his brush. He was painting the seraphic one on Mount Alverno. The children stood in an orderly group around the easel. An aureole of sunlight flamed about the head of the Saint, and the glorious light of early morning lit up the little oratory near the door, and played upon the bold bands of colour that gleamed here and there in that long garret, which was at once the studio *salon* and bed-chamber of Signor Bandinelli.

Such an odd little rabble of child-life in this Florentine chamber. Such a quaint, genial, benignant *maestro* in the tall, thin figure at the easel. Sixty-five years had bleached the once jet black hair and beard; deep wrinkles had fallen upon the sunny face. But the smile of perfect gladness with which nature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the greatest gifts the *pittore* possessed.

A rising artist at the time Cornelius and Overbech were at the height of their fame—a husband at the age of twenty-two, and a widower at thirty—Bandinelli had given up the brilliant prospects then opening out to him in the Eternal City, to live an obscure, but useful and happy life in the Florence where he was born. Here, within earshot of the bells of Santa Maria del Fiore, he prayed and worked, esteemed by all, *loved* by the children and the poor.

Scarcely a day passed but a troop of "earth's angels" invaded the privacy of his studio; never a gloaming fell but, in the court below, the representatives of Christ were consoled and relieved. Never a morning came that did not find the painter at the altar of his God; never an hour passed in that upper room without its act of homage to the Queen of Heaven.

But this early morning hour was the children's, and they knew it. Yet neither for romps nor bon-bons did they gather, though the former would not have been frowned upon, while the latter were plentifully bestowed on feast-days—and oh, how many patron saints and special feasts the *maestro* had! *The* attraction, however, was Signor Bandinelli himself.

"Everywhere," began the old man, "it is Heaven outside; how, then, could my bambini leave the sunshine?"

"You promised the story of little Alessandro," sang the chorus.

"Only it is too sad. It would dash your cherry cheeks with rain-drops."

"But the maestro's stories are never *too* sad."

"And a promise is the most sacred thing," added the *pittore*, laying down his brush, and beginning to patch the slopes of Alverno with his palette-knife.

This was the invariable preliminary. The children clapped their hands, and drew a little closer to the easel, as the artist began.

"The little Alessandro was the only son of my elder brother. Only God and the Madonna know how I loved the shy little child. I call him *shy*—it does not express it. So precocious, yet so simple, so loving, yet so bashful ; so old-fashioned, yet so beautifully child-like.

"One day, when he was little more than five years old, I took him to the Quarant' Ore at S. Maria del Fiore. Children, you know the scene : it is supernal ! It is more than a shadow of the Eternal Paradise. *He Himself* is there : seraphs sing the *laudi* of the blessed. A thousand golden stars twinkle about His throne. All is light, colour, beauty, and sweet song.

"My darling was entranced—wrapt in the sacredness of a child's unspoken prayer. Once or twice I glanced at his pale, sweet face. He knelt reverently, conscious of nought but the Adorable One.

"Half an hour sped quickly. I arose, inwardly chiding myself for neglecting the baby so long. I touched his arm, but he did not stir. I bent down and whispered in his ear. He looked up pleadingly, and said softly :—

" ' May I go ? ' "

" ' O yes, carissimo,' I said, ' it is time.' "

" ' To the Bambino Santissimo ? O *zio*,* He is so lovely, and He wants me to go.' "

"I took the laddie into my arms, reproving myself severely for allowing him, as I thought, to sleep through weariness.

" ' Lie still, child of my heart, and sleep ; you are so tired'—I said, as we stepped out into the cool air of early spring.

" ' But I have not slept—I am not sleepy : I wish only to play with Him and the other pretty children among the stars and flowers.' "

" ' You have had bright dreams, my sweet one ; but tell me

*Uncle.

what you saw,' I added, as the tears gathered in his big dark eyes.

"'Zio, mio ! but you are cruel. A moment ago I saw the Bambino Santissimo, bright and pretty, high up among the flowers in a house of gold, many, many little children flying all about, playing, oh ! such pretty games And once the Santissimo flew down from His golden room. He looked at me, and said : 'You will come'—and then He smiled, and I knew He wanted me. Zio ! I should like to go. Only when you touched me He flew away.'

"I put my hand to his head : it was burning hot.

"Hastening home, I gave the child to its mother. She thought he had caught a chill ; but she did not reproach me. She knew how tenderly I loved him.

"'That great Chiesa has terrible draughts,' she said ; 'my Alessandro is feverish.'

"I assented, and remarked upon the unusual flickering of the candles on and about the altar. It was then the darling—lying now with eyes unnaturally bright, and cheeks more scarlet than the geranium—looked up quickly into his mother's face, and said :—

"'Ah, but it was not the wind that made the stars to twinkle ; that was the wings of the angel-children as they flew in and out among the lights, and played with the Santissimo.'

"That night Alessandro lay in his little cot in the agony of a burning fever. In the morning he had passed beyond the flowers—higher than the stars, and was playing with the Bambino Santissimo in the garden of Heaven."

The *pittore* looked round upon his little guests, smiling through his tears. He had told the story so gaily and briefly, they scarcely realised its almost tragic ending. They were silent for a moment, and then one little lad, with an old-world face and grave tone, added—

"But your bambino was right. I know that, when the candles flicker, it is always that the angels are flying around. They never leave the Santissimo. Only perhaps at Exposition there are more angels than at other times."

Francesco Bandinelli was making an act of thanksgiving for

the child's simple faith when a bell in the near distance rang out for morning school. In a moment the chamber was cleared. A fresh flood of sunlight poured itself into the room, as though to console its occupant for the departed "angels." A gush of bird music came through the open window. The painter resumed his task. The labour of the day went on unbrokenly in a place where work was prayer, and prayer was work.

DAVID BEARNE.

DETHRONED.

THERE is a warlike music in the blast ;
 The rebel winds have risen and discrowned
 The aged Year, and strewn upon the ground
 The gold and crimson of his splendours past.

Poor monarch ! he hath cast his honours down,
 Shaken with storms and pierced with frosty spears,
 And fled to sanctuary, and now wears
 In lieu of kingly state the friar's brown.

Death hath enrolled him in his house of gloom,
 Who first stole summer from the flowering lea,
 Nor much, I think, he cares for life since she
 Was laid with all her roses in the tomb.

But now kind Heaven doth avenge his woes,
 Confounding those who called him Fortune's fool :
 For, where he dying lies, comes holy Yule
 To blanch his memory with saintly snows.

E. S.

ANONYMITIES UNVEILED.

VI.—FEMININE *Noms de Plume* IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE care taken to make Hazell's Annual worthy of its second name, "A Cyclopedic Record of Men and Topics of the Day," is shown in the additions made in 1889 to information given in 1888 on such a small matter as literary pseudonyms. The person responsible for this item has not overlooked the controversy which has established that the proper French term is *nom de guerre*, and that the more common form has only at most been adopted from without among French writers. Many also are added to the three hundred pen-names explained in the 1888 edition. This list might very well have confined itself to modern writers, as it purports to do; but it includes Swift and Addison. Is it right to give "Clio," as Addison's signature? He marked his contributions to *The Spectator* by one of the letters which make up "Clio."

Hazell includes the maiden names used in authorship by some married ladies. Let us select a few of these, representing both art and literature. Miss Dorothea Gerard, one of the authors of that fine tale, "Reata," is now Madame de Lazouski. The artist who is still known as "Mary Ellen Edwards" (to be distinguished from Miss Betham Edwards) married twenty years ago Mr. Freer, and after his death she became Mrs. J. C. Staples. Another artist, whose illustrations in the magazines, &c., are credited to "Adelaide Claxton," has been for several years Mrs. Turner. Miss Alice Havers, the artist, is now Mrs. Morgan; and her novelist-sister, Miss Dora Havers, is Mrs. Boulger, though both her maiden and married names are disguised under the curious pseudonym of "Theo Gift"—which probably alludes to the Greek meaning of the second half of her full baptismal name, "Theodora," as the "Basil" of Mr. Richard Ashe King certainly refers to his surname. Miss Braddon is Mrs. John Maxwell; Miss Florence Marryat has borne two other names in private life; and Miss Mabel Collins is married. The communicative paragraphs "Mainly About People," in *The Star*, give us these particulars, but not the married names of these two last. The privation is not very trying.

Let us cull from Hazell's latest list* (which contains some four hundred names), and from other miscellaneous sources, some literary names of women, chosen more or less arbitrarily. To secure some degree of method in our madness, we group together, first, the ladies who have taken masculine names. George Sand (Madame Dudevant) was, perhaps, the first to set this example; and she and her namesake George Eliot (Mrs. Cross, *née* Marian Evans) are the most famous. Another feminine George is Miss Julia Fletcher, who, under the name of George Fleming, did some fine literary work. The three Brontë sisters took such names as would have the same initials as their real names, Catherine, Anne, and Emily becoming Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell. The first of these is hard to recognise as Mrs. Nichols. Ireland has some claim upon her; for her father was originally Patrick Prunty, a native of county Down—name supposed to be civilized by the change, just as the father of Sydney Owenson (Lady Morgan) was once McKeown, then Mac Owen, and, as *Mac* means "Son," finally Owenson, in the same way that certain McShanes have become Johnsons.

Fernan Caballero is the masculine-looking name of a true and gifted woman, Cecilia Bohl de Faber, the Maria Edgeworth of Spain, and perhaps something more. Raoul de Navery, an edifying writer of safe tales of no high order of merit, was a French lady, not long dead, whose name we forget. Edward Garrett is, it seems, Mrs. Isabella Mayo (*née* Fivey). We have read none of her writings; but we have read, with keen pleasure, some of the American tales of Charles Egbert Craddock, who is in reality Miss Mary Murfree (not a variation, we fear, of Murphy, for we should be glad to claim for the Irish race some share in "The Prophet of the Smoky Mountains"). Ennis Graham has been sometimes used as a name by Mrs. Molesworth, but she is known best by her real name, whereas "Holme Lee" is much better known than Miss Harriet Parr. "Lucas Malet" is Mrs. Harrison. Another very gifted woman who has chosen to write under a masculine, or

* No, not the latest. The new edition for 1890 appeared on December 6th, 1889, and yet chronicles facts which occurred on December 3rd. The sketch of Martin Farquhar Tupper in the body of the work, mentions his death, which only occurred on November 26th. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of December 3rd, reports an interview with the Rev. E. G. Price, F.G.S., who has edited all the volumes since 1886, and it obligingly informs us that he is six feet four inches in height, and forty years of age. He refers with special complacency to the article on which our present paper draws with (we hope) sufficiently explicit acknowledgment.

not openly feminine, name is "Leader Scott"—Miss Lucy Barnes (now Mrs. Baxter), daughter of the famous Dorsetshire poet, the Rev. William Barnes.

Of Irish literary women, Lady Wilde is, perhaps, more widely known as "Speranza" than as the mother of Oscar Wilde. Amongst the name-disguises caused by marriage is the change of Miss Mary Laffan into Mrs. Hartley. "E. Owens Blackburne" is known in private life as Miss Casey. Our readers have long been aware that "Mary" of *The Nation* was Ellen Downing, of Cork. The credit of some of Miss Rosa Mulholland's early stories was given to an imaginary "Ruth Murray." "Melusine" is Miss Skeffington Thompson. Almost the only *noms de plume* among the contributors to *THE IRISH MONTHLY* are "M. E. Francis," "Evelyn Pyne," and "Alice Esmonde." The first two wish to maintain their pseudonymity; but the recent publication of "Songs of Remembrance," allows us to recognise "Alice Esmonde" as Miss Margaret Ryan. However, a key to the signatures of writers in this Magazine, as far as its general policy of signed articles has left an opening for the services of a key, will be furnished in some special instalment of the present series; and the subject need not now be pursued further. Yet we cannot refrain from interpreting the initials of two other gifted women, an English woman and an Irish woman. "B. N.," the author of an excellent History of the Jesuits, is Miss Barbara Neave, now married to a French gentleman; and Mrs. Atkinson is the "S. A.," to whom we owe "The Life of Mary Aikenhead," and a great deal more of admirable literary work.

VII.—*Noms de Plume* OF LITERARY MEN.

In the preceding section we mentioned many women who thought fit to write under the disguise of masculine names. We do not recall, on the other hand, any prominent instance of a literary man choosing to write under the cloak of supposed femininity.

One of our latest discoveries in this department concerns the author of "A Poet's Praise," which we commended warmly before we had any idea that our homage was offered to a Catholic bishop. The following paragraph in *The Ave Maria* was a surprise to us:—

“ Henry Hamilton ” has just brought out through his publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York, a metrical translation of the first four books of the *Æneid*. It is no longer a secret, we believe, that Henry Hamilton is the pen-name of the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, who has published also two volumes of original verse—“ America ” and “ A Poet’s Praise.” His latest work has been more favourably received by the critics. He has not aimed at literalness, but rather to bring out the spirit of Virgil’s immortal poem in English form, and to this end he has wisely chosen different verse-forms.”

Of some two or three hundred false names and initials which can be translated into the full names of the authors in question, the following may be taken as sufficiently numerous samples. Anstey, author of *Vice Versa*, is Mr. Guthrie; “ B ” (of *The Times*), Lord Bramwell; “ Cuthbert Bede ” (author of “ Verdant Green ”), Rev. Edward Bradley; “ Lewis Carroll ” (“ Alice in Wonderland ”), Rev. C. L. Dodgson; “ Hugh Conway ” was Mr. F. J. Fergus; “ Arthur Locker,” it seems, is in reality Mr. J. H. Forbes; “ Owen Meredith ” is of course the present Lord Lytton; “ Shirley ” is John Skelton; “ Toby, M.P.,” in *Punch*, is Mr. Henry W. Lucy; “ Patricius Walker ” was the prose signature of the poet, William Allingham, who has just died. It is hardly worth while picking out any others of these pseudonyms. Most writers who are worth knowing, make themselves known under every disguise.

VIII.—REAL NAMES OF AMERICAN HUMOURISTS.

The *Philadelphia Press* gives the following list, from which we have blotted out two that had got into it by some very stupid mistake :—“ Peter Plymley ” [Sydney Smith], and “ James Yellowplush ” [Thackeray]. Perhaps the American paper intended to furnish a list of all the best humorous writers, and thought they all belonged to the United States except these two. Any such list should include “ Emmanuel Kink,” an early signature of Richard Dowling, the novelist, who began by being an admirable humourist; and also “ Arthur Sketchley,” namely, Mr. George Rose, who, with all his waggery, was serious enough to sacrifice Anglican ecclesiastical preferment to become a Catholic :—

- “ Josh Billings,” Henry W. Shaw.
- “ Andrew Jack Downing,” Seba R. Smith.
- “ Artemus Ward,” Charles Farrar Browne.
- “ Bill Arp,” Charles H. Smith.
- “ Gath,” George Alfred Townsend.

- "Fat Contributor," A. Miner Griswold.
- "Hawkeye Man," Robert J. Burdette.
- "Howadjii," George William Curtis.
- "Ike Marvel," Donald Grant Mitchell.
- "John Paul," Charles H. Webb.
- "John Phoenix," Captain George H. Derby.
- "Mark Twain," Samuel L. Clemens.
- "Max Adeler," Charles Heber Clark.
- "Eli Perkins," Melville D. Landon.
- "Petroleum V. Nasby," David Locke.
- "Bill Nye," William E. Nye.
- "Nym Crynkle," Andrew C. Wheeler.
- "Old Si," Samuel W. Small.
- "Orpheus C. Kerr," Robert H. Newell.
- "Pelig Wales," William A. Croffut.
- "The Danbury Newsman," J. M. Bailey.
- "Miles O'Reilly," Charles G. Halpin.
- "Peter Parley," Samuel G. Goodrich.
- "Ned Buntline," Colonel Judson.
- "Brick Pomeroy," M. M. Pomeroy.
- "Josiah Allen's Wife," Marietta Holley.
- "O. K. Philander Doesticks," Mortimer Thompson.
- "Mrs. Partington," Benjamin P. Shellabar.
- "Spoopendyke," Stanley Huntley.
- "Uncle Remus," Joel Chandler Harris.
- "Hosea Bigelow," James Russell Lowell.
- "Fanny Fern," Sarah Payson Willis.
- "Grandfather Lickshingle," Robert W. Criswell.
- "M. Quad," Charles B. Lewis.
- "Hans Breitman," Charles G. Leland.

Only a dozen of these can, we think, be said to have more than an American reputation. The first of them, Mr. Henry Shaw, is not only "Josh Billings," but also "Uncle Esek," whose very wise and grave sayings we have occasionally honoured with a place among the "Winged Words" which this Magazine has uttered at close intervals during the last eighteen years.

THE REDBREAST.

OF my friends it were folly to tell
 Which is dearest, if dearest there be;
 Of the birds of the air, I know well
 That the Redbreast is dearest to me.
 Sweeter music I never have heard
 Than the Robin's miraculous powers;
 I feel like the Monk with the Bird,
 When a hundred years seemed a few hours.

Nearly all other birds only sing
 While the sunshine enlivens the earth :
 Joyous minstrels, they follow their king—
 Mine alone has no music for mirth.
 So he sighs and sings sorrowful strains,
 When the lilies and roses are fled,
 And the lavender only remains,
 Lending Autumn her scents for the dead.

When the golden leaves drop one by one,
 Or are swept by the wind off the spray,—
 When the fruit that was hid from the sun
 Hangs unripe or shrunk up from decay—
 When the mist, cold and gray, like a shroud,
 Clings in folds round each skeleton tree,
 And the whole sky is one dismal cloud,
 Until dusk settles down on the lea—

When our spirits, in Summer so high,
 Are depressed by these sad Autumn days—
 When the brightest grow grave, and a sigh
 The foreboding of sorrow betrays,—
 Let us find out the favourite haunts
 Where the notes of the Robin are heard,
 For the heart gets the comfort it wants
 From the voice of that innocent bird.

There's the blackbird pipes boldly in Spring,
 And the thrush bravely seconds his song ;
 Then the lark mounts and sings on the wing,
 And the swallow, while darting along—

Next, we hear the low voice of the dove
That diffuses deep peace through the glades,
Till the nightingales, sleepless with love,
Thrill the groves with their sweet serenades.

They delight us—they make us feel brave,
And they gladden our spirits awhile—
But at length arrive griefs far too grave
To be cured with a song or a smile.
Oft they come with that last fragrant scent
Given forth, ere they fade, by the plants—
And 'tis then that the Robin is sent
To console us with soft, plaintive chants.

Ah! the death-room is darkened and dim,
Only moanings of anguish are heard—
But there steals in a human-like hymn,
'Tis the song of this sorrowing bird.
And you hear it again at the grave,
At the tomb of the friend whom you weep.
'Twas a sigh—yet what solace it gave!
'Twas a dirge—yet it lulled grief to sleep.

Who, then, guides him to houses of grief?
Who directs him to lone, silent graves?
Ah! who sends him with hidden relief,
Unseen alms of a pity that saves?
It is God. For all creatures of earth,
And of heaven above, serve our God;
Who reveres all He made, and gives worth
To the least blade of grass on the sod;—

And a charge unto each is assigned—
To the angels, to saints, to the skies,
To the mountains, the waves and the wind,
To the beasts with their half-human cries—
'Tis to tell of God's glory and might,
Of his beautiful kingdom above:
And they fill us with purest delight,
For they speak of an Infinite Love.

But, when trials and sorrows come down,
When the dearest and best must depart,
And our life never more will wear crown—
Oh, how lonely they leave the poor heart!
Sorrow-laden, we wearily wend,
Bent with sadness, to hide in the woods,—
For we dread our most intimate friend
When oppressed with these terrible moods.

When the heart breaks, its fountains are dried,
And the worn eyes demand tears in vain—
God alone knows the grief we would hide,
He has felt the heart's bitterest pain—
He, who hid to be sad and to pray,
Marks the place of our anguish and prayer,
And He will not reprove, if we say
It is He bids the Redbreast sing there.

Robin Redbreast, thy song makes us fit
To return to our wearisome strife;
At thy voice we resolve to submit
To the bitter-sweet chalice of life.
There are mercies and pity divine,
There are tender compassions unseen,
And to sing of these mercies is thine,
At the season when sorrows are keen.

I have loved thee, tame bird, from the first,
From the time I strewed crumbs for thy food;
Though a rough, cruel child, at the worst,
Unto thee I was gentle and good.
O my mother's dear, favourite bird,
With the blood of the Cross on thy breast
Little friend, all thy plainings were heard,
As we watched her departure to rest.

Gentle bird, it is well thou hast sighs,
For thou bringest to mind the dark bier,
And the holiest memories rise,
Still bedewed with the heart's saddest tear.

Cease ! Cease ! No repiner am I,
 And the time for such grief is long o'er ;
 God, who died, let His own mother die,
 And above there are partings no more !

Sweetest songster, sing on—pay no heed
 To my murmurs : for peace comes at last ;
 Thou hast sighs, and thy breast seems to bleed
 For the pains of the present and past.
 Every mourner who hears thee can tell
 How thy song, while its melody flows,
 Soothes the heart with divine mercy's spell,
 With a message from Heaven's repose.

D. B.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Precedence must be given this month to a little book which cannot be criticised but only announced in this Magazine, as it is written by the Editor. It is not a large or profound work, being merely a prayerbook in verse, which has taken the too daring name of *The Harp of Jesus* from the anagram which turns the word "Eucharistia" into the words "Cithara Iesu." It is the first of its exact kind, as far as we are aware. There are books of hymns and meditations in verse ; but a regular prayerbook, giving morning oblation, Pater, Ave, Creed, Confiteor ; Acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope and Charity ; Prayers before and after Confession and Communion ; the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc. etc.—this has at least the merit of novelty. The writer, of course, never attempted the versification of the prayerbook as a set task ; but the various prayers, for the most part, found themselves composed for other purposes, and many of them have already been widely used. They have been grouped together in their present form by an afterthought, which might have been suggested (but was not) by the following characteristically kind note received from Lady Georgiana Fullerton after the publication of the writer's earliest book of verse, *Emmanuel* :—

" 27 Chapel Street

" Park Lane, W.

* DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

" I have just received the little volume you have kindly sent me. The contents seem likely to prove a treasure to many devout worshippers. I have already met

in it with prayers easy to learn and that will be very helpful to devotion. With many grateful thanks for this welcome gift,

"I remain

"Yours sincerely

"GEORGIANA FULLERTON."

June 7th [1878.]

Four days later, Kathleen O'Meara wrote from Paris: "Your 'Stations' have been copied into three prayerbooks—one for each member of the family—as answering a want that we were expressing only a day or two ago: some short epitome of the Way of the Cross, which would save one's having to carry a large book in one's Visit in the afternoon." The prayers here referred to by those two gifted and saintly souls may be found with many others in *The Harp of Jesus*, which is published in a cheap, neat, and convenient form by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

2. We agree with *Punch* that the best Christmas-book of the season, the one that chimes in best with the true Christian Christmas spirit, is "The Poor Sisters of Nazareth, an Illustrated Record of Life at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London," drawn by George Lambert, written by Alice Meynell, and "dedicated to my little daughter, Monica." The publishers are Burns and Oates, who furnish a half-crown and a half-guinea edition. The former is a marvel of cheapness, but the latter is well worth the extra eight shillings. The illustrations are worthy of their good fortune in being expounded in Mrs Meynell's prose. They set every phase and incident of convent life before us as it is lived at Nazareth House—choir and kitchen and infirmary and work-room, washing day and ironing day, coal-skuttle and collecting van. How many good thoughts this beautiful book will put into hearts for whom the holy Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church are not commonplace through a blessed familiarity.

3. Another dainty volume is "A Book of Gold, and other Sonnets," by John James Piatt (London: Elliot Stock). The cover adds as a sub-title, "A Quarter Century of Sonnets," and the self-denial that refuses to go beyond so small a number as twenty-five is a good omen for the perfection of the chosen few. The earlier ones, in subject and tone, might remind us of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Purity and refinement breathe in every line. But our favourite out of all is, we think, the tenth, though probably few will agree with us. That "book of dual authorship" referred to could hardly be sent forth more gracefully.

4. "Christian Reid" is the pen-name of an American lady, Miss Fisher, who, if our recollection of sundry paragraphs in American

newspapers does not play us false, has lately changed that name also for another in real life. She ranks very high among the Catholic writers of fiction in the United States; and, though she does not hide her Catholic principles in the development of her plots, her stories are real stories, with lifelike characters well worked out. One of the latest of these is "Philip's Restitution," which will make many friends for its author in these countries in the excellent type and paper with which M. H. Gill and Sons have produced this Dublin edition.

5. Worth many dozens of new books thrown together is the second, enlarged and revised edition of Lady Ferguson's "Story of the Irish Before the Conquest" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). The work itself is admirable in its conception and execution, tracing Irish history from the mythical period to the invasion under Strongbow, giving the best of the legends in vivid prose or in the metrical form in which they have been clothed by the poets, such as D'Arcy M'Gee, Aubrey de Vere, and especially the writer's illustrious husband, Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose "Congal" holds the highest rank in the poetry of our nation. The new edition has been produced exceedingly well by its Dublin printers. Several maps of ancient Ireland enable us to follow the battles and to identify the churches and monasteries. Lady Ferguson ends the preface to this new edition with the words: "I desire to dedicate this book to the beloved memory of my husband." The man who did so much for Irish literature since he wrote "The Forging of the Anchor" when little more than a boy would desire no better memorial. It is a work of immense research, deep enthusiasm, true eloquence and poetic feeling; and the writer has deserved well of her country.

6. "Irish Fairy Tales" by Edmund Leamy, M.P. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) consists of seven stories, illustrated by about twice as many pictures, telling us all about the Princess Finola and the Dwarf, the House in the Lake, the Little White Cat, the Golden Spears, the Fairy Tree of Dooros, the Enchanted Cave, and the Huntsman's Son. A few notes at the end refer to the "Old Celtic Romances" of Dr. P. W. Joyce, and to Eugene O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish;" but these authorities afford a very scanty portion of the materials which Mr Leamy has woven into these thrilling narratives. His fancy is inexhaustible, and he seems to have in perfection the knack of story-telling. One peculiarity of his style is the directness and rapidity of the narrative, which do not allow digressions and descriptions, and which make the substantives describe themselves without the aid of a set of adjectives. The literary merit of this children's book is very considerable; but in our day

some of the best of our literature is that which is intended for the young. As far as we know, this is the first title page which has borne the name of Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P. It will not be the last.

7. We must group together three books, which have this in common, that they are translated tales. Sister Mary Fidelis, an English nun, who has already given us an excellent translation of a course of meditations entitled "Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord," translates from the French "Linda's Task, or the Debt of Honour" (London: Burns and Oates). Why not mention the French author? The translation is no doubt well done, and the tale is eminently moral; but we have not been much caught by it, though we have given it a fair chance. Printer and binder both deserve a special vote of thanks. Mr. Henry J. Gill, M.A., translates from the German of Wilhelm Herchenbach two tales, "The Armourer of Solingen" and "Wrongfully Accused" (Dublin: M. H. and Son). The stories are full of incident, of a kind that catches the attention of the youthful reader. In this version they read pleasantly and naturally, without any unpleasant reminders of the aphorism which identifies *traditore* and *traduttore*. Large type and ample margin help to make out of this Irish edition quite a portly volume, which, we suspect, would throw the German original into the shade, even without the eight illustrations with which "W. C. M." has embellished it. Yet many young people will prefer—and we are inclined to agree with them—a smaller volume bearing on the title page the names of the same translator, and the same publishers; and indeed we venture to add that this is a case of the old story, "the two Maguires is one"—the same gentleman is translator and publisher, namely the ex-M.P. for Limerick. The second volume from his pen is "Chased by Wolves, and other instructive Stories, chiefly translated from the French, German, and Italian." The stories are thirty four in number, which proves that each does not claim a large share of the three hundred pages. This variety will make the book more popular, we are sure, and its popularity ought not to pass away with the Christmas-box season. Does the adverb "chiefly" on the title-page imply that some of these pretty little stories are original? "May's Christmas Tree" has probably come straight from an Irish heart. We end this paragraph with "Christmas Legends," translated from the German by O. S. B. (London: Washbourne). There are seven of them, very pious and very pretty, and brought out with the good taste that we have learned to expect from 18 Paternoster Row. But, after ending, we must add still another story-book—"The Jolly Harper and his good fortune, and other amusing tales" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and

Son). There are thirty-seven of them, with plenty of amusement for the readers for whom they are intended. We are not told anything about the miscellaneous authorship of this pleasant Christmas book.

8. Since sending the first of these book-notes to the printer, we have received "The Life of Dom Bosco, Founder of the Salesian Society," translated from the French of J. M. Villefranche by Lady Martin (London : Burns and Oates). A few words of preface dated from Merrion Square, Dublin, would not have been out of place. The name of another Lady Martin has quite lately figured on a title page ; but indeed the publishers and the theme of the present work show that it is not written by the wife of the Queen's literary adviser, Sir Theodore Martin, but by the wife of an Irish Catholic baronet, Sir Richard Martin. One knows enough already of this holy Italian priest, who did so much for the young, to be anxious for the full information given in this well written and well arranged biography. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the get-up of the volume. The chapters read very naturally and pleasantly, with nothing to remind you that they are translated from the French, except an occasional name which that tyrannical language turns into French, but which ought here to be given in the Italian form. The Seraphic Saint is for us Francis of Assisi (not "d'Assise"). Can *Chateaufort* be near Turin ? Nay, we doubt if outside France *Dom* be anything but a Benedictine prefix. *I Promessi Sposi* has made us all familiar with Don Abbondio ; and we think that the subject of Lady Martin's excellent work was Don Bosco.

9. An exceedingly interesting little book of sixty pages is "A Shrine and a Story" by the author of "Tyborne," "Irish Hearts and Irish Homes," etc. (London : Catholic Truth Society). The five terse and brightly written chapters are full of interesting names, familiar especially to Dublin Catholics : Dr. Blake, of Dromore, Father Henry Young, Mr James Murphy, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and Miss Ellen Kerr. A great many interesting and edifying particulars are given about most of these, whose bond of union was their connection with St. Joseph's Asylum for Virtuous Single Females, in Portland Row, Dublin. This is the "shrine" in question, and its story is charmingly told by the Author of "Tyborne," who in another sphere of labour is known to her children as Mother Magdalen Taylor.

10. The largest and, in its own way, the best book that has presented itself before our tribunal this Christmas is one published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, and calling itself, with perfect truth, "Good Things for Catholic Readers : a Miscellany of Catholic Biography, Travel, etc., containing portraits and sketches of

eminent persons, and engravings representing the church and the cloister, the state and home, remarkable places connected with religion, and famous events in all lands and times." The leaves are so ample, that even this lengthy enumeration does not overcrowd the title-page. It is called "second series," and it will provoke many demands for the first series. The present volume, though printed in a round, readable type, contains a vast number of articles, profusely illustrated. Biography is only one of the many items, but we may name some of the biographical sketches: Mrs. Aikenhead, St. Thomas Aquinas, Mrs. Ball, Balmes, Madame Barat, Baronius, Bayard, Father Beckx, Cardinal Beton, Bossuet, Father Thomas Burke, James Burns, the publisher, Calderon, Cartier, Archbishop Corrigan, Cardinal Cullen, Aubrey de Vere, Kenelm Digby, Richard Doyle, Father Faber, Lady G. Fullerton, Mother Hallahan, Archbishop Hannan, Dr. Lingard, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Lord O'Hagan, Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., Louis Veuillot, Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. We have reached the end of the alphabet, but we have done so by jumping over many times. The portraits which illustrate these sketches are, in the five or six instances in which we are qualified to judge, extremely successful. "Good Things" furnishes also information on a great variety of interesting topics. It is a valuable and interesting addition to a family library.

11. From the United States also come Volumes 13 and 14 of the Centenary Edition of the Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, admirably edited and admirably printed and bound. The same indefatigable publishers, the Benzigers, have sent us the second volume of the Sermons of Father Julius Pottgeisser, S.J., translated from the German by Father James Conway, S.J. This volume contains sermons for festivals, for Lent, and for the Quarant' Ore. These discourses are full of solid matter, proposed with great vigour. Benziger has also published miniature treatises on "The Golden Prayer" and on "The Power of the Memorare." Another pretty little booklet is "St. Thomas Aquinas" by Francis C. P. Hays (London: R. Washbourne). Mr Washbourne is also the publisher of "All Souls' Forget-me-not," a prayer and meditation book for the solace of the souls in purgatory, translated from the German by Canon Moser. We must speak again of two very different books: Father Albert Barry's "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary" (London: Burns and Oates), and "Songs in a Minor Key" by W. C. Hall, B.A. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). They have one point in common—namely; that they are produced with excellent taste.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

BRACKEN HOLLOW.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

“**R**OUGH! do you know what this letter means? Finish your breakfast, old dog, and come for a walk up the glen to Bracken Hollow: for the old place shall be brightened up, the shutters shall be flung open, the chimneys shall smoke, and the trees shall move away from before the doors and windows. Youth, the fairy prince, is coming on tip-toe from beyond summer seas, to tread the paths green again, to spread sunshine on the threshold, and to wake the sleeper, Joy, who has so long lain dead in the dark chambers waiting his voice to arise and fill the place with light. And when our glad errand is done, we will visit the valley churchyard.”

So the day passes, and it is evening. Rough and I have been to see a grave. It is a lorn place, and the wind has grown shrill, and we come home feeling rather desolate. Clouds are gathering for a wild night. The old dog has curled in by the fender, and I have brought my arm-chair to his side, and dragged forth an old desk, and turned over its contents—packages of old letters, and loose leaves of an irregular journal.

Rough, we have set ourselves a hard task. To reach, with feeble voice, the ears of our city friends across the sea, and to make them turn on their busy road, and gaze over their shoulder down some slant sun-path to the steepes and tangles of our Glenariffe. To make them see, with their distant eyes, dimmed with gold and dust, our bay, as now, for instance, moonlit; with its stretch of pale sands, like a white pro-

jecting arm, curved round the margin of the dark water, with its lullaby music murmuring patiently from the Bar, its lapping waves flinging diamond circlets perpetually at the feet of the rocks, and with its uncertain glimpses into the soft gloom of silent glens, sheltered for many a mile under the strong arms of the mountains.

There ! draw the curtain. Go back to your rug, old dog. What do you know about it ? The sea is nothing to you but a broad shining fascination, towards which your lazy speculating eyes turn and return. You know nothing of spirits crossing, of the fatal hollows between waves, of the white curl of a squall spreading, like a plague-spot, on the breast of a fair ocean. Neither do you know anything of the unsounded depths of the human heart, of the shoals and wrecks in that sea, of the treacherous rocks and dizzy maelstroms, which, at every breath we draw, beat out, and suck in, mortal and alas ! immortal life. And so, though you sit there, looking through me, with the almost human sympathy of your eyes, you are only a dog, old friend, and the old man must patch his story, and say his say alone.

Margaret Avon and I were old man and old woman together, and yet when she was the wedded mistress of Bracken Hollow, I was but a young lad going to school, and used in vacation times to ride my pony over the hills and hollows of Glenariffe for a cup of sweet tea at Mistress Avon's round tea-table, and a generous share of the cakes and marmalade with which that hospitable board was wont to be spread for my delectation. But at least half my errand there was to get a glimpse of tiny Mary Avon's sleeping face, so fair and plump, under the blue canopy of her cot. For baby Mary Avon was then to me the mystery of mysteries, as she was in years afterwards the pearl, the very sunbeam, the blush-rose of womanhood.

I will tread lightly, and but a few steps of this solitary by-path of my story. Let the roses moulder there where they fell, snapt from their stems so many years ago, and the passion-flowers shrivel into dust, and the dead leaves lie in shifting mounds, stirred only by the whisper of melancholy winds, undisturbed by the fall of even the holiest foot. Mary Avon fled from her home to be the wife of one who broke her heart and deserted her child. There are days upon which many of the aged can look back, when words and scenes which are burned into memory were first branded there. Such old scars still sting, when these dulled eyes glance again to the hour when, a strong and bearded man, I almost knelt to Margaret Avon in that old red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, and sued for Mary's memory and

Mary's child. But the crags of Lurgedon are not to be toppled into the valley by pecking birds, nor was the wedge of stern resolve to be wrenched from Margaret Avon's soul by prayers. Mary was gone, and, as though she had never been, the existence of her child was to remain unrecognised. I took the little orphan home, and if Hugh was wronged, I at least was a gainer by his loss.

Up to this date I had known Margaret Avon as a large, comely matron, with prosperity lying smooth on her broad forehead, and a helpful magic lurking in the palm of her strong, white hand ; with all her actions, impulses of charity, of pride, or of anger ; but that blow struck to the root of her life. The tree did not fall, nor totter ; it stood on, but the sap was gone. Years went by, and brought death twice again to the threshold of the old house, making her a widow, and bereft of her only son. Then the strong lines had hardened, the soft curves tightened, the good-humoured eyes grown cold, and the firm mouth hard. She became a gaunt woman, with a bent masculine figure, and a harsh countenance. As such I knew her, still as a friend, and often as patient, about the time when, a middle-aged bachelor, I found myself settled down under this roof, with the physician's practice of the glens and village for my work, and with Mary's child for something to love, something to keep my heart green. For Margaret Avon, sitting sternly in that red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, with her face from the world, and her eyes fixed perpetually on her desolate hearth, would not forgive the dead. The only tie she recognised was the child of her dead son. The little girl had been born in Italy, where her father had passed all the later years of his life. In this grandchild, whom she had never seen, all the woman's sympathies with life were bound up. The child was said to be delicate, and lest she should inherit her father's disease, consumption, the anxious grandmother had decreed, with bold self-denial, that she should remain abroad with the English lady to whose care her father had entrusted her education,—should be sunned and ripened by Italian skies, till the dawn of her womanhood, and that then, and then only, should Glenariffe be her home. And yet the old woman's yearning to see the child was piteous, and I knew that she dreaded lest death might seal her eyes before they could be satisfied.

Years passed. I was grey. Hugh was a man, and would soon be a doctor. A naval life would suit him. I felt that he would go off in a ship one day and leave me. He had been studying too closely. I had sent for him, insisting on a holiday. We were chatting together in the garden. It was a bright May evening, the hawthorn blossoms were not yet done, the lilacs were in bloom. The sun was red on his

face, and the lad was as glad as a child at his new freedom. Observing him with pride, I thought him more remarkable for an air of inherent power and a dash of frankness, than for mere handsome looks. I thought I saw his character in his bearing and countenance, pure honour ennobling the brow, fidelity to truth well-opening the eye, the hot generous temperament lighting the whole face with electric glows and sparkles ; and the careless gaiety of youth dancing in lights and shadows on the tossing brown curls under his straw hat. Some one spoke to me at the gate. It was a messenger from Bracken Hollow, requesting me to visit Mrs Avon. I left Hugh amusing himself with some little fellows on the beach, and went. Margaret had a request to make. Grace was on her way home, was in England. Friends returning from Italy had brought her as far as their home in London. Would I go and fetch her to Bracken Hollow ?

I thought, Margaret Avon forgets that I am not still the boy who used to eat her marmalade at yonder table forty years since, and carry her footstool, and go on her errands whithersoever she pleased. But the next moment I felt this to be a churlish thought for one old friend to harbour towards another, and I promised to go.

Next day I went. A few words made Hugh understand the purpose of my journey. Beyond those few words nothing was said between us on the matter. Of course the lad knew all the details of his own story, but his position was a subject which he never approached, nor did I wish to hear him speak of it. I was sure of his fast affection ; he was even too grateful for anything I had done for him ; but I knew that the pride of the Avons smouldered in the depths of his nature. I saw it when he courteously uncovered his head to his grandmother on Sundays as she came forth from the village church to her carriage, with her eyes fixed on the ground lest she should see him. I detected it in the gnawing of the lip and contracting of the brows when we stood to admire some rich bit of wooded land with a tradition of the Avon family scrawled over the gnarled trunk of every old tree. And even more forcibly have I seen it when, by chance, he has heard himself alluded to by the kindly peasants who compassionated him as "poor Mr Hugh." I knew he felt the sting of the fire himself, and dreaded the occasion which might stir it to a blaze. I knew that he wished all the world to recognise him as one who felt himself sufficient to carve his own fortune, and was too high-spirited to claim any relationship which was so cruelly ignored.

I went upon my mission. I made my way to a gay house in a fashionable part of London. I arrived there in the midst of a brilliant entertainment. I was expected, and welcomed. It was all out of my

way, and I should have yielded to the inclination of fatigue and retired quietly and at once, but that my curiosity to see Grace would not rest till morning. When I made my appearance among the guests, I found them engaged in witnessing the performance of charades. I took my place as a spectator, and quickly had Miss Grace Avon pointed out to me among the performers. Thus, for the first time, I saw her in whom afterwards I had so strange an interest.

Memory has odd whims in her dealings with the materials furnished to her. Some she lays by in dim scrolls, seldom to be opened and with difficulty. Others are spread, faultless charts, perpetually visible, and yet marked out in such dull ink that they are little better than blanks. While, again, some trivial chance becomes at once a picture, painted in imperishable colours, glowing with unfading life, refusing to grow pale with time, or to be darkened by shadows.

I see her now distinctly. It was a thoroughly Italian face, dark and clear, with bright lips and a rich cheek. I had never seen anything so sombre yet so lustrous as the eyes. Some brilliant drapery was folded round her head like a turban, giving an oriental effect. I do not know what the charade was ; I never thought of asking. The idea must have been something about a slave ; a slave loaded with splendour, and yet chafing under a sense of degradation and captivity. At least so she, in her acting, seemed to render it. She went through a strange pantomime, wrenching at the gilded chains that shackled her wrists, flinging her jewels passionately on the ground, and speaking forth shame and despair from her dumb face with terrible reality. I felt it unaccountably strange to see her thus for the first time, acting with such a piteous mimicry of truth in this gay crowd, dressed with such magnificence, and expressing so vividly her hatred of herself, her beauty, and her adornments. I said, how can this girl act so unless she feels it ? What troubles her ? Why is she so wretched ? And then I smiled at myself for a foolish old man of the mountains, who was behind the age, and knew nothing of the cunning of such clever displays. But, my beautiful Miss Grace, I said, how will these fantastic accomplishments thrive at Bracken Hollow ?

I saw her next at a distance in the ballroom, after the performance had ended. She was the centre of a group of evident admirers, and was laughing and sparkling all over with merriment. Her dress was a robe of something white, which flashed about her as she moved ; and I remember that her hair was bound with something blood-red, like coral. I saw our hostess move towards her, for the purpose, I knew, of acquainting her with the fact of my arrival. Her cheeks had been flushing, her lips smiling, but all at once flush and smile

vanished, leaving her pale and still. She turned abruptly away from the disappointed group, and slowly followed the lady messenger from the room. A minute afterwards I was introduced to her in a dim ante-room, where the softly-shed light was yet sufficient to show me the shrinking step, the pained lip, the white cheek, and the one rapid terrified glance from eyes that were instantly averted and obstinately refused to meet mine again.

What was it ! Conscience winced. It was true that I had indulged an unwarrantable prejudice against this girl ; and could it be also true that there may arise, without the communication of a word, with scarce that of a look, some swift subtle instinct, passing from one spirit to another, warning of the existence of dislike or distrust, even as such an instinct is said in other instances to herald the approach of faith or of love ?

Our greeting was short and embarrassed. I had long since forgotten the more polished forms of address between ladies and gentlemen of the world. I could have spoken a kind word to this frightened child had I met her at home among the mountains, but here in these courtly chambers the mere spontaneous good-will of nature seemed out of place. I saw her glide back to the ball-room with a blanched, cowed aspect, but with a something of proud reserve that forebade observation. She seated herself at a distant table and affected to turn over some drawings, but her face was often averted to the shuttered window beside her, as though she studied some record of absorbing interest written on the blank of the painted wood. And so, despite my former determined indifference to everything concerning Miss Grace Avon, I retired that night filled with a troubled perplexity, and strangely interested in the owner of the cold, damp, little hand that had for a moment touched mine, and the sombre eyes that had shunned me with an expression so much like pain and fear scarcely hidden under their lids.

We accomplished our journey in safety, but without effecting much more progress towards friendship than we had made on the evening of our first acquaintance. An impenetrable reserve sheathed the girl. Once or twice I detected her studying my face with a wistful, questioning expression in her eye, as though some burdensome secret hovered on her tongue, and she tried, unseen, to sound me, to discover whether or not I might be trustworthy to receive that which she had to tell. This was the idea which impressed me at the time, and from which I could not free my thoughts. It seemed an absurd fancy, for what trouble could she have ? And yet the impression would not be shaken off, but clung to me with annoying tenacity.

I assured myself that she was only timid, and shy of appearing.

among new friends. It will wear away, I said; and I tried to win her confidence and to be as kindly towards her as the thought of Hugh would suffer me to be.

I thought the wondrous vision of our glens will wake her up, for I feel that she has a soul: and who has ever seen our Glenariffe without enthusiasm, with its mists and breakers, its heathery crags and mossy knolls, its vivid rainbows and thundering falls?—even in its winter aspect, when every mountain that searches its sky is white from base to crown, when every pure peak stands like a sinless soul expecting its palm, and when the cry of hunted waters leaps from crag to crag, and is lost in the appalling gusts blown landward from the lips of implacable sea storms. And how much more in summer, when the golden sheaves stand upon the sunny slopes, leaning their hot shoulders against one another, and waiting for the harvest-home; when the cunning blackbird scarce knows his way through the labyrinths of foliage, and when there is a hidden paradise in every far nook where the young ashes bend to the water under their secret, and drip, drip their mysterious whispers all day, till the sun gets tired searching for them among the thickets, and the moon sends a silver token floating down the beck, on the crest of a riplat.

As we entered the glens in the fading sunset, the hills smiled serenely, and the sea was a stretch of pale gold. The cry of the mountaineer, as he passed from height to height skyward, searching for stray lambs, fell in dreamy echoes through the ether, and we could hear at intervals the answering bleat of a sheep from some perilous ledge aloft, where it looked to our upturned eyes like a snow-flake drifted white upon the brilliant herbage. It was to me a moment of exquisite beauty and peace; but then in my ear the horses' feet were trotting to the music of "Home, sweet home!" whereas Miss Grace Avon had been nursed under Italian skies, and beheld our wild highland scenery with a stranger's eyes. So I forebore to disturb her meditation as she sat, quite still, her veil just folded above her brows, her pale lips fast shut, and her heavy dark eyes fixed blindly on the dimming horizon.

Arrived at Bracken Hollow a touching picture met our eyes. Out in the purple twilight, sown with blazing stars, growing from the heavier shadows behind, and framed by the frowning doorway, a tall bent figure stood. A shaking, withered hand grasping a stick, a rugged face softened with yearning love, a hard-lined mouth unwontedly relaxed and quivering, and frozen eyes melting with foreign moisture. So I saw Margaret Avon, and in spite of fidelity to Hugh, I was touched to compassion for the woman who, having within her

rills of tenderness so warm, could have suffered pride to petrify her life, and turn her to the thing of stone I had known her for the many past years.

So she stood with her one shrivelled hand stretched forth in eager greeting. I felt Grace's fingers slip from my arm, and before I could prevent her the strange girl had sunk upon her knees at her grandmother's feet, with her face to the flags on the threshold.

"My child, my dear, my darling! what is this?" quavered forth the poor old rusty voice, while the shaking hand tried to drag upward the bent dusky head from which the bonnet and veil had fallen. "Be not frightened, my love, but welcome, a thousand times welcome, to your poor old grandmother's home,—your poor old grandmother, your poor old lonely grandmother!" she kept on repeating, while Grace, creeping to her at last with a sob, suffered herself to be gathered to the old woman's heart. I left them sitting on the hearth in the red drawing-room, Grace with her face buried in Margaret's gown, and the old hand passing fondly over the thick curls.

Two mornings afterwards I was sitting by the open window in the sun, reading the *Lancet*. Hugh was standing at the bookcase, poring into a book. The parlour door was ajar, and the hall door wide open, as it is the fashion for Glen's hall doors to stand during the day. I saw a phaeton, which I knew, draw up a few perches away, and in it I saw two figures, which I also recognised. The younger sprang from the step, and came quickly toward the cottage. She passed in at the gate, in at the open door; a tap came on the panel outside, and there she stood before us—Grace Avon.

Never had anything so bright gladdened our sober little parlour. The white dress, the black gossamer shawl hanging from her arms, the slouched hat, with its rose-coloured ribbon, crowning the ripe face and cloudy curls, all made up a picture whose rich sweetness was a feast to the eye. A glamour of enchantment seemed to enter the room with her, a southern breeze stirred in the motion of her gown, a streak of Italian sunshine seemed to follow in her wake through the door. I thought "Mary's hair was just one shade darker than the laburnum blossoms, and Mary's eyes were the colour of forget-me-nots; but this is a beautiful woman." As she entered, Hugh started, and looked up with a hasty glance of honest and ardent admiration, whose warmth surprise forbade him to moderate. The young lady seemed to resent this involuntary homage of poor Hugh's; she flushed, returned his bow stiffly, and having delivered her message, followed me from the room.

"Who is he?" she asked, abruptly, in the Hall.

I was angry for Hugh, and felt harshly towards her at the moment. I answered brusquely:

"He is your cousin, Miss Avon, who has at least as good a claim to your grandmother's favour as you. Were he righted, you would not be the wealthy heiress you now are."

She fell back as though stunned by my words, and I passed her to speak to Margaret at the carriage. She wished me to spend the evening with them. Margaret did not know of Hugh's presence at the cottage; but I think, even had he been absent, I should not have gone to them that night. Grace gave me a pleading word and look, but I was firm. I said:

"I am going to visit a patient up the Glen, but I shall not have time to call."

At twilight that evening I passed near the gates of Bracken Hollow at a part where the wall that separates the place from the Glen road runs very low, and a stream stumbles its way through the wild briars and the tall reeds and brackens from whose luxuriance the house takes its name. I was startled by a figure rising up like a ghost from among the ferns and moss-grown stones beside me. It was Grace. She had watched and waited for me there. She wanted to know the meaning of my words spoken in the hall that morning about her cousin. Was he her cousin? Why had he been wronged? Who had wronged him?

I considered a little, and then thought it best to tell her all. She would be sure to hear the story, and it was right she should. I told her all Hugh's history; not, I am sure, without a dash of the bitterness which would always escape me when I spoke on the subject. As I went on, she flushed deeper and deeper, till the crimson blood burned under her hair, and even coloured her throat. When I had finished speaking, it had ebbed away, leaving her unusually pale. She stood before me, straight and white and scared looking, with the breeze blowing the dark hair from her forehead. I moved to go on, but she stayed me again imploringly, and commenced asking rapid passionate questions. If she had never been born, or if—if she had died as a child, would Hugh's grandmother have been forced to give him her affection, to make him her heir?

I answered as my conscience dictated:

"I believe she would. Your grandmother can be stern, but she must have something to love. If there had been no one else, I think it is likely that she would have relented towards Hugh."

She opened her lips, and cried vehemently, with a strain of high-wrought suffering:

"Doctor! I—" She stopped short, her lips whitened, blue shadows gathered under her eyes. I thought she was going to swoon.

"My dear child!" I cried, in surprise and alarm, taking her cold

hand and placing it firmly on my own arm, "my dear child, you must not distress yourself so deeply about this, it is not your fault."

She gave me a piteous glance, bent down her head, and burst into a passion of tears, sobbing violently, with her forehead against my sleeve.

"It is a strange, wayward, and I believe generous nature," I thought, as I went on my way, having sent her back to the house.

Returning past the gates, and finding myself in a different mood from that in which I had refused Margaret Avon's invitation, I turned into the avenue, and walked along by the soft, noiseless turf. Soon I was startled for the second time that night by seeing a slight figure moving among the trees. It was passing to and fro, to and fro upon the grass quite near me. I stopped where a tree hid me from the danger of being seen. Heaven knows I did not mean to be a spy upon the poor girl, but I was deeply interested in her. The moon shone large and clear down through the branches on the mossy roots and trunks, and on the rich wilderness of the underwood, throwing dim flitting shadows over the impatient white figure that paced and paced, and would not weary nor rest. While I stood, with a fear and a foreboding of I knew not what stealing upon me and mingling with the sympathy which had been keenly awakened, the figure suddenly paused in its walk, the arms were flung above the head in an attitude of abandonment, and a loud groaning whisper reached me through the clear still air—

"Not my fault—not my fault! O God, pity me!"

I went home.

PART II.

The next time that Grace came to the cottage she gave her hand to Hugh with an eagerness that made the brave fellow blush and tremble like a girl. Her voice was very sweet that day, and her manner very soft and subdued. After she had gone, Madge, my old servant, gave it as her emphatic opinion (delivered to the cat on the kitchen hearth) that "Miss Grace's smile would coax the birds off the bush." That evening Hugh sat for a long, long time staring out at the bay with an expression on his face which I had never seen there before. And I thought—"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, my dear lad! is it fated that this woman shall bring even yet more trouble upon us?"

About this time Margaret Avon had a slight illness, and Grace

had an errand to the village on her horse almost every day—for books, for medicine, or for the gratification of some whim of her grandmother, who insisted on the girl's riding every morning, lest her health should suffer from the close attendance upon her which Grace was disposed to give. But Margaret did not know that Hugh was at the cottage, or she would assuredly never have sent Grace cantering up to its porch morning after morning, with cheeks glowing, lips scarlet, and eyes sparkling with the healthful exercise. I should have spoken of his being there, only for the fear of agitating her dangerously by mentioning a name which for so many long years had been a forbidden one between us. And so Grace came and went, and I soon saw how Hugh's eyes flashed when the clatter of the well-known hoofs sounded in our ears through the open window, and how eagerly he hurried to the gate to help her from her saddle.

At last I said to him one day :

"Hugh, my lad ! I think you had better go back to your work."

He, knowing very well what I meant, met my eyes frankly, and said :

"Yes ; I think I had."

And he went.

On Margaret's recovery her first care was to invite visitors to Bracken Hollow. The house was soon filled, and balls and pic-nics and boating parties passed the summer days and nights gaily for its inmates. I never joined in their amusements, but I looked in now and again, just to see how our young Italian rose bloomed on the mountain-side ; and, finding her pale and weary-looking, and subject to her old strange moods, I ordered her to renew her exercise on horseback. But her gay guests from town did not care for riding, they found the Glen roads too rough.

"Well, then," I said, "you must ride alone. We cannot have grandmamma breaking her heart about those pale cheeks."

And after that I had many an early visit from Grace, who would arrive at my door of mornings when I was sitting down to my eight o'clock breakfast, and flash into the room, crying :

"Will you give me a cup of your tea, doctor ? Those lazy people at the Hollow will not have breakfast for two hours to come."

She had some suitors among her gay visitors. On one of these—a handsome, wealthy fellow—I thought Margaret Avon looked with favour, though I scarcely imagined that she could contemplate parting with her precious child so soon. But all these fine people seemed only to weary Grace, and she evidently regarded as so many boons the stray hours spent with me and Madge and Rough.

Hugh had been gone two months, when one morning I had a note

to say that he had taken a dislike to his work, had got headaches, and must have a day—if only a day—in the Glens to refresh him. I shook my head over the letter. Never had Hugh taken a whim like this before. I lifted a vase of flowers arranged by Grace yesterday morning, lifted them, breathed their sweetness, and shook my head again. “Dangerous,” I said; “dangerous!” But, feeling that I could do nothing, I was fain to apply myself to the *Lancet*, and try to forget my perplexities.

Late that evening, in the midst of the first shower of a thunder-storm, Grace’s steed flew to the door, and Grace herself cried with comical distress:

“Doctor! doctor! will you take me in and dry me?”

I lifted her, laughing, from the saddle, and carried her in all dripping with rain. Madge, with many “Mercy me-s!” and “Heart-alives!” helped to free her from her drenched habit, and after she had re-appeared to me, arrayed in a wrapper of pink print belonging to Madge’s daughter, with her limp hair brushed wet from her forehead, and her face as fresh as a newly-washed rose, after this I said:

“Now, my dear, you are storm-stayed for the night. I have sent back the servant to say so to your grandmother. Let Madge set forth her best tea-cups and prepare her most delectable griddle-cakes, and let us make ourselves as sociable as possible. Your gay friends must spare you to us till to-morrow.”

She laughed, and tears flashed into her eyes, which April-like contradiction of mood was a trick of hers when much pleased. The next minute she said abruptly:

“Doctor, if I were to be turned out by my grandmother, and to come to you a beggar, would you call me ‘my dear,’ and give me a night’s lodging till I should find somewhere to go to?”

“Yes,” said I, laughing at her earnestness; “and perhaps a cup of tea, too, if you were a good girl. And who knows but I might send you to fetch my slippers, and instal you behind my tea-pot as housekeeper and stocking-darner to a single old gentleman?”

She said, eagerly, “Would you?” and then turned away and went out of the room. Not long afterwards I heard her putting much the same question to Madge, in the kitchen.

“Madge, if I were a beggar and came to the back door, would you give me a bit of that cake, and call me ‘Miss Grace, darling,’ and let me sit here and nurse pussy on my knee?”

And then I heard Madge’s startled rejoinder,

“For the Lord’s sake, Miss Grace! To be sure I would, with a heart an’ a-half!”

What can fill her brain with such fancies? I thought. How could

her grandmother ever turn against her? Unless, indeed—and then my thoughts wandered away to things possible in connection with Hugh. But, no; her own two grandchildren—

Here my reflections were interrupted by a knocking at the door. I started to my feet, and flung away my paper. It was Hugh's knock.

I saw their meeting that night on the bright sanded hearth of Madge's kitchen, whither Hugh had rushed to shake off his wet greatcoat, and from that hour I made up my mind to one thing as inevitable. Grace made our tea that night and buttered our cakes, and afterwards they two read poetry together at the table, like a pair of young fools (I give the name in all tenderness), a pair of wise, happy foolish children.

But the next day brought the cavalier before-mentioned to conduct Miss Avon home. He treated me and Hugh with the air of a superior being, and I could not but smile as Hugh, having conducted himself towards the visitor with much dignified hauteur, finally flung the gate, and muttered something fierce between his teeth which I could not hear.

After that little adventure there was an end of Grace's visits to the cottage. Her grandmother heard of Hugh incidentally from the cavalier, and Grace was ordered to turn her horse's head in a different direction from the village when she went on her rides. So we saw no more of her for some time; but Hugh had his consolation in hearing of the dismissal of the cavalier, who, followed by the rest of the visitors, took his way from Bracken Hollow soon after.

Hugh's "day" lengthened into some weeks, and he had never once seen Grace since that night. Margaret was growing very weakly, and I was obliged to visit the Hollow regularly. On these occasions it struck me that Grace was looking ill and dejected, I invariably found her seated patiently by her grandmother's side. Poor Margaret said her child was the best of nurses. One evening she accompanied me to the hall-door. Autumn was waning fast, the sunset glared upon the mountains with a frosty fire, the air was disturbed by the constant rustling of dead leaves haunting the earth in search of a grave. Grace wore a pale grey dress, and the bright colour was gone from her cheeks and lips as she stood on the threshold gazing towards the horizon, with dull dark eyes just lit by a red reflection from the western sky. Although not of a poetic temperament, I could not but think she looked more like a spirit than anything else; much too like a spirit to please my professional eyes.

I thought it right to tell her that her grandmother's disease was such as might extinguish life suddenly at any time. I thought it only natural that she should cry, but we had no scene. The trouble was

strong and genuine, but controlled. As she gave me her hand at parting, she said :

"Doctor, if she were gone, might I not do as I pleased with the property which she says will be mine?"

I said I believed she might.

"And if I chose to give it to some one who has a better right to it than I have, would you help me to return to Italy? I believe I could earn my bread there on the stage."

I told her she was a foolish child, and had been moped too much in the sick room. I made her promise to take a long walk on the morrow.

Next evening I found Margaret on her couch in the drawing-room alone. She had sent the dear child for a ramble, she said. She herself felt much better. I sat a long time by her sofa. The poor old lady was in a good humour and communicative. She discussed with me the affair of the cavalier, in which, as I had guessed, Grace had proved unmanageable.

"Do not wonder," she said, "at my anxiety about it. I am very old. I may go any day. I should like to see the dear child happily settled before I close my eyes. He is a fine young fellow, and it would be a suitable connection for the Avon family. But he will come again, he will come again. She will soon tire of this dull life. It must come right. I have set my heart on it. And then—"

"Ay!" I thought, "and then?" But that "then" the future was destined never to bring forth.

"Give me your arm, dear friend," she said, "and take me to the door. I long for a breath of the fresh air."

We went together to the door, and stood quietly looking out into the mild fresh dusk, the deeply tinted shades of a highland twilight. Impalpable echoes floated dreamily in the air, stray notes from drowsy birds dropped down from startled nooks aloft; the trees seemed whispering an audible hush one to another, and now and again a brown leaf hovered reluctantly to the ground.

My eyes were better than Margaret's, and I was the first to see two figures coming slowly from among the trees. I passed my hand over my eyes, and looked again. Yes, they were surely coming, Grace and Hugh. Quickly I saw that he was almost carrying her, and that her arm hung helplessly by her side. As they approached the house, I saw what was the matter. The girl's left arm was broken. I believe that surprise at seeing Hugh at first prevented Margaret from observing Grace's accident. In my own anxiety I did not note how her face greeted her grandson, but presently I heard her say in a husky voice—that pitiful, quavering voice which always will betray

the emotion of the aged, no matter how strong or stern may be the spirit :

“ May I ask, sir, who are you ?”

I glanced at Hugh. His eyes were wide and bright, his mouth pale and firm. Never had he looked nobler ; never had he looked more like his mother. Some touching echo in the old lady’s voice bade me hope, despite the hard uncourteousness of her words. How would Hugh behave ?

He uncovered his head deferentially, and announced himself as Hugh Desmond.

At the name her mouth twitched ominously. Poor old Margaret ! she had a struggle before she answered.

“ Then, sir, I will trouble you to come no further ; you are not required here !”

“ He saved me,” moaned Grace ; “ but for him, I should have been brought dead to your door.”

“ Dead ! dead !” Margaret repeated in a hurried, terrified voice, and I thought she glanced wistfully at Hugh. But the lad looked defiant, and the old spirit would not be so easily quenched. I think it drew an accession of bitterness and strength from Hugh’s careless independence of bearing. She said grimly : “ You have done well, sir, but you have done enough. We will trouble you no more. You may go.”

“ I will first place my cousin Grace in a less painful position,” said the boy, boldly, and at the same time he carried the girl past her into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

“ And now I will obey your hospitable commands, madam,” he said, bowing to her with the same slightly scornful deference, where she stood trembling by, with the frown gathering blacker on her brows each second.

“ Go !” she whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door with her shaking finger.

“ Oh ! wait, wait !” moaned Grace. But he was gone.

She raised her head. She sat up, leaning upon her sound arm. Her hand, white and damp with the dew of agony, grasped the cushions with fierce effort. Her sufferings must have been almost intolerable, but there was something in the wild, dark eyes looking from her pallid face, that told of mental pain to which mere physical torture was little.

“ What have you done ?” she cried in a kind of passionate wail. “ You have driven away the only creature who has a right to rest under your roof, your only grandchild. For me, I am nothing to you ; nothing, nothing ! I solemnly swear that I am not Grace Avon. Grace Avon died twelve years ago !”

She got up with her white wet face, and broken arm ; she waved me off ; she shrank away, and crawled rather than walked from the room. I led Margaret to a chair. She did not speak, but her face worked piteously. She had got a sore, sore blow. I rang for a trusty servant, and followed Grace. At the bottom of the stairs I found my poor child, stretched stiff and insensible, with her face buried in the mat. I carried her up to bed. It was long before that swoon gave way. When it did, there was violent illness and much danger. Late that night I stood by Margaret's bedside. It shook me with trouble to see how my poor old friend had aged and altered during the past few hours. From that bed I knew she would never rise again.

"Don't send her away !" she whispered. "Not yet. I would not turn out a dog with a broken leg. Let her get well. But take her away when she is better. I cannot see her. My heart is broken."

And she turned her poor face to the wall. Oh, stern soul ! Oh, inexorable will ! the retribution had come.

I found myself wondering much just then that Margaret should have so quickly admitted and comprehended Grace's strange confession, that she had not received it slowly and understood it with difficulty. But I afterwards knew that she had long suspected the girl of having some secret trouble, something that pressed heavily on her conscience, which she, Margaret, could not and dared not divine. Therefore it was that Grace's short vehement declaration came upon her, as upon me, with all the crushing weight of truth.

I went back to Grace, and there, in the dead of the night, with the lamp between us burning dim, and the shadows lurking black in the corners of the big old-fashioned room, I heard all the tale of this poor girl's life and suffering, and unwilling wrong-doing. The pain could not force her to keep silent till to-morrow ; she must speak, she would confess. She writhed upon her pillow, she bit her poor lip, but she would go on.

"I was a poor little hungry, wretched, half-naked child," she said, "begging in the streets. A kind-looking English lady took me by the hand and brought me home to her house. She clothed and fed me, and kept me with her. She taught me, and I loved to learn, and I was very happy. She always spoke of my kind grandmother who paid her for taking care of me, and who supplied all my pretty frocks, and toys, and sweetmeats ; and told me that one day I should go across the sea, and live with that good grandmother. She seemed very anxious that I should forget all about my childhood before coming to her, and about that day when she first found me in the street and brought me home. But I could not forget. I remembered it all distinctly, and, as I grew older, the memory of that part of my life

puzzled me greatly. Hints from a servant first made me suspect something wrong. I spoke to the lady, but she was very angry, and would tell me nothing. At last, when the time arrived for me to leave her she became frightened, I believe, acknowledged the deceit, which she had practised on my supposed grandmother, and conjured me to keep the secret, which she said was now mine much more than hers. The child left in her care, for whose education and maintenance she had been handsomely paid, had died at seven years of age, and her selfish dread of losing so good an income had induced her to conceive the cruel plan of concealing the death, and substituting another for the poor little girl who was gone. I was the unhappy creature on whom she fixed for the carrying out of her purpose, choosing me, she said, because she thought my face would please my supposed grandmother.

"She told me all this just before my departure for Ireland. My trunks were packed, and strangers were to bring me home. I implored her to write and confess to my—to Mrs Avon, all that she had done; but she only laughed, and called me a fool. She said if I kept my secret no one need ever know that I was not Grace Avon. She said, 'What would you do, reared and educated as you have been, if you were turned adrift on the world, friendless and penniless? Besides, how could you prove your story? Who would believe you? They will perhaps place you in a madhouse. I can easily hint that your brain is unsound.'

"When she found that I was not afraid for myself, she reminded me of the poor old lady who expected me, who would be so enraptured to see me, and whom the shock of my confession would probably kill. I cried all through the nights. I prayed for strength to do what was right. I thought I would tell the friends who came to fetch me, and ask their advice. But when they arrived, they were gay, fine people and I could not find courage to speak. I fancied how they would stare, and shrink away from me

"Then I resolved to wait, and tell my—tell Mrs Avon herself. Whilst travelling here I longed to confide in you, for your kindness encouraged me; but still my voice failed me. I could not do it. Arrived here, I found it still more impossible to confess to the old lady, who was so good to me and loved me so well, that I was only an impostor, and that she had no grandchild. And then—when I learned Hugh's story—oh! what I have suffered since that day! Every hour that passed made it more terrible to confess, and every day that rolled over my head was another sin added to the mountain of wrong which was choking up my life. At times I have thought, she cannot live a great many years; I will try to make her happy during her life. I

will cling to her faithfully, and nurse her and love her; and when she is gone I will give up every penny which she bequeaths me to the rightful heir, and go away and try to earn my bread upon the stage; and perhaps the doctor will pity and forgive me, and help me to carry out the plan of my new life.

"I was thinking over all this to-night on the rocks. I was sitting on the edge of a bank; it gave way, and I fell from a good height down upon the stones. I must have fainted from the shock and pain. When I recovered I thought myself dying, and I was not sorry. I had suffered so much, and I thought, now my troubles must end, and that God would pardon me for the wrong I had so unwillingly done. And just then I saw Hugh's face. My eyes and senses were both dim, and I thought it was looking at me down from the sky, and then it came hovering nearer and plainer, and at last I saw it beside me. He lifted me up; I scarcely know how we got here. You know the rest. It was very wrong to speak so suddenly; but I could not keep silent when I saw him treated so."

This was her pitiful story.

For long I scarcely left the house, passing continually from one sick room to the other. At last one day I carried Grace down to the phaeton, and drove her quietly to the cottage, where Hugh and Madge watched for us. And then Grace lay for many days on our little parlour sofa, with her bandaged arm and her white cheeks, and all her thoughts filled with the poor old lonely lady lying ill at Bracken Hollow. And Hugh went about the room like a woman, and mended the fire, without noise, and read his book quietly in the corner, and when she was able to enjoy it, read it aloud to Grace. And Grace said to me one day, "Doctor, Hugh does not know all, or he would not be so good to me. I had rather you would tell him." And I said, "My dear, Hugh knows every word that you told me. Here he is; I will let him speak for himself."

And as Hugh came in I went out, calling Hugh from his lazy haunt beside the sofa. As I put on my great-coat, and turned my face towards the glen, I knew very well what would happen before I came back. On my return Madge met me at the door with a warning "Whisht, sir!" and on entering the parlour I found it filled with deep red light from the peat fire, the curtains drawn, the sofa arranged by a tender hand, and Grace sleeping softly, with a look upon her face which caused me to congratulate myself upon my gift of prophecy.

Not very long afterwards Hugh and Grace were wed, and a day was fixed for their departure for India, Hugh having got an appointment there. Margaret Avon lay expecting her death; but she would neither see nor forgive her grandchildren. She would not even yet

relent. Grace stole in one day whilst she slept, and kissed her withered cheek; and the next day they left me alone.

They had been gone some weeks when one evening Margaret sent for me. She was very weak and very gentle.

"Dear friend," she said, "I have been dreaming much about Mary. I feel death coming, and I want to see those children. Send them to me."

Alas, and alas! they were far away, and I had to tell her so.

"It is my punishment," she said. "My life has been all wrong. God forgive me!" and she turned her face to the wall.

* * * * *

Her grave is green. For two years the old house has been dark and desolate, and now it will again be filled with life. That letter is not a dream; it is there with its seal and its many post-marks. They are coming home.

I have scribbled away the night. I draw the curtain. Darkness wanes, and the sea grows visible. Red lights are struggling in the east. God be with the past! It is another day.

R. M.

[We are glad of the opportunity which an accident affords to us of rescuing from the pages of a forgotten Magazine one of the earliest tales of a novelist with whose mature work our readers are happily familiar.—*Ed. I.M.*]

IN THE HOSPICE FOR THE DYING.

TO Mary's Hostel come strange travellers,
Out of the night, out of the night and rain,
Stumbling and faint, and sick to death with pain;
Each bringeth here his cross that no one shares;
And rests him here so sweet, and forthwith fares
Out in the night, the starless night again.
Only, I think, His Face makes daylight plain
Who travels down beside these wayfarers.

Jesus, O Life, it is the time of Birth!

Thy Star is in the House of Birth for Thee;

Thy Mother's Expectation draweth nigh.

Slay Thou this death that slayeth all the earth,

Or open Gates of Heaven, that we may see

How Death is Birth, and those new-born who die!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

December 13th, 1889.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

IT was some months since I had seen or heard of her. The report of her illness, and then, a few days after, the news of her death came upon me as a shock. She was about the last person with whom I associated the idea of death.

I met the funeral at the cemetery. Unless when closely related to the deceased, or where I can be of some use to the family, I have a repugnance to attending funerals in a carriage. The quiet of one's own thoughts is most fitting on such occasions. In a carriage, often with those one does not know, the conversation quickly falls from a few commonplaces regarding the character, property, and family of the deceased, into general topics—business or politics; and laughing and joking often supervene, or the newspapers are produced and read.

The morning was harsh and cold. We warmed ourselves at the stoves in the waiting room at the cemetery gate, and looked at the photographs of monuments that hung on the walls. We were a mixed company; several of the Hospital nurses (some of whom had wreaths to lay on the coffin), a few of the committee, two Catholic clergymen, although she was a Protestant, and it a Protestant cemetery, several gentlemen I did not know. With the funeral came more of the committee and some of the doctors.

There was something awful to me about funerals, when first, as a boy, I attended them. Now, unless where my feelings are closely concerned, I fear they have become terribly commonplace. I have now walked behind such an army of relatives and friends to their last bodily resting places, yet through all they have not lost their solemnity, and the conversation that goes on at them grates upon me. I do not understand why it is upon such occasions that people cannot keep their mouths shut, if even only for a few minutes. If it is conversation they want, and not thoughts about the deceased, why do they attend? Emmet's words constantly recur to me on such times: "Grant me the charity of your silence." Yes, ought we not at least to grant the dead the charity of our silence? Silence is on most of the solemn occasions of life the expression of the *deepest* feeling.

The morning was, as I have said, harsh and cold. As the clergyman read the service, we sheltered ourselves from the bitter wind as best we could behind the tombstones round the grave. She had died of typhus, caught in the discharge of her duty, and it was not thought safe to have the ceremony in the chapel. What a reverence we should have for all those rites, however diverse they may be, by which people of different creeds, and in different tongues, and of different races, and different nationalities, console and support themselves as they lay their loved ones in the ground.

The service was soon over, the grave filled in, such of us as were intimate enough said a few words to the bereaved relatives, and we hurried off to our daily life.

However, it is not this funeral I desire to dwell upon, but the fresh, bright personality of the person who had been taken from us. "38" was on the coffin: she must have been about 26 when first I knew her. She was Lady Superintendent of a hospital in which I had been one of the committee.

I think I see her now—with her fresh bright complexion, blue eyes, golden hair, the pleasant expression of her face, the at times saucy toss of her head. She dressed simply and in good taste; on the hospital premises invariably in some neat washing material, spotlessly clean. She was a pleasing picture as, in answer to our summons, she came into the boardroom for a few minutes' conversation and counsel at the close of each of our meetings.

How her eyes would dilate, what a surprised turn she would give her head, if we had anything to suggest in the direction that it was just possible something might be going not altogether to our mind in her department. Rusty old fogies, and married men as we were for the most part, it was impossible entirely to steel our hearts and preserve a Spartan firmness, if, as at times it was perceptible that the blue eyes were getting moist. Must I confess that at times it is just possible that she managed us as much as we managed her?

Yet, upon the whole, her management was everything that could be desired, and, upon her death, the uppermost feeling was—how difficult it would be to fill her place. Wards, laundry, store-rooms, kitchen, everything was kept in the best of order. Indeed, we often had to complain that, in her desire for completeness, she led us into unnecessary expense. Her control over the

nurses, if at times arbitrary and wayward, was complete and considerate.

She was excellent in her treatment of the cases of poor girls that had gone astray, which inevitably came before her in such a mixed institution. One sweet, attractive, foolish creature, I remember, who was wheedled into a "marriage," which turned out to be no marriage at all, and who was then deserted. How our Lady Superintendent stood by that girl, and tried to shield her, and looked after the child, and then took her into her service.

It was in the wards, and amongst the sick and dying, that she shone most—more particularly with children, for whom she occasionally bought toys out of her own pocket. Her fresh, bright, cheery presence was in itself enough to work a cure in the patients—that is, when some neglect by a nurse, or provoking act of insubordination did not call out her quick temper.

And she was absolutely fearless—now tucking the clothes round a patient lying in small-pox or typhus; again, lifting the head of a child tossing in scarlatina and settling the pillows under it. I have seen a stray lock from her hair falling on the fevered face of one as she bent over it.

In the patients she had often a provoking enough set to deal with.

"Sure, what do you mean? Only for the likes of us you would'nt be here," was the rejoinder of one to her remonstrance regarding the unnecessary trouble being given.

Wretched, dissolute women, men broken down after debauches, rickety children, the offspring of vice,—a life of misery before them, and the probability that they were, perhaps, more likely to hand on their idiosyncrasies than to bring up virtuous children,—such were those with whom she had too often to deal, and for whom some of the most valuable lives in the community are necessarily being staked. It was in the preserving of such lives, in cases of typhus, that she lost her own.

How had she ever come to immure herself in hospital life? She professed to scorn the ordinary seeking of women after spheres, and used jokingly to declare, that to be courted and married was woman's only true place. Reforms and social questions, were entirely outside the circle of her sympathies. She did not trouble herself about doctrinal matters; and as for politics, she knew nothing about them. At heart, I imagine, she was a conservative.

She visited England often, and once the Continent, and even the Antipodes, partly for business purposes. I certainly never expected to see her back from these longer excursions. I felt sure she would captivate someone. But back she always came, and settled down quietly to the dull routine of her duties.

She was fond of the theatre and music. Her parlours were models of dainty, refined comfort. Her salary was good. I once urged her to look forward to the future, and to save. "Indeed, I have no notion of it," she said. "I will enjoy myself while I can; and then, you may depend, I'll get someone to take care of me."

Yet she did save several hundred pounds, I was told; but she left no will, and I believe it went away from those nearest to her, to relatives who cared, perhaps, little about her.

She spent more than one evening at our house. She was pleasant company, a good talker, and played the piano in an off-hand manner—not very deep music, but lively waltzes and the like.

I will not soon forget one of her anecdotes, of an encounter with a cabman. He demurred after she had entered the cab and told him where to drive; he was sorry, but the truth was, he was engaged. She told him not to be foolish; positively declined to leave, and told him to drive on. Whereat he sulkily shut the door with a bang, and grumblingly exclaimed: "Oh, I see you are one of the clever ones," and drove off.

She had appeared so completely proof against infection all her life, that it appeared almost unnatural that she should succumb to it at length.

I often think of her; when I do, it is not in connection with illness or funerals. I like to think of her in her best days, as she lit up the fever-stricken wards of the hospital with her presence, as she leaned over children and smoothed their pillows.

In summer evenings, long before I knew her, sounds of music and singing used to come pleasantly from the open windows of a house on our road. I afterwards learned that it was she and her brothers and sisters that were the musicians. They resided there with their mother. The troubles of life had not yet scattered the family. I like to think of her when I hear music wafted out of open windows on summer evenings.

ALFRED WEBB.

THE PRAYER OF SAINT ATTY.*

A LEGEND OF ACHONRY.

KING Connor made an edict old :
" A royal palace I will build ;
Tribute I order of the gold,
From every clan and craftsman's guild.

" Tithings of scarlet and of silk,
Curtain and screen of regal woof,
Deep-uddered heifers, rich in milk,
And bronze and timber for the roof.

" From Leyney's lord, in token due
Of fealty, I will ordain
A hundred masts of ash and yew,
A hundred oaks of pithy grain."

" Saint Atty, keep us safe from scath,
And shield us in the battle crash !
For roof of royal house or rath
We will not render oak or ash ! "

Thus lowly prayed the Leyney clan,
While sang the birds in bush and brake,
As fast they mustered, horse and man,
To face the foe by Gara's lake.

For, wroth at heart, came Connor's clan ;
Ah, Christ ! they made a horrid front,
With red spears bristling in the van,
And shields to brave the battle-brunt.

From wing to wing in wrath they rolled,
Crested with helmets all afire,
Of burnished bronze or burning gold,
To martial measures of the lyre.

* Saint Atty is the loving name of the people of Achonry for Saint *Attracta*, the patroness of the diocese.

A dreadful war ! the blessed saints
Defend to-day the Leyney clan !
For they must reel before the steel
Of such a hosting, horse and man.

From sounding sheaths the swords flamed out,
The clattering quivers echoed loud,
From their dark ranks the battle shout
Broke out, as thunder from the cloud.

" Saint Atty, keep us safe from scath ! "
Thus made the Leyney men their prayer ;
When lo ! adown the forest path
Trooped, lily-white, a herd of deer !

Broke from the branching thicket green,
While mute the watching warriors stood ;
Such gracious deer were never seen
In Irish fern or Irish wood ;

And, mighty marvel, on their backs,
Bound by a maiden's tresses gold,
Clean-hewn as if by woodman's axe,
The tribute of the wood behold !

Nor paused the sylvan creatures sweet,
But gliding onward, like to ghosts,
Cast off the wood at Connor's feet
In wondrous wise betwixt the hosts ;

Then vanished in the forest green,
While mused amaze the king and kern ;
And nevermore from then were seen
In Irish wood or Irish fern.

Down dropped the sword to thigh and hip,
" God's will be done, let hatred cease ! "
Rose up the cry from every lip,
And harps attuned a chord of peace.

Yea, blessings broke from every lip,
To God and to His saints above,
And hands that came for deadly grip
Were mingled in fraternal love.

"'Gainst scath or scar our battle-shield
Is Atty, saint of Leyney's clan!"
They sang, as homeward from the field
They hied, unscathed, horse and man.

For in her chapel in the wood
The boding war had Atty seen,
And for the people of her blood
Made prayer amid the forest green.

And men do say that on that day
She saved the Leyney clan from scath,
Such power there is when lowly pray
The pure of heart and keen of faith.

And still when autumn gilds the lea,
And scythes are shrill in meadows ripe,
The rural pageant you may see
Sporting with jocund dance and pipe.

The village women you may mark
In Leyney, at Saint Atty's well,
Ere yet hath trilled the risen lark
In golden mead or dewy dell.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

WALTER CRANE AND DENNY LANE

ON

ART EDUCATION.

THERE is hardly any editorial sanctum where the intelligent scissors department is such a complete blank as that from which our Magazine issues. This independence of borrowed matter is due, partly to the limited number of its pages, and partly to the unlimited number of its friends. Nevertheless, we have occasionally condescended to rescue from oblivion observations that seemed to us sufficiently noteworthy for such a distinction, even though they might have previously been in print in the ephemeral columns of some local newspaper. Such an exception must be made in favour of a letter and a speech in connection with the distribution of prizes last December, at the Crawford Municipal School of Art, in Cork. The Head Master, Mr. W. A. Mulligan, had invited Mr. Walter Crane, and, when the latter was unable to come from London, Mr. Mulligan suggested that a letter from his pen would be the next best encouragement in place of the words of his lips. Mr. Crane complied with the request. After explaining these circumstances, and expressing his belief that the works that won prizes in the Cork School of Art were of a high standard, Mr. Crane proceeds:—

“Now, I am not one of those who are at all satisfied (as possibly you may be aware) with the present state of things, either in Art, Politics, or Society, and if, as regards Art, I were asked what was the best way to learn something about Art, I should say in the workshop of a good craftsman, or in the studio of a good artist; for Art of any kind requires actual demonstration; it cannot be taught by rule or precept—it is not a matter of invariable and absolute principle—there is always room for individual choice, and for the development of individual thought and feeling. Nature is not a fixed quantity. People often say such and such a work is ‘like nature;’ but nature is always changing; if it were not so I doubt if there would be any art. But, as the seasons roll by, and with them the pageant of life with all its intense human interest,

thoughts and ideas are kindled in the mind ; so we would cast them in some graphic or plastic-shape before they fade. Nature is impartial ; indifferently she gives you noble and base, tragedy and comedy, significance and insignificance. It is for the artist to put the puzzle together, to bring harmony out of discord, order out of chaos, and to transfigure with the light of beauty and poesy the commonest things.

“ It was said (I think by John Ruskin) of Rembrandt, that he had qualities by which he could make a hay barn sublime. It is very much a question of treatment. In fact, in *treatment and selection* may be said to lie *the whole secret of Art*. I look upon Art, in its true sense, as a language which is capable of expressing the higher life, thoughts, and aspirations of a people, as well as its familiar joys and sorrows. Nor is this power of expression limited to certain forms, such as painting and sculpture, but may be associated with the things of daily use and circumstances—the feeling for home and our household goods—the sacredness of our hearths—which, alas, has been so rudely and ruthlessly ignored of late in so many cases by the powers that be—which, in fact, our modern economical system can find but little room for anywhere, it appears to me.

“ Now Ireland has a great future before her. My friend William Morris has well said that times of good Art have been ‘times of hope ;’ and, bearing in mind that neither natures nor men live by bread alone, and that the highest expression of individual life—as of social and national life—must be finally sought in Art, we shall see how important a matter it is, what is life without beauty and refinement ? And how can we have beauty and refinement without security of living and some leisure and freedom ? Even amid the anxious and feverish existence of the present, those of us who have ever knocked at the golden gate of the House of Art know what a sanctuary is there. Having regard to the training of eye, hand, and mind, which the practice of any form of Art necessitates, and the qualities of patience, of foresight, of method, of care, and of perseverance, which it calls forth in dealing with design or material of any kind ; or even in the many problems that have to be solved in the process of simply and honestly drawing from nature ; having regard to its moral and intellectual effect, and to its bearing on the happiness and social welfare of individuals or peoples, I do not hesitate to say that an education in Art is the best of educations.”

Mr. Crane's letter ended with some graceful expressions of good will, and then Mr. Denny Lane proposed a well deserved vote of thanks in the following appropriate terms, of which we are glad to make our own. were it only for the sake of giving his high opinion of the Irish sculptor, Mr. Lawlor, of whom many of his countrymen hear now for the first time. But, besides, the author of "Kate of Araglen" has the knack of making such things literature :—

"You have heard to-night the words in which Mr. Crane has sent us a greeting across the sea, and I cannot refuse the request of your master to thank him for his kind thought of us, and, in return, in the old-fashioned way, which he loves so well, to wish him 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.' Although I have never met Mr. Crane, I have long known his works, and spent many an hour with them—with his *Pan Pipes*, and his *Masque of Flowers*, with his *Fairy Tales*, and even with his *Baby's Opera*. Perhaps it may be that a second childhood resembles the first, for I know it is very pleasant, though you may have lost your admiration of bread and jam, that you can still retain your love of picture books—a love which has never waned with me, and of these books none have given me greater pleasure than those which have sprung from the fertile fancy of him who has wished us "God speed" to-night. If humour which is fantastic without ever being forced, if grace of form and charm of motion, if an old world sentiment, which has lost nothing of its sentiment because it is clad in a garb of antique quaintness, if harmony of hue and simple schemes of colour, woven together into a harmonious tapestry, are to be valued, where are we to find these qualities better united than in the works of Walter Crane? Again and again have I gone back to his books, which I bought years ago for my children, and every time I swallow draughts from that *Fontaine de Jouvence*, that perennial fountain of youth, which, I trust, bubbles up yet amongst the oldest of us. And, turning my eyes away from these, my memory flies back to the picture books of sixty years ago. I congratulate, and I almost envy the children of the present day, who have prepared for them such a grateful feast, in place of the meagre and unwholesome fare provided for them at the time I speak of.

"Perhaps in some collection of antiquities, you might still find

copies of the chap-books of three score years ago—the ‘three-penny plain, and sixpenny coloured’ histories of *Obi, or Three-Fingered Jack*, or of *Bamfylde Moore Carew, the Miser*, or, mayhap, the *History of Brennan, the Robber*, or *Napoleon’s Book of Fate*, by which you could foretell with certainty what was going to happen—an art which even stockbrokers have lost, and by which a man might secure a fortune out of water-gas or electric sugar. One long folding plate, coloured by a hand that wandered unconfined, and occasionally let the blue of the coat stray into the apex of the nose, and the red of the pelisse rise as far as the pupil of beauty’s eye. Boldness and breadth were not wanting in the touch of the artist, who revelled in the primary colours; but they are gone! and never again can I weep over the sorrows of a Black-eyed Susan who was principally yellow ochre, as she parted from a Sweet William who was all Prussian blue, and who was regarded with envy and jealousy by an Admiral of the Red, who, regardless of expense, was all vermilion. Alas! they are gone! but in our sorrow for their loss let us be consoled by the thought that all picture-books are not gone, and that our well-wisher to-night has furnished our children and ourselves with a panorama wherein a long procession passes along. Our old friends, the Sleeping Beauty dances along with Blue Beard, and the Three Bears gallantly escort Cinderella and Goody Two Shoes.

“One remark of Mr. Crane’s has struck me much—one which to a certain extent gains my assent, and, to a certain extent provokes my dissent. He says the ‘best way to learn something about Art is in the workshop of a good craftsman, or the studio of a good artist.’ It may be the best way, but it would be unfortunate for us if it were the only way. Good Art craftsmen can hardly remain among us; when they become capable they are attracted away to the great centres of work and wealth, and so it is with nearly all our painters and sculptors. One of the latter has come back amongst us, and I am proud that I have been instrumental in wooing back to his native land my friend Mr. Lawlor, who stands in the front rank of modern sculptors, and who has generously promised to aid us in our school; but, as a general rule, the magic magnetism of wealth draws towards its centre talent of every kind.

“In other times it was not always so. A great artist went to reside at a convent, where he received little more than bare

subsistence, and enjoyed the privilege of decorating the Church with works which have remained a possession for ever. Many such works have I seen, for instance, in Nuremberg, where Adam Krafft and his three companions, 'for the love of God and St. Laurence,' devoted seven years to carving that wonderful Sacraments Haus, an edifice of stone which seems to grow like a beautiful plant until its topmost frond expands its leaflets amidst the groining of the roof. Or in the same city where Peter Vischer and his five sons wrought for eleven years at that bronze and silver shrine of St. Sebald, a work which had remained unsurpassed for centuries. So, in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, did Benozzo Gozzoli work for sixteen years to produce the twenty-four wall pictures, for each of which he received 66 lire, or £2 15s. So, in an earlier day, did Duccio paint the front of the great altar-piece of Siena, receiving wages of 16 soldi, or 8d. a day, until his employers put him on piece work, and, wishing to save material, got him to paint thirty-eight pictures on the back of the panel, for which he received the princely price of $2\frac{1}{2}$ gold florins, or eight shillings apiece. How different from the painters of this time, who build palaces, and are paid for a picture by so many strata of gold pieces laid on its surface, and when the highest artist, at the instigation of Mr. Pears, blows opalescent bubbles more costly than the genuine moonstones of the mine.

"Yet, although our city can seldom retain a first-rate craftsman in the sense used by Mr. Crane, our school can teach many of the principles which underlie all arts and crafts, and can protect us from some of the dangerous examples of worthless and unlovely crafts. I need not go back even so far as the period of sixpenny coloured chap-books to refer to one art on which many an hour of precious time and many an ounce of more precious wool was wasted—I mean Berlin wool-work. I shudder as I think of the penalties which I suffered when I saw, and the wrongs I did to my conscience when I had to praise, the works of an amiable daughter presented for my admiration by an adoring mamma. In those days I was more or less of a diner-out, and I had to praise, or else I would never be asked again. 'No song, no supper.' To this day there remain deeply graven in my memory those wondrous productions of patient ineptitude. The troubadour with a serrated nose who serenaded a lovely maiden, while he accompanied himself on an instrument of music which puzzled the beholder. One could

never make up his mind as to whether it was a stringed instrument or a wind instrument, for it was certainly either a guitar—or a bellows. And the lovely maiden herself, with a chevelure that outrivalled, though it certainly did not *outstrip*, that lady whom we see on all the hoardings, and who has fertilized her hair with Mrs. Allen's hair restorer. That lovely maiden I can never forget ! as she displayed from her balcony a cheek deeply pitted with madder-lake and an eye like the ace of clubs. I can never forget her ! She haunts my memory still ! Let us hope that the principles we teach in our school, and the examples which we can show, will for the future protect the eyes of beholders and the consciences of corrupt critics from the spotted fever of coloured wool.

“ You are all aware, as indeed Mr. Crane confesses, that he and his friend Mr. William Morris, are almost social democrats ; but I must say that in their ‘ Arts and Crafts Exhibition ’ last year I saw little within the reach of shallow purses. Nearly everything was designed for the rich, and, with the exception of some books, most of the works were meant for the wealthy. I must confess I was disappointed at this, for I had hoped that in their hands, at least, art would have come down from the raised dais of rank, and have placed below the salt many a form in which beauty was combined with use, wrought in pewter and not in gold. But I suppose it is only another instance of the truth that ‘ extremes touch.’ Mr. Crane has spoken of our era in Ireland as an era of hope. God grant his omen may be true ! We are passing through what, if not deeply troubled, are at best turbid times. We are in fact passing through a revolution, and let us hope that the turbidity we see is only that which always accompanies fermentation, through which the juice of the purple grape has to pass before the troubled must clarifies into the ruby wine. Of the capacity of our people for art I have no doubt ; of their patience and devotion I have much. These are qualities which are formed, and could not have grown up amongst our forefathers, vexed with persecution, unable to reap where they had sown. Generations, with whom religion was trammelled and education proscribed, leave behind them traces of the evils from which they have suffered. Let us hope that a new day is dawning, that the shadows are passing away, and that as with others, in the words of Mr. Morris, ‘ the era of hope may also be the era of art.’ ”

THE CHILDHOOD OF FATHER DAMIEN.

SWEET child, the sunlight on thy face is dark
 With no forecasting shadows of the end,
 As in thy childish glee I see thee wend
 Among the sheep-tracks, where the soaring lark,
 At early dawn, like to a holy clerk,
 Sings orisons. Already dost thou tend
 The sheep—an earthly charge, nor apprehend
 The heavenly, that thou “press towards the mark”
 Of thy high calling in the distant land
 Of Molokai. And on thy boyish face
 The flush of health, unmarred by leprous hand,
 Is spread, until it be by heavenly grace
 Replaced, at sunset when the earthly strife
 Has reached the awful mystery of life.

W. G.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THOSE who are not already acquainted with the character and career of David Livingstone, the great African explorer, ought to read the excellent account of him given by Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., in the *English Men of Action* series, published last year by Messrs. Macmillan. The first of these letters was written in his 49th year, for he lived from 1813 to 1873. We found these letters among the papers of Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth. Curiously enough, both letters, with an interval of three years between them, are addressed to the “Rev. James Russell, D.D.”:—

“River Zambesi, Africa,

“29th Dec., 1862.

“THE REV. JAMES RUSSELL, D.D.

“DEAR SIR,

“If you allow me, first, to explain my reasons for writing, I think you may the more readily excuse the liberty I take in troubling you.

"I have a strong impression that the Jesuit missionaries who laboured in this country previous to their expulsion by the Marquis of Pombal, had translated books into the language of Senna and Tette, for I find that among some of the oldest natives portions of prayers—the Creed, &c.—are remembered in their own tongue; and these are always referred to the teaching of the Jesuits—not to the priests who succeeded them. I tried to induce the priest at Tette to search for any books that may exist at Goa, but something prevented him from visiting his native place. I then engaged a merchant of Goa to try and procure the loan of any books, and offered to be at all the expense of copying them; but in this case too I have been disappointed. I feel anxious to possess some memorials of these devoted pioneers of Christianity in this land. This is one reason for my search; another is, to improve myself in the language. I am now on my way up to Lake Nyassa, and hope to place a steamer on it, and do somewhat to stop a stream of 20,000 slaves that annually flows from that region towards the Red Sea and Persian Gulph.

"You can scarcely conceive what difference in influence it makes whether one speaks the native language well or not. And the help of a book in mastering the particles is very great. It has often occurred to me that, probably, what I failed to reach in Goa may be in existence in the Library of the Vatican, if I only knew how to get at it. I daresay you will smile at the idea of my writing to you on such a subject; and, to tell the truth, I have thought of writing to you again and again, and as often put the thought aside. Now I do it at last, with something of "just to ease my conscience," and possibly you may be able to give me a clue to obtaining what I want. Anything printed in the languages of Tette, Senna, or the Maravi would be a great boon, and I would take good care to print it, and render all honour to them to whom it may be due. The mission of the English Universities is working at the language, but it takes a long series of years to reduce a dialect accurately. It took Mr. Moffatt, of Kuruman, at least seven years of hard labour; but now those who possess his books can speak fluently in seven months.

"Should it be inconvenient, pray do not trouble yourself to write any answer, and, in any case, excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you.

"Anything sent to Mr. Lennox Cuyngnam, Foreign Office, Downing Street, London, will be forwarded.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

The other letter is dated from Lord Byron's old home, where Dr. Livingstone lived for eight months, writing his second account of his travels, the guest of Mr. Webb, the African hunter:—

"Newstead Abbey.

"Mansfield, Notts., 8th January, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You were kind enough to make some enquiries respecting translations made by Catholic missionaries in East Africa, and, fearing that you may have been unsuccessful, I take the liberty of enclosing part of a proof sheet, which can yet be altered if you think that I had better not say what I have advanced. I tried a Monsignor who visited Goa, through a member of the family with which I am living, and he, thinking that the Portuguese had destroyed any manuscripts they may have found, gave me no hope of success. I think that the unblushing state-

ments of the Portuguese ought to be noticed, on the score of justice to the memoirs of the earlier missionaries. I fear that the Portuguese themselves were worthless. Not a vestige of memorial or tradition could I discover at Mozambique of St. Francis Xavier; and their own deficiencies may have induced them to vilify better men. But if you think that I may do more harm than good by noticing the matter as I do, I shall esteem it a favour if you kindly mark offensive parts.

"You will, I trust, excuse my troubling you thus; and if you can return the proof at an early period, I shall esteem it a favour to

"Yours most sincerely,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"The proof is part of another book like my last; and I do not for a moment ask you to endorse anything, but only to say if my statements are likely to be offensive to Catholics here at home."

TO A SEA-SHELL

BROUGHT FROM NORWAY.

BY thy lips kiss'd mine ear doth list
 To spirits of the sea
 That lonely dwell, O beauteous shell,
 Far from their kin—in thee!
 Their voices sweet, secrets repeat,
 Secrets 'twixt them and me.

Long buried things their whisper brings
 Back from the tomb, things I
 Have heard and seen in their demesne
 In blissful hours gone by,
 On moonlit waves, in dim sea-caves,
 By shores 'neath Norway's sky.

Me it delights to hear these sprites,
 The while they love to tell
 Of that old time in their dear clime;
 It saddens both as well;
 My bright dream's o'er, they'll see no more
 Their home and thine, sea-shell!

G. T.

A MODERN CONVERSATION.

I WAS staying a few weeks ago with my friend, Mr. Russell, near Dublin. Among those who were staying in the house were several thoughtful, cultivated people, so that I heard many interesting subjects discussed. One evening the conversation turned on social questions. I happened to be sitting near Mr. Talbot, an English Member of Parliament. "What a munificent gift this is of Sir Edward Guinness!" I said to him. "It seems to me to show that people are getting out of the way of thinking with the Manchester School. Thirty years ago, in the good old days of *laissez-faire*, this would have been rank heresy."

"Oh, of course, we are all becoming more socialistic," said Talbot. "But, you see, he is not going to pauperize the people; the fund is to be laid out and the lodgings hired on strictly business principles."

"I don't like the thing at all," said Hume. "There was a great deal of truth in those doctrines of *laissez-faire*. As you say truly, Talbot, we are rapidly becoming State Socialists, and we are forfeiting our commercial supremacy at the same time. What made us great was honest energy and independence, and it is through effeminate, sentimental philanthropy that we are losing our greatness. There is a Russia waiting to conquer us, which has none of this sickly sentiment about it. Of course, I must admire Sir Edward Guinness's generosity; but I cannot help connecting the gift in my mind with that silly fiasco of the dockmen's strikes. It seems to me like a propitiatory sacrifice to appease an insatiable democracy."

"If you call it conscience-money too late paid for gain gotten from the misery and drunkenness of the poor, you would be nearer the mark," said Woulfe, a young, pale-looking man, who sat a little way off—at which ferocious remark the ladies near shrank in horror, as though from an escaped convict.

"My dear Hume," said Russell, "you are quite a pagan in your views. Surely society is constituted for the good of all. Energy and independence are admirable qualities, but they are the gifts of the strong; the weak have a place in society as well. The fortunate and successful in life's struggle really have duties

towards their weaker brethren. Sir Edward Guinness has shown that he feels this duty, and he has made an attempt to fulfil it which is truly magnificent."

"Don't you think also, Mr. Russell," said Miss Moore, "that this help to the poorer classes can be better given by individual effort than through the agency of the State?"

"I think there is a great deal in that," said Russell. "For, of course, the State has duties towards its citizens even more important than the duties of the citizens to one another. But then the State is an impersonal entity, and I don't think it at all sees its way to performing its duties. That is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Hume thinks it has no duties to perform. The whole question is a very interesting one to me. I was for several years in Parliament,—for I was elected when rather young,—and without being a strong party man, I supported many movements for the improvement of the condition of the poor. I believed that we should see great changes as the results. I have been much disappointed. Of course, I have not ceased to believe that their condition can be improved, but I think we must look for the means of improvement in new directions."

"One must not be too impatient," said Talbot. "Results only show themselves slowly. And yet what wonderful achievements there have been in late years! Think of the Factory Acts; the movement for the Housing of the Poor; the People's Palace in East London; all the good work connected with Toynbee Hall and the Oxford Missions in the East End. Surely these things point to a sinking of class interests for the good of the whole State. For myself, I will confess to be a little sceptical as to the leavening of the masses by cultivated and enthusiastic Oxford undergraduates. But yet it shows that all classes are honestly facing the problems of society, and are determined to second the efforts of the Legislature. And with one or two million new votes, both political parties will be forced more and more into social legislation;—witness all the speeches and resolutions at the late party conventions, and John Morley's speech at the Eighty Club, which provoked so much criticism."

"I wonder we never think of these things in Ireland," said Miss Moore. "Either we have none of these problems in this country, or else we entirely put them aside, for we never hear of them or read of them."

"No one ever reads in Ireland," said Hume; "it would be beneath our dignity to be indebted for our ideas to others. But is not your Land League taken up with such problems, Miss Moore?"

"Oh, yes, politicians and land leaguers doubtless have problems; but I mean, we do not seem to have any like what you have in London, which interest everyone. I think we manage things better here."

"You are quite right, Miss Moore," said Russell. "Apart from the land question, our social condition is much more simple, and I think more healthy, than England's. You see there are not the huge masses of population in the towns—an agricultural community is always much less complex than a commercial one."

"I often think," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "how much happier, as far as these things are concerned, people were in the middle ages. Then, of course, there were not these huge towns, and life was in the main rustic and agricultural."

"Still," said Talbot, "you could hardly put back the dial now. However much you might wish it, you could not turn Birmingham into ploughland and Sheffield into meadow."

"Thorold Rogers proves," said Woulfe, "by calculation of the rate of wages and the price of food, that in the fourteenth century the labourers were far better off than they are now."

"I always have my doubts about these statistics, calculated so long afterwards," said Talbot. "I don't know much about the matter; but I have the same doubts about the happiness of the mediæval artificer that I have as to whether he intended all the symbolism we are taught to see in his stained glass windows and metal work."

"You are a sceptic, Mr. Talbot, I see," said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"For my part," said Hume, who had seemed very impatient of the last remarks, "I am sure that a state of war, like that which lasted right through the fourteenth century, and indeed during the whole middle ages, could not be a good or natural thing for any class of the community. Commerce and agriculture were at a stand-still, and no one benefitted but the Free Companies and such robbers. For myself, I am grateful to civilization for few things so much as for the security we all now enjoy."

"I suppose all these things are true," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, who seemed distressed at Hume's impetuosity; "but I was reading

the other day such a charming book on Jack Cade's Rebellion, by William Morris. His picture is very different from yours, Mr. Hume. And then there were the monasteries, which did so much good to the poor. They were a sad loss. It seems as though people realized in those times what Mr. Russell said just now about both the State and the rich having duties to the poor. For the kings and the great nobles endowed and supported the monasteries, which acted, as it were, as trustees for the poor. In this way, the charity, however largely, or even improvidently, given by the rich, was not imprudently spent."

"I wish I could believe that," muttered Hume to Talbot.

"I almost think," said Russell, "that we might learn two lessons from the middle ages. First, that everyone should recognise his duty towards his fellow-citizens, and try to fulfil it himself, and not leave it over to the State to do; and, secondly, that charity will be best carried out by organizations of men who make it their vocation, and not by random individual effort, or even directly by the State. Thank you, Mrs. Fitzgerald, I never thought of that before. But I see you are an enthusiast about the monasteries. Does not your friend, Mr. Ruskin, hold your views too?"

"Oh, yes, indeed he does. He used to say he hoped to die a Franciscan friar at Assisi."

"I always think Ruskin is like a modern Plato," said Russell, "preaching high ideals to a materialistic, sophistical world. Plato puts these things we are talking about, so well. Only, he had not the same difficult problems. Most of the labouring classes in his day were slaves; that saved so much trouble. I was just reading the 'Republic' when you came," he added, turning to me.

"Russell always puzzles me," said Hume to Talbot,—"a man of his sense quoting Plato, and a man of his age reading Greek! But, seriously, Mr. Russell," he continued, "you don't accept Ruskin's Political Economy, do you? It is so puzzle-headed. He takes a science that can be made almost mathematical in its accuracy, and twists it about with quite poetic disregard of facts and figures. And his fundamental assumptions and definitions are simply absurd."

"There is something in what you say," said Russell, "though not so much as you think, as Plato says. I quite admit that Ruskin may be a poor mathematician, and that, as a system, his political economy is weak. I look upon him as a prophet,—with-

out honour, as it seems, in his own country,—who, through various figures and allegories, as I think them, or as you may say, with all his exaggeration and hyperbole, still sees an ideal to which he tries to lead us. Surely it is a great thing in these days of materialism to have such a man, whose face is not bent down to earth like the face of the brute beasts, but is raised up to heaven, to the region of pure ideals. You must not quarrel with his method, but rather consider the truths he tells us of, though only half seen : —

‘Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.’ ”

“I am sure you are right, Mr. Russell,” said Mrs. Fitzgerald eagerly; “that is the impression he always gives me when he talks. It is very curious that, in all his work in Art and such things, he seems to be, like Wordsworth,

. ‘hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.’ ”

He really thinks his vocation is to speak to the world on these social matters.”

“Yes,” said Russell, “it is ‘the still, sad music of humanity’ that troubles him. There he is different from Plato,—indeed all moderns are so different from the Greeks. They have not that perfectly natural, childlike delight in all things around them which the Greeks had. But we can’t go back in these things; the world has been growing older, and its childish joys no longer satisfy it. We feel our increased responsibilities, and I am glad to think that we try in some way to meet them.”

As this conversation went on, I, notwithstanding that I was keenly interested in it, felt more and more weary from constant travelling for several days. Although I heard what was said, I could not keep my attention fixed, and many things I have since forgotten. About this time, too, someone began to play the piano, and Nocturnes of Chopin and Sonatas of Beethoven alternately mingled with the voices of the speakers.

. “One thing I am sure of,” said Russell, “that

anything to be done for the poor in future must be in the direction of showing them how they can help themselves, and not how we can help them. As Hume would say,—and there is much truth in it,—the feudal system is a thing of the past. Men in future must work out their own destinies, and not look for protection or assistance to anything else,—lord, monastery, or even the State. The State will disappoint its votaries surely and bitterly. Buddha, if we may believe Sir Edwin Arnold, taught that misery was the fruit of sin, and that happiness sprang from virtue and benevolence. I am sure this is true; but we cannot now preach this gospel to the world; they would pay no attention to it. This much, however, we may tell the workers,—that their happiness depends on themselves, that it is nothing external or adventitious, but a result of self-improvement. Education will do much,—but I do not mean a purely technical education. Children are open to so many influences, and these should be used for good. How much might be done for the very poorest children by a liberal education in the best sense of the word;—one that should open the mind to the pleasures of thought and reading, literature and history, that should inculcate the teachings of religion, and develop the body by healthy exercise and the practice of useful trades. This is not impossible. The means might be found by the rich; and see the result on the poor! What resources they can now find in themselves! They will be intellectually on a level with their masters, and so independent in spirit that these will meet them on more equal terms. Everything points nowadays to a system of hard work and short hours. The increased leisure may be put to various uses. If education such as I have described has served its purpose, it will have accomplished two ends. It will make the home more attractive by the society of a cultivated wife; and it will have taught the labourer to use his leisure to better purpose, and shown him what his sphere of life is. It *must* show him that happiness cannot be found in drink, and that it does not consist in selfish idleness.”

“But do you trust to education to do all this?” said Mrs. Fitzgerald. “Philosophy herself has not yet taught us to bear the toothache patiently. *Non in dialecticâ complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum.*”

“The education is not to be simply intellectual,” said Russell. “I want to bring children, quite young and open-minded, under

the influence of 'fair sights and sounds,' as Plato says. Children are all so much alike, that I think if we could ward off all bad influences from them, the children of the poor might easily be turned into gentlemen—gentlemen in their ideas and feelings, I mean, as many of the peasants in the country parts of Ireland are already. I have seen countrymen in Galway whose conversation is refined enough for a court."

"But does that make them happy?" said Miss Moore. "I expect for most of them ignorance is bliss; while I am sure there are some who would put this education you are giving them to very bad use. It is a dangerous weapon to forge, ready for their hands. And as for their refinement, you may put a veneer of culture over them, but the only effect will be to destroy their simplicity, and make them awkward instead of interesting."

"But do you really think," said Russell, "that they were made to pass their lives in thoughtless ignorance? There are few things to me more terrible than to see an English labourer with the shape, and presumably the intellect of a man, leading the life of an animal. Man is too noble a creature to be degraded in that way. It is not the work that is degrading, but that when work is over he should have nothing left to do. At least he might know that he has a mind and soul. Everyone need not be a philosopher, but everyone is the better for thinking at times; and for any improvement in the labouring classes, I am sure it is essential. When they begin to think, they can begin to improve themselves, and such an improvement will be lasting. You understand, of course, that I mean by education, not a cramming with knowledge, not much book-learning, but good moral and intellectual influences. I want the children to think well, and thought is to be drawn out of them, not forced into them. All will depend on the character of the teachers, and the work of teaching would not be too humble for Socrates himself. I am so convinced that good influences will do everything with children, that I should like to take some of them, those of the criminal classes at any rate, bodily out of the slums of the cities, and to settle them in schools in country places, where they could never be brought under the evil influences of home. However, you will think this Utopian."

"I am afraid I do," said Miss Moore. "The ideas are charming, but the means to realize them seem very inadequate.

You are trying, it seems to me, to create a Platonic Republic by means of Education Acts !”

“ Yes,” said Russell, “ the means are inadequate. But we must devise better ones, and I am sure we shall succeed if we really try. All these difficulties of over-crowded cities and factories and slums are comparatively new difficulties of the present century. They are very much the result of steam and electricity and machinery, with the great wealth and luxury and class changes which these have produced. The truth is, that man has for the last century been turning all the hidden forces of nature to his own use. The effects he has produced are magical, but they have been unexpected. The forces have been too strong for him. They are like the escaped genie in the Arabian Nights, and have nearly overpowered him. But he will learn their secret by and by, and then he will be able to use them as he chooses, without the danger of inflicting misery on his fellow man. Perhaps by that time the antagonism between rich and poor may have diminished, and the benevolence which was the aim of Buddha, as it is of our religion, may again reign upon the earth. Perchance some long time hence the rich may have been touched by Ruskin’s voice, still living when he has passed away, and may feel the terrible contrast between their luxury and the misery of the poor. It is a sanguine hope. But if peace is ever to return to the earth, it must be by such a reconciliation. Ruskin will not have preached in vain. We can say of him in his own words : ‘ Go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed until the time come and the Kingdom when Christ’s gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be Unto This Last as unto thee, and when for Earth’s severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary there shall be a holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home and calm economy where the wicked cease, not from trouble but from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ ”

After this I remember no more of what was said ; only that Russell’s thin pale face seemed brightened and glowing in the fire-light, while all the others, even in listening, seemed to have caught something of the prophet’s fire.

M. W. L.

ITEMS ABOUT IRISH PERSONS.

JAMES GILLAND, "LOUGH INE," J. C. DEADY, W. P. MULCHINOCK,
BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING, ETC., ETC.

1. We were about to place the following among our "Anonymities Unveiled," for no anonymity is more securely veiled than the authorship of a poem which is attributed to the wrong man. In the shilling volume in which Gavan Duffy, more than forty years ago, condensed with supreme skill and taste the best of "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," he gave Dr. Drennan as the author of "Rory O'Moore, an Ulster Ballad," just as he assigned to him "When Erin first rose," and he prefixed to the poem which followed next, Samuel Ferguson's "Una Phelimy," an argument drawn from the fact of "two Northern Protestants" writing, as these did, about the Irish affairs of 1641. But this was a mistake, which I find acknowledged in the forty-first edition. Yet he does not name the author of "Rory O'Moore," which we now claim authoritatively for Mr. James Gilland, of Dungannon. Many of his poems appear in *The Ulster Magazine* in 1830; but they are assigned to "the late James Gilland." They originally appeared in *The Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, between 1804 and 1812, and were signed "Z. X." One of the best of these is "The Grave of Russell"—namely, Thomas Russell, who was executed for high treason at Downpatrick on the 21st October, 1803. When Gilland died in his early manhood, in 1811, many warm tributes were paid to the amiable character and bright promise of this young poet of Tyrone, who had sung so well of those that placed their trust of old

"In God and Our Lady and Rory O'Moore."

2. We may add here, that another sweet Irish ballad, "Lough Ine," has been attributed to the Rev. Charles Davis, P.P., Baltimore. We have his authority for denying this. He attributes the lines to a Corkman named O'Brien; but on this also we have heard doubts thrown.

3. Some account ought to be written of the Poet of Duhallow, J. C. Deady, of Kanturk, who wrote well in *The Nation* in the Sixties.

4. The death of Mr. John M'Carthy occurred on Easter Sunday, 1889. He was still in his prime, for he had not passed beyond his fortieth year. Mr. M'Carthy was born in Ireland and educated in Spain. He was a ripe scholar, a critic of excellent taste, and an editor of rare discrimination. He was for several years associated with the late Father Hecker in the editorship of the *Catholic World*. He preserved the admirable traditions of the late John R. G. Hassard, and kept that magazine up to the highest literary standard. Mr. M'Carthy had a wide journalistic experience. He began his career in the United States on the staff of the *Tribune*; he left the *Catholic World* to undertake an important mission to Cuba for the *New York Herald*; he contributed regularly during his residence in New York to the *Catholic Quarterly*, *Catholic Review*, and occasionally to *The Arc Maria*. His reputation rests chiefly on his essays, although one or two of his short stories are full of life and brilliancy. If Mr. M'Carthy had enjoyed robust health, he would no doubt have written something more lasting than "leaders," forgotten in a day; but pecuniary pressure forced him to do the work demanded at the moment, and his health could not support an extra pressure of daily work when the voracious demands of newspapers were satisfied. The list of Catholic writers in the United States grows smaller every year. Brownson, Girard, M'Master, Hassard, Hickey, and now John M'Carthy, have gone. Who can fill the void they have left?

5. In November, 1889, three Irish poets passed away. On the 29th died Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, at 27 Addison Road, Kensington, London, in his 80th year. His best title to be remembered by is as author of "The Monks of Kilcrea." A few of his pieces were contributed to our own pages, but his best work was in *The Nation* more than forty years ago. An account of his writings and of himself, as far as he wished to be known, will be found in our thirteenth volume, at page 325. For certain reasons he withheld then the date of his birth. His obituary reveals it—1809. The obituary of William Allingham erred, it seems, in placing his birth in the year 1828. It was four years earlier—1824. But

ah ! why was he not buried like a Christian man in the Abbey of Assaroe, beside the winding shores of Erne ? The third name is Fanny Forrester, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Forrester. Both of them, living in England, have shown deep poetic feeling and warm Irish hearts. We shall be glad of an opportunity of introducing them to our readers.

6. *The Nation* of December 21, 1889, ended an interesting review of the "Irish Fairy Tales" of Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., by putting forward this boast for Waterford : "To Sexton the orator, to Dowling the novelist, to Downey, the successor of Lover, Waterford has added another son in Mr. Leamy, who will increase the store of our literature." But Richard Dowling is a native of Cloumel. Can Waterford claim his kinsman, Edmund Downey, *alias* "F. M. Allen ?"

7. The future biographer of Aubrey de Vere will find copious and valuable materials in the Autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor and in the Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton. Another Irishman who figures well in Sir Henry Taylor's pages is Richard Flecknoe, branded in Dryden's satire, yet capable of thus apostrophising Silence :—

" Sacred silence, thou who art
Floodgate of the deepest heart."

Byron was not an Irishman, though he showed an Irish spirit in one of his two fine speeches. However, we may here set it down that hardly anywhere can there be found a juster or more discriminating appreciation of Lord Byron's genius and its limitations than in Sir Henry Taylor's introduction to his *Philip van Artevelde*—which, by the way, Thomas Davis, in one of those letters first published in this Magazine, said was better worth studying than any play since Shakespeare.

9. In the third part of "Anonymities Unveiled," in our Number for last November, page 610, Mr. D. Crilly, M.P., made enquiries about William Pembroke Mulchinock and Bartholomew Dowling after their removal to the United States. Kind correspondents have given us information about both.

There are good reasons for celebrating our day of baptism

rather than our birthday. The memorandum about William Mulchinock says only that he was baptized on the 5th of March, 1820; left Tralee for America in 1849; returned to Ireland about the year 1855; and died in September, 1864.

10. Another correspondent states that Bartholomew Dowling, author of "The Brigade at Fontenoy," went from Limerick to Boulogne in 1848, and was in Cork in the two following years, and for some years afterwards in Liverpool. But his last years were passed in California, and he died on the 20th of November, 1863, in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, attended by Irish Sisters of Mercy, one of them a native of Limerick, like himself, the venerable lady, Miss Reddan, aunt of the late Mother Francis Bridgman, of Kinsale.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

1. The following appeal comes from the Convent of Mercy, Claremorris:—

"There is something in the sufferings of feeble old age, and in the the helplessness of little children, which appeals strongly to the tender sympathies of compassionate and gentle hearts, who would procure—for the former, a quiet rest at the close of their weary battle of life; for the latter, a freedom from care and sorrow, in which to enjoy their brief period of unconsciousness of the struggle that is before them. To these tender hearts we now appeal on behalf of pitiful little creatures, with pinched and pallid faces, shivering, half-clothed limbs, bare feet, blue and blistered with cold, coming, many of them, miles to school, where they may spend some hours, in a warm room, and receive each the piece of bread which we struggle hard to procure for them. We appeal to them on behalf of aged poor, lying on mouldy straw, a few rags their blankets, a tub beside them, in their beds to catch the rain which drips through the rotting roof of thatch, their only alternative the workhouse, whose glaring white walls have, in too many cases, added blindness to their other sufferings. To provide some means for their relief, we have an annual Bazaar,

but the place is so out-of-the-way, and the people for the most part so poor, that we have to depend mainly for its success on help from outside. All offerings of money, fancy work, or prizes for the Bazaar, or gifts of cast off clothing, will be most gratefully received."

* * *

2. Tennyson's latest volume contains these lines to the snowdrop :—

" Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses.
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid."

The same theme was sung by one who at the time was very nearly seventy years younger than the Laureate, under circumstances that will be found recounted minutely at page 650 of the eighth volume of this Magazine, in the fourteenth chapter of "Flowers for a Child's Grave." I am fond of contrasting the different treatment of the same subject in the hands of different persons—such as Thomas Moore, and Henry Kirke White "To my Mother"—and, therefore, side by side with the octogenarian's snowdrop, I place the snowdrop of an Irish child who had hardly begun her teens when she wrote these lines :—

" A sweet little thing is the snowdrop in Spring
In its snowy white robe dressed—
A pearly gem on an emerald stem,
With a dewdrop on its breast.

" Oh, a brave wee thing is the snowdrop in Spring,
For the Winter's scarcely gone,
When it lifts its head from its frozen bed
And says, " Bright Spring, come on !"

" And a welcome wee thing is the snowdrop in Spring,
For it heralds the summer sun.
At the first warm ray it melts away,
And the snowdrop's task is done."

* * *

3. We lately referred to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's newest volume, with its brilliant but lax theory and practice of sonnet-writing. It seems very desirable to give the counter-view of a weighty authority in *The Weekly Register*, of November 23, 1889 :—

"Mr. Blunt, as has been seen, writes the sonnet in a Shakesperian or quasi-Shakesperian form, and has the easy advantage of that great name over those who hold the Petrarchan formula to be not only the most beautiful, but the most fitted to express with dignity the intellectual act that is the cause of a sonnet. But the same, though it is the greatest in literature, is not the greatest in lyrical poetry, and its authority is quite measurable with that of others. Moreover, the fact that Shakespeare wrote strongly, or exquisitely, or thoughtfully in a certain form does not deny the fact that a better form existed, neglected in his time. The final couplet with its point and epigram, suited his matter admirably, as some other form, even less grave, might have suited it. None the less is the separateness of the final couplet alien from the organic unity of the highest form of the sonnet, and none the less is the snapping epigram of the final couplet alien from the meditateness of a high sonnet's thought and from the composure of its utterance. As regards the effect to the ear, the highest beauty of the sextet is to rise in sound and to accelerate in movement towards the close, and to end in a line or a half line of peace; and this the couplet makes impossible."

* * *

4. In *Kottabos* of Michaelmas Term, 1889, Mr. John P. Gannon consecrates the following sonnet to the memory of Father Damien, who has inspired more than one of our own poets:—

"Strong brother of the weak, whose feet have trod
 In thy dear Master's footsteps silently,
 Braving the foe of men, pale leprosy,
 By whom struck down, thou passest unto God.
 Thy dust is laid beneath an island's sod,
 Far from both worlds, on lone Pacific's breast;
 But thy pure fame is wafted east and west,
 Where cities hum or silent forests nod.

"We little men with fevered fancies glow,
 Our hearts are faint with weight of selfish care;
 We pine for praise, and reap not where we sow;
 We seek and fail to find joy anywhere.
 Thou in a world of puppets still dost show
 What, under God, a man may do and dare.

* * *

5. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement* will be acknowledged, even by those who have least sympathy for its theme or its spirit, to be a vigorous and picturesque contribution to its history of contemporary politics. But the reason why the present writer refers to this work is altogether apart from politics and literature. It is simply to emphasise the tribute paid incidentally to the practice of total abstinence as a qualification for hard work. At page 259 of the Popular Edition of "The Parnell Movement," Mr. O'Connor says, of Mr.

Timothy Harrington, M.P. :—" Mr Harrington is a born organizer. He has much of the iron spirit of the American ' boss,' dashed with the kindness of a good-humoured Irishman. His frame, hardy, firm-set, is capable of any amount of physical or mental effort. *Throughout his whole life he has never once tasted stimulant, and this perhaps accounts to some extent for his splendid health.*"

* * *

6. As late as this January, 1890, several years after her death, I notice in *The Argosy* an item called simply " Sonnet, by Julia Kavanagh." A Catholic Irishwoman, living chiefly abroad, Miss Kavanagh, as far as I am aware, showed her Catholic faith only indirectly by the purity and wholesomeness of her fictions, and her nationality not at all. But this last relic of hers, the only piece of verse that I have seen from her pen, turns out to be a pious picture of the Annunciation, and for her the Blessed Virgin is not merely " a highly favoured one," but " full of grace " :—

" Along the morning sky the Angel came,
And through the window like a sunbeam passed;
Silent and bright. A startled look she cast
Upon his long white wings and brow of flame.
' Hail, full of grace ! ' said he. The blessed name,
Like long-expected music come at last,
By earth was heard. But when with virgin shame
Pure Mary shrank beneath the heavens vast,
All through the sad, long-suffering world there ran
A throb of fear and awe lest this poor maid
The great boon should deny to sinful man.
' Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ' she said.
Then gladness like a belt the earth did span :
The Angel smiled and back to heaven fled."

This is not as poetical as Rossetti's sonnet on the same subject, but it is more reverent and more full of faith. After all, Canova did not greatly exaggerate when he said : " There is no real sublimity outside the Christian Faith ; no real beauty without the Madonna."

ON READING AUBREY DE VERE'S "LEGENDS OF
ST. PATRICK."

I.

ERIN stood weeping by the wild seashore,
Weeping because her bards were passed away,
Their harps all silent. Through long years no ray
Of light had pierced the cloud of grief she wore
Wrapped as a garment round her. To deplore
Deep cause she had beside her vanished day
Of song and music; yet for one sweet lay
She yearned: the waves alone replied "*No more!*"
Lo! one arose, well skilled, and took that part
For her dear sake. Her glory brief, her woes,
But most her spiritual life he shows
In sweet deep-flowing song. Drawn by his art,
As glides his voice up through her vanished years,
Hope with soft wings wipes from her eyes their tears.

II.

I read, and, as I read, upon my ear
Arose a swell of music. Through the whole
Sounded a deep full chord which drew my soul
Past earth unto her God. Thy joy, thy fear,
Thy hope for future years, O Ireland! here
Are sung to that dear harp which lay so long
In silence. This thy son his gift of song
Has poured around thy shores. Oh! ever dear
Shall be his name to those whom thou dost call
In truth thy sons and daughters. Lo! a smile
Beams from thine eyes e'en as the tear-drops fall.
Joy in thy sorrow that thou hast the while
A Poet still, whose voice from out the past
Calls forth thy trust in God, and bids thee hold it fast.

M. F. M.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "Salvage from the Wreck," by the Rev. Peter Gallwey, S.J. (London : Burns and Oates), is a work of remarkable originality and attractiveness, and at the same time full of edification and instruction. Perhaps the title is not quite happy, and certainly it stands greatly in need of the explanation furnished by the sub-title: "A Few Memories of Friends Departed, preserved in Funeral Discourses." It is well known that Father Gallwey is an Irishman whose work has lain in England, and chiefly in London, W. When anyone very eminent in Christian virtue and in devotedness to the Catholic Faith has been called to his or her reward, he has been very often invited to "point the moral" of the life thus brought to a close. Lady Georgiana Fullerton, before her turn came to be herself spoken of in this way, expressed an earnest desire that Father Gallwey would publish a selection of these very unconventional and very unfrenchy *oraisons funébres*. He has at last done so, chiefly through the persuasion of Father Henry Coleridge, S.J., of whom he says most justly, that he may well be put alongside the late Father Faber of the Oratory as pre-eminent in the divine work of promoting the Apostleship of Good Books. Father Gallwey may not be quite pleased with us for thinking, that the pages that he has found it necessary to add in putting the discourses together are the most interesting and valuable portion of the volume, which contains nothing more edifying than the last twenty pages of the introduction. Will the author draw the proper conclusion from this undoubted fact, and make up his mind to do himself what he urges earnestly on others? Let him set down on paper and put into print, by instalments, as many personal sketches as possible, such as form the substance of "Salvage from the Wreck." As some readers will share our disappointment at being cut down to initials in that part of the introduction to which we have just referred, we hasten to share with them also a discovery that we have made. In a subsequent part of the work we find that "M. C.," to whom we owe the exquisitely devotional booklet, "An Hour before the Blessed Sacrament," was Miss Mary Cuninghame, and her friend was Blanche Lady Fitzgerald, who died an Irish Sister of Charity. Mr Gladstone has just said in *The Speaker*: "I am disposed to think that ladies ought not to be named in print without their previous consent." This does not apply in the present case. The subjects of these sketches and funeral words are chiefly English men

and women who have died within the last score of years : Sir Charles Tempest, Charles Langdale, Charles Weld, Sir Edward Vavasour, etc. Lady Georgiana Fullerton, of course, finds a place ; and with her the Marchioness of Lothian, Lady Herries, Mrs Devas, and a Franciscan Nun, Mother Magdalen. There are about twenty in all, with eighteen portraits. The volume is produced with great taste, in a type pleasant to read ; and it cannot fail to be welcomed as a permanent addition to our Catholic literature. We hope it will be properly introduced to American readers also.

2. Mr Aubrey de Vere will, we trust, forgive us if we promote the interests of a very good book by quoting his opinion of it as expressed in a private note. The book is Coventry Patmore's recently published essays, " Principle in Art, etc," in which *The Spectator* says " there is a pithy wisdom that reminds us of Bacon, and there is, too, in large measure, a gift which Bacon lacked—spiritual insight;" while *The Saturday Review* says that " Mr Patmore excels in short and pithy sayings, apophthegms which take fancy captive and linger in the memory." Mr de Vere writes : " I have been reading with great admiration Coventry Patmore's new work. It seems to me decidedly the best work we have seen for many years on the philosophy of poetry. It is full of profound insight and penetration, happily mingled with great good sense. Its style is not less remarkable. Besides all that it *expresses*, it is full of passages of fine *suggestion*, and shows how instructive short essays may be where condensation is forced upon the author. Everywhere it rests upon principles deep and true, not on rhetoric ; and it goes direct into the heart of the subject treated. Its style too is admirable—a happy union of long and short sentences, the long ones being always steered safely along their winding course, and the meaning always advancing in volume as the sentence makes progress. It abounds also in felicitous and therefore memorable expressions, and singularly unites subtlety of thought with clearness. It is a work capable of being of the very highest use to our young Irish poets and poetesses, in whom I am always much interested. It might prevent the misapplication of much ability and the wise development of powers otherwise fated to run to waste." Mr de Vere goes on to express a wish that this work should be adequately noticed in our Magazine. We have almost done so already by venturing to print, without any permission, what Mr de Vere himself wrote without the slightest idea of publication.

3. Messrs Gay, Brothers, of New York, have brought out a vast collection of " The Poetry and Song of Ireland " in a very ornamental volume, with a large number of portraits, and short biographical

sketches of nearly all the poets represented. It is not long since we recommended to our readers Mr Daniel Connolly's "Household Library of Irish Poets"; and here comes to us from the same New York another large tome devoted to the same subject. They differ widely, however, in their contents; and we shall soon take occasion to compare the points in which one has the advantage over the other. The present work is the second edition, greatly enlarged, of a collection edited by John Boyle O'Reilly. We shall return to it again.

4. Another very large and handsome volume is "The Story of the Irish in Boston," edited and compiled by Mr James Bernard Cullen, and published in luxurious style by the firm of which Mr Cullen is the head. Every incident and every person linking together Boston and the Irish race has been sought out with enthusiastic diligence; and sketches and portraits are given of all the distinguished Irishmen and Irish women connected with Boston. It is an interesting, and, in many respects, an amazing book. We intend, with all due acknowledgment, to draw on its abundant stores for biographical particulars about a great many of our Irish race.

5. To attempt a review of "The Review of Reviews" would be to carry reviewing too far; but we feel bound to offer a welcome to No. 1, both for its own sake, and for the promise it holds forth for the future of this marvellous sixpenceworth. One item of the first number, in which it has the advantage over its successors, is the reproduction in *fac simile* of autograph letters of a great many of the most distinguished men of the day. The most talked-about book just at present is Lady G. Fullerton's first novel *Ellen Middleton*; the most talked-about man is Mr Stanley. This book and this career are condensed by Mr Stead with admirable skill, so as to satisfy the curiosity of most people; and these are only two of the chief dishes in a very generous and various menu. A yearly volume of *The Review of Reviews*, well indexed, will be a treasure-house of contemporary literature and of information of all kinds.

6. Miss Mary Catherine Crowley is rapidly acquiring a high reputation as a writer of stories for children. In an interesting sketch of her given in a work which we have just commended to our readers, "The Irish in Boston"—a sketch marked by initials which we are glad to identify as those of Miss Katherine Conway, according to our usual policy of unveiling anonymities—we find that Miss Crowley's literary activity is very great and very various; but the department in which she is most favourably known is that of children's stories. We were able last year to give a cordial welcome to her "Merry

Hearts and True;" and now another too bright-covered book contains "**Happy-Go-Lucky, and Other Stories**" (New York: D. & J. Sadlier and Co.). Among the Press notices at the end, we notice this Magazine quoted as saying of the previous volume: "There are just half a dozen stories in this handsome quarto, with its big type, and cover of red and gold." This holds good precisely of Miss Crowley's new book, all except the colour of the binding of the particular copy that lies before us. The style is as bright as the cover, and the incidents as numerous as the pages. We hope this good book will make its way into a great many Irish libraries.

7. Mr T. J. Livesey has translated very well from the German, "**Flowers from the Catholic Kindergarten, or Stories of the Childhood of the Saints**" by Father Hattler, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates). Some thirty chapters of holy anecdotes, not only about the young saints who never grew old, but also about the early days of old saints who once were young. The book is brightened with many pictures; but it needed no such help to attract youthful eyes and to move youthful hearts.

8. "**The Light of Reason,**" by Sebastian Wynell Mayow (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.), is a solid and orthodox treatise on the fundamental truths of the existence of God and the divine revelation. In this age, in England and in the United States, such dissertations must be translated out of the language of theology. An examination of such a treatise would be out of place in our pages; but we can guarantee the excellent spirit in which it is written, and express our belief that it will be of use in giving peace to many a doubting soul.

9. A very different book comes next on our list: "**Miss Peggy O'Dillon, or, the Irish Critic,**" by Viola Walda (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). It is a lively attack on the weaknesses especially of the writer's fellow-countrywomen. We have not been very much impressed by Miss Walda's reflections,—such of them as we have read in our book-tasting capacity.

10. "**Songs in a Minor Key: a Small Volume of Verse.**" By William C. Hall (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker). This is one of the most tasteful pieces of Dublin typography that we have ever seen. There is a certain refinement in the poet's choice of themes, and even in his diction; but we cannot find anything to praise very warmly in the poems themselves.

11. "**The Pacific Coast Catholic Almanac**" (San Francisco: Diepen-

brock and Co.) is excellent. The literary matter is varied and interesting; and the illustrations remarkably well done, especially the portraits. In some respects it rivals the admirable "Catholic Family Annual" (New York: Catholic Publication Society), which is far the best thing of the kind in the English language. The handsome and valuable volume brought out in London by the Catholic Truth Society bears almost the same name, but it is a work of a different kind. It, too, is excellent in its way, and does great credit to Mr James Britten and all others concerned in it.

12. We can only call attention to the previous collection of "The Prose Writings of Thomas Davis, edited, with an Introduction, by T. W. Rolleston," which forms a recent volume of the wonderful Shilling Camelot Series (London: Walter Scott). This book must sell by the thousand. It is produced admirably. The most striking thing in the whole collection seems to be the very first—the Address to the Dublin Historical Society in 1840. This book will increase the welcome for "The Life and Letters of Thomas Davis," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, which is now passing through the press.

13. The Catholic Truth Society has added to its long list of publications three more of Father Gerard's thoroughly delightful papers on National History in connection with Science and Faith. It has also issued penny selections from the famous Fioretti of St. Francis. With that beloved name we may link "The Franciscan Treasury," (Dublin: James Duffy and Son). It is a very beautiful collection of prayers and devotions edited by Father Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F.

14. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have issued a shilling edition of "The Poet's Purgatory, and other Poems" by Father H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. It is worth a great many of the volumes of "Recent Verse" criticised occasionally in *The Athenæum* and *The Academy*.

15. At the last moment we receive two important Addresses on the Irish University Question, by the Most Reverend Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, reprinted (and remarkably well printed) in a pamphlet of a hundred pages. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son are the publishers.

MARCH, 1890:

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SYLVIA'S HOME. *

THE evening sun was setting; the wide prairies, with their herds of cattle, the paddocks, and the peaks of the distant mountains, were bathed in its gold-red light.

In the verandah of a small house in the Australian Bush sat a young man of five or six-and-twenty. He was tall and strongly built. His shoulders were broad; his limbs long and muscular. He was not handsome; but he was a gentleman; and there was something very attractive in the earnest glance of his dark eyes, and the kindly expression of his sunburnt face.

At his knee, her rosy mouth wreathed with happy smiles, her little fat hands clasping his, stood a baby-girl with fair curling hair, and skin of lily whiteness. The young man looked at her with much affection, and pressed his lips to her chubby cheeks.

"My darling!" he said, "it is nearly time for my sweet Sylvia to go to bed."

The child pulled at his watch-chain, and stamped her little foot.

"No, no!" she cried.

"Yes, yes. It is late. The calves and chickens are all in bed, and Sylvia must go, too."

But baby frowned.

"No, no; fo', fo'," she said imploringly. "Me want fo', fo'."

"Then off you go," he answered, laughing. "Go and gather some flowers if you like. I am too lazy to stir. Run along and bring some to papa."

Sylvia dropped the chain, and with a crow of delight toddled to the other side of the verandah, where the morning glories twined their graceful stems round the battered posts. Raising herself on tip-toe, she tried to reach the pretty blossoms. But they grew too high; and as she stretched above her head, she lost her balance, and rolled over on the floor. She uttered a loud cry, and big tears hopped down her cheeks.

"Poor little mite, you have indeed fallen low," cried her father, rushing forward and catching her in his arms. "But you must be plucky, dear, and not cry so easily. See, papa will give you the flowers. So dry your eyes, my pet."

He gathered a few glories, and placed them in her hands.

"Papa dea, papa dea, oh, oo dea," whispered Sylvia softly; and nestling up to him, she kissed and patted his face. He pressed her lovingly to his breast, and warmly returned her caress.

"My little girl must be brave. It is not good to cry so easily."

The child smiled through her tears.

"Me dood now, wery dood."

"That is right. And now my pet really must go to bed. Anne!"

A door opened, and a neat-looking young woman entered the verandah.

"Yes, sir. Shall I take Miss Sylvia?" she asked. "It is past her usual bed-time."

"Yes, take her, please. She is tired and sleepy. And when she is in bed, Anne, I should like to speak to you. I have something important to ask you."

"Very well, sir. Come, Miss Sylvia."

The child sprang into her arms, laughing and crowing with delight.

"Night, night, papa," she cried, shaking her little hand. "Night, night."

Her father kissed her again. "Good night, darling; and go to sleep quickly, for I want nurse."

"I'll be back very soon, sir," replied Anne. "She's never long about going to sleep."

As the baby disappeared, and the last sound of her merry prattle died away, the young man sighed heavily, and flung himself down upon a chair.

"Poor darling! It will be hard to part with her. She grows more engaging, more winning, every day. It will be a sad trial to send her away, But it must be done—it must be done."

He sighed again. His head sank upon his breast, and he became lost in thought.

George Atherstone was the only son of an English baronet, and

heir to a fine old place, and a considerable amount of property in Lancashire. But, unfortunately, the Atherstones had been fast-living, extravagant people, and when George's father succeeded to the title and estates, he found the latter heavily mortgaged, and yielding an income upon which it was impossible to live in anything like the style befitting his rank. For himself, he was not ambitious; but he was anxious that his son should one day pay off all debts, and take his place amongst the well-to-do. By going into trade he believed he might accomplish this, and when George left college he told him his plans, and implored him to enter a merchant's office. But the young man would not listen to his prayers. He was not anxious to make money. He could not bear the drudgery of the city. His tastes did not lie that way. He loved a free, roving life, and longed to see the world. His father was bitterly disappointed, and begged him to consider the matter well. But George was firm. So, finding him bent on following his own will, Sir Eustace gave him what money he could spare, and allowed him to go where he would. The sum was not large, but with it the young man was well pleased, and certain of turning it to good account in the distant land to which he was going. So he thanked his father warmly, said good-bye to his mother and friends, and sailed for Australia.

On board ship he met Sylvia Kenyon, daughter of an Australian settler. She was just eighteen, with pale gold hair, a delicate complexion, and soft, appealing blue eyes. She was an interesting companion, a sympathetic friend; and in a few days George Atherstone grew to love her very dearly. Sylvia soon returned his affection with all the ardour of her fresh young nature; and they became engaged. The marriage was solemnized some six weeks later at Melbourne, and the happy couple started at once for the Bush.

The home to which George Atherstone carried his bride was pretty enough in its way, but lonely, and isolated from other habitations. The house was old, and had been patched and repaired on all sides. The roof was covered with sheets of bark, held down by large wooden girders. A huge vine spread its leafy branches over the walls, tenderly covering their nakedness and defects. A wide verandah ran along the whole front of the dwelling, and was thickly grown with gorgeous creepers. Below this was a flower garden, its beds bright with many flowers. A row of broad-leaved tropical plants surrounded the little enclosure, where some of the trees had been felled and stumped, whilst others had been spared for shade and effect. Then, beyond, as far as eye could see, were vast prairies, with herds of cattle grazing quietly, or lying camped under the trees, and a beautiful chain of blue-peaked mountains stretching away in the distance.

Within the house there was but a small supply of anything like luxury. The walls were covered with illustrations from pictorial papers. The furniture was scanty, and of the poorest description. But when Sylvia hung up the white mosquito curtains, and spread about the many dainty objects she had brought with her from England; when she filled her bowls with flowers, and the corners of her rooms with plants and ferns, the place improved rapidly, and very soon assumed a comfortable and homely aspect.

The first year of their married life passed quickly by. And in spite of many privations, and enforced isolation from their friends, the young people were extremely happy. George was hard-working and industrious. Sylvia had plenty of occupation, delighted in her house, and felt proud of her big, kind husband. The free country life suited them both; they cared nothing for society, and had little to trouble or annoy them.

But all too soon there came a change. Sylvia grew delicate. She longed for a female friend; and as George was obliged to leave her by herself for hours together, while he looked after his sheep, or rode over his farm, she became lonely and discontented.

Then young Atherstone and a neighbouring selector quarrelled about a piece of land that the latter wished to seize and make his own. George was furious; but as he had no money to buy the field, he was obliged to let it go. This incident caused much annoyance and irritation, and peace seemed banished from the homestead. Then baby Sylvia was born; and for a time Atherstone forgot all outside worries in the joy of possessing his little daughter. The happy mother was no longer lonely, and soon grew strong again. The quarrelsome selector became friendly, and offered to give back the land at a moderate price. This pleased George, and he wrote home for money. The man promised to wait; and everything looked bright once more, when suddenly the young wife caught a fever, and after a short illness expired in her husband's arms. George was wild with grief, and for some time could not bear to look upon his child. But by degrees his heart warmed to the little creature; and he soon came to love her with tenderness and devotion.

George Atherstone had, as we know, gone to Australia much against his father's will; and every mail brought letters imploring him to return. But the young man was obstinate. The life in the Bush suited him best. He was happy, so was his wife. He would not go back to England. But after Sylvia's death everything was changed. The little house felt lonely. His home was not what it had been; and he was strongly tempted to leave it all, and set sail for

Europe. The temptation, however, did not last long. The idea of settling down to a humdrum life in London or Lancashire, was most distasteful to him; and he soon dismissed it from his mind. He would take change of air and scene out in Australia. So there and then he resolved to leave his present abode, and travel farther into the country.

Then came another letter from his father.

"I am growing old, George," he wrote. "My wife, my children, are all dead—but you. Come home, my son—come home. I am rich now. My money troubles are at an end. I told you in my last letter that there was question of running a railway through the estate, at the bottom of the home-park. This has been done, and the compensation given by the company is so large that I have been able to pay off all debts and mortgages. Then the railway coming so close has enhanced the value of my property. I have built new houses, for which I receive high rents promptly paid. So, my son, I wish you to come home. You may now live as you please—go where you choose. Society, the best London can supply, will receive you with open arms, and your father will welcome you gladly. For wealth has not brought the happiness I expected. All my dear ones are gone. I long for something, some child of my own to love. And yet from what you have written me so often, I fear even this will not tempt you from your life of freedom. Therefore, I pray you—I implore—if you cannot, will not come yourself, send me your child. The Australian Bush is not a fitting place for a tender girl, the daughter of a family like ours. So if you cannot yet bear the trammels of civilization, if you still prefer a roving existence to your home, send little Sylvia to comfort and console me."

When he first read this, George was indignant. "Part with my child! No, never—that I could not do. Let her grow up without knowing me—without loving me—I could not—I could not. And to go home is impossible. I could not endure life in England.

"Society! Bah! it would stifle me. I shall stay as I am. The freedom here suits me to perfection. For many years yet Europe shall not see me, or Sylvia."

But when he thought of his lonely father, of his anxiety to have some one to love and comfort him in his old age; when he considered the difficulties of his own position, the many dangers he might encounter in the wilder regions of the Bush, he resolved to grant the latter part of the old man's request, and send his daughter home.

"I cannot do better after all," he reflected. "My darling will be safe, well taken care of. Her presence will make up for my absence; her affection atone for my neglect. Next year, perhaps, if all goes well, I may take a run over to London to see her."

Accordingly, a letter was written and despatched to Sir Eustace Atherstone, announcing his grand-daughter's speedy arrival.

But after this things went on as before. George put off the evil hour, and lingered on amongst the flowers, his little one at his knee. The thought of parting with her was anguish, and he kept it away from him as long as possible.

At last he heard of an exploring party going far into the country, and he grew feverishly anxious to join it. Before he could do so, however, it was necessary to place his child in safe keeping. He could not take her with him, nor could he leave her alone in the Bush. He decided, therefore, to send her without further delay to England. But who was to take her? He had so few friends. He knew of no one going to Europe. What was to be done? Here was a dilemma that had not occurred to him before. And as poor little Sylvia fell in trying to reach the morning glories, he suddenly realized what a helpless atom she was.

"If Anne would go with her, all would be well," he said, as he gazed out over the thick short couch grass, green with summer thunder storms. "I have watched her well, as she sat there, hour after hour, with my darling in her lap, or played with her round the verandah, and she has always seemed kind, watchful and trustworthy. My dear wife loved her. Sylvia adores her. I feel I might trust her; if only she would go. But she may have friends that will refuse to part with her. She may"—

"You wished to speak to me, sir. Baby is asleep, so I came at once."

George looked up at the speaker, and gravely noted every point of her form and face. The survey pleased him. She was exactly what he thought: strong and well-built, neither too old nor too young. She had a fresh, wholesome complexion, a kindly smile, and an affectionate motherly expression. "She will do, I think; and, if she will only consent to go, I may safely trust my darling to her care," flashed quickly through his mind as he bade the woman sit down.

"Anne," he said gently, "you are very fond of little Sylvia, I believe?"

Anne's colour deepened; her eyes grew bright.

"Fond of her? I love her as if she was my own, Mr. Atherstone. I loved her sweet mother, and on her death-bed she gave her to me, saying: 'Anne, you have been a faithful servant, be true to my child; never leave her—take care of her and love her.' I vowed to do it, and do it I will as long as I live."

George looked at her gratefully. "Thank you. You are a good woman, and—and—your words, your manner, encourage me to ask you a favour."

"A favour! Oh, sir, it is granted before you ask it. There is nothing I would not do for you and Miss Sylvia."

"Then will you be ready to undertake a long journey to please me? Will you leave your friends in Australia and go to England by the next steamer from Melbourne?"

Anne startled and turned pale.

"To England! Oh, Mr. Atherstone, that is a long, long way; and what would my little pet do without me?"

"I do not mean you to go alone. Sylvia shall go with you."

"Sylvia go with me! Would you—oh, sir, would you part with your child?"

"Yes, Anne, I must. But only for a time. My father is lonely, and implores me to send her to him. I am going away from here—far up country—and I cannot take Baby with me. So I have resolved to send her home. Will you go with her? If you do, your wages shall be doubled. I will bind my father to keep you with my child always. No matter what turns up, he must not part with you or dismiss you from his service. Will these conditions suit you? Will you take charge of Baby Sylvia?"

Anne turned her head aside. Tears gathered in her eyes, and her lips trembled with emotion.

"My dear master," she stammered presently, "you are too good. Even if I did not love the child as dearly as I do, I would feel bound to accept your generous offer, for I have a sick mother dependent on me for her entire support, and I am anxious to earn all the money I can."

"Then you will take my child to England?"

"Indeed, I will. When and how you please. And believe me, sir, my whole life and strength will be devoted to her, not because of your generosity, but because I love her, the treasure confided to me by my dying mistress."

George grasped her hand, and shook it warmly.

"Thank you, Anne—thank you. You are, indeed, a good and faithful servant."

"I trust I am, sir," she said earnestly. "And if ever I seem to fail in my duty to you or your child, it will not be my fault. I shall never do so of my own free will."

"I believe you. I have full confidence in you."

"Thank you, sir."

And Anne courtseyed and withdrew.

CHAPTER II.

SYLVIA'S ESCORT.

On a hot summer day, about a week later, George Atherstone strolled leisurely down Burke street. He, Baby Sylvia, and Anne the faithful nurse, had arrived in Melbourne the evening before.

Atherstone had not visited the metropolis of Victoria since the happy day of his marriage ; and he felt sad and lonely as he wended his way through the busy streets, and recognised the various points of interest that he had seen for the first time in company with his beloved Sylvia. He gazed at the imposing piles of masonry, churches, institutes and warehouses, and wondered at the groups of humble little shops, devoted to the sale of fruit, toys and sugar-plums, that intervene, and are all that remain of the early shanty days of Melbourne. He admired the lofty dome of Messrs. Goldsborough and Co.'s wool palace, and then thought joyfully that very soon he should leave all this glare and magnificence, this push and bustle, to return to the delightful solitude of the Bush.

As he turned down Collins street on his way to his hotel, he heard a quick step close behind, and someone called him by his name. He looked round in surprise ; for in all this busy crowd he did not expect to meet a single acquaintance.

An elderly man with a care-worn face, thin and shrunken in form and figure, approached him eagerly, and held out his hand.

"My dear Atherstone, I am glad to see you. You look remarkably well."

"Neil ! Can it really be you ?"

"Yes, I do not wonder at your not knowing me. I am much changed, Atherstone."

"Changed ! I should just think you were. What have you been doing to yourself ?"

"Nothing. But the fates have been against me. Everything has gone wrong with me. I have sold my house and land, and am going back to England."

"Is that wise ?"

"I am not sure that it is. But my wife is eager to go."

"Your wife—is she in Melbourne ?"

"Yes. She and my two children are at a small hotel just out of Bourke street. We sail for England to-morrow."

"My dear Neil," cried George, "I am glad. I was longing to meet a friend going in the *Cimbria*."

"Are you coming then?"

"No. I do not care to return to Europe at present. But I am sending my little girl home to my father."

"My poor fellow, have you then lost your pretty wife?"

"Yes, she is dead. My darling died last year," and his voice grew low and husky. "She is a terrible loss to me and the little one."

"I am sure of it. I feel for you extremely," said Neil, "and if there is anything that my wife and I can do, pray tell us and we shall be delighted to do it."

"Thank you, you are very kind. There is not much to be done. But if Mrs. Neil would look after Baby a little"—

"My dear fellow, of course she will, with the greatest pleasure. What sort of person is your nurse?"

"A most estimable person, and I can trust her thoroughly. But it would be a great happiness for me to know that during the voyage my darling had a lady to be kind to her, and little friends to play with."

"Of course; and we shall take splendid care of her. My Madge is like a second mother to her small sister Dora. She will be the same to your child. How old is she?"

"Two years and a month or so."

"Just Dora's age. They'll be companions for each other."

George laughed.

"They'll probably pull each other's hair. Is Madge much older?"

"Oh, yes. Madge is twelve. The wisest little woman in the world. Her mother would trust her over the whole universe with little Dora. Come along and see them. My wife will be pleased to have a talk with you. But she'll be deeply grieved to hear of Mrs. Atherstone's death. Dear me! She was a winsome creature. Well, well, my dear fellow," continued Mr. Neil sighing, "there are many things worse than death. It has been a trial, a great trial, to you to lose your darling wife. But believe me, I have suffered terribly in seeing mine, the beautiful girl I loved grow thin, and pale, lose her health and spirits, and all because of my misfortunes and bad luck."

George grasped his hand, and shook it warmly.

"I am sorry you had so much trouble, very sorry. But I trust you may do better in England. I'll give you a letter to my father. For my sake he will find something for you to do. He is in want of an agent, I know, and he will surely give you a trial at my request. It is a good post, and would suit you admirably."

"God bless you, Atherstone. Your words fill me with hope. It was a wonderful chance my meeting you to-day."

"It was. But a still greater that you should be going home in the

same steamer as my Sylvia. Your fate is in her hands. She will plead for you with grandfather. Kindness to her will be a powerful passport to his favour."

"Then my life will be a brighter one than I ever hoped for; for there is nothing that can be done for your child that I shall not do. But here we are at our hotel. I hope you don't object to stairs, for we have to mount a good many. I'll lead the way."

The stair-case was narrow and steep; and the room into which the two gentlemen walked unannounced was small and dark. The blinds were drawn down to keep out the sun, and so close was the day that the white mosquito curtains were undisturbed by the breeze, although all the windows were wide open. Trunks of every shape and size were ranged round the walls; and the chairs and sofas were strewn with garments large and small. There was no one visible. But suddenly, from behind a tall screen, there rose the sweet, fresh voice of a child, singing a pretty lullaby—

"Oh, hush thee, my baby,
Thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
Both gentle and bright."

"There, that's my Madge," whispered Mr. Neil. "Just peep round, and see how she is taking care of her sister."

George did as desired, and was charmed with the picture that he saw before him.

On a low seat, her long, well-shaped legs, and neatly shod feet, stretched out before her on the floor, sat Madge. She wore a white cotton frock, with short sleeves and low neck. Her brown hair, which was thick and wavy, was tossed back from her face without comb or ribbon to confine it, and hung loosely over her shoulders. On her knee, her eyes closed, but her lips smiling, lay a beautiful child of about two years old.

"Go to sleep, darling; my Dora must go to sleep," cried Madge, interrupting her song to remonstrate with little wide-awake. "Poor Sissy has work to do. So you must go to sleep."

The baby laughed and pulled her sister's hair. Madge hugged her to her breast and covered her with kisses.

"You see," said Mr. Neil, "Madge has the temper of an angel. No matter how that child torments her, she is always kind. She has a heart of gold, and a wise little head of her own."

Before George had time to answer, the baby caught sight of her father, and struggling off her sister's knee, ran forward to meet him.

"Naughty Dora, not to go to sleep," he cried, tossing her in the air. "Madge ought to whip you."

Madge gave a groan of horror, and sprang to her feet.

"Oh, father, what an idea! I wouldn't touch the darling for the world."

"I should think not," he answered gaily. "I know you love our pet too dearly for that. But you must not spoil her."

"You are more likely to do that, father," said Madge gravely.

"Perhaps so. But it would not be wonderful if we all spoiled her. Isn't she a beauty, Atherstone?"

"She certainly is," said George warmly. "I don't think I ever saw such a pretty child."

"What? Not even your own?"

"Not even my own. Sylvia is fair and dainty looking. But this child is a beautiful little creature."

"So she is," cried the delighted father, "and we are all very proud of her. Aren't we, Madge?"

"I am quite sure you are," said Atherstone, "and I hear you are a first-rate little mother in your way, Miss Madge. Now my poor Baby is going to England in the same steamer with you. Will you be good to her? She is a lonely bairn, and will have neither father nor mother to look after her."

Madge raised her large grey eyes to his face, and looking at him earnestly, said:

"I will be kind to her. She shall be another little sister. But are you not afraid to send her away from you?"

"Afraid? Oh, no. There is nothing to fear."

"Now, Madge, don't make us nervous," cried her father. "The fact is, Atherstone, with all her wisdom, my little girl is a bit of a coward. She hates the sea."

Madge shivered slightly.

"I don't like long journeys," she said. "And I don't want to go to England. I like Australia best."

"So do I," answered George. "But I suppose your father has good reasons for going."

The child clasped her hands tightly together; and as Mr. Neil moved away to the window with Dora, she whispered sadly:

"He thinks he'll get work to do, and earn money there. But he'll never get it, poor father—never. Here comes my mother. So, hush, not a word to alarm her." And putting her finger to her lip, she went after Dora, took her in her arms, and carried her out of the room.

"What a strange child," thought George. "She's certainly old

beyond her years. And as her father says, she might safely be trusted to take care of her baby sister. She is kind and gentle, and seems wonderfully grave and sedate."

"Atherstone, here is my wife," said Neil, in a low voice. "You will find her much changed. But do not pretend to notice it."

George bowed his head to show that he understood, and went forward to meet Mrs. Neil. He looked at her smilingly; but as he put his hand in hers, he could scarcely conceal the sorrow he felt at the terrible change that had taken place in her since he had last seen her four years before. Could this wan, thin creature be the fine buxom woman, who had been the life and soul of the company on board ship? Could this nervous, shrinking lady be the dashing, merry Mrs. Neil, who had chaperoned his Sylvia, smoothed away all difficulties, and hastened his marriage?

"We have had many troubles, Mr. Atherstone," she said, and her voice trembled as she spoke. "I daresay my husband has told you."

"Yes. But there is a good time coming," cried George eagerly, "when you reach England."

"Ah! If we ever do."

"My dear lady," George laughed nervously, "Pray do not suggest such a thing. No wonder the child is frightened at the idea of the long journey," he thought. "With such a mother, good heavens, it is not extraordinary she should be prematurely old."

"I suggest nothing," said Mrs. Neil slowly. "I long to be off—to leave this hated country. I have known constant grinding sorrow and anxiety ever since my return to it, the year you were married. But you, too, have been in trouble. I hear your sweet young wife is dead. Why was she taken, I wonder, whilst I, a useless, worthless invalid, have been left as a burthen to my poor unfortunate husband?"

"Kate!" cried Neil reproachfully, "My darling, do not talk so. Weak and delicate as you are, you have been my comfort."

"No, no, John; you would have been far better without me. I have but increased your troubles."

"Kate, Kate, I know not what to say to you." And, wringing his hands, the poor husband turned away.

"You have a child, Mr. Atherstone," she remarked presently. "And she is coming with us to England. You look surprised. But I was in the adjoining room; the folding doors are slightly open, and I heard all you said to Madge. Why are you sending her home?"

"To comfort my father, who is lonely."

"Quite right. He has grown rich, I hear. She will be his heiress."

"I never thought of that," said George smiling. "But I suppose I, his son, will come first. Sylvia will surely come after me."

"First or second it matters little," she answered gloomily. "She will be rich—an heiress—a somebody, whilst my darling, my beautiful Dorothy, will be a pauper. Ah, Mr. Atherstone, what a contrast will be their lot in life! A striking, a cruel contrast."

"Riches do not always mean happiness, Mrs Neil. My Sylvia will have money; but your Dora will have a mother to love and cherish her."

"Alas, my life is uncertain—a mere question of time, Mr. Atherstone. My heart"——

"Mamma, dear, you have talked enough; Mr. Atherstone will excuse you. You must come and rest now." And little twelve-year-old Madge laid her hand on her mother's shoulder, and looked as though she meant to be obeyed.

"Yes, dearest, I am coming," said Mrs Neil meekly. "Mr. Atherstone, this child is my greatest comfort. And should anything happen to me on this voyage, she will look after your little one, and"——

"Mother, Mother, do not talk so wildly."

"It is not wild, dear. It's only—only—But good-bye till to-morrow, my friend. I am tired, I must rest."

And leaning on her daughter's arm, she went slowly from the room.

George gazed after them, with eyes full of compassion.

"Is it not sad to see her thus?" asked Neil in broken accents. "She who was once so strong and full of life."

"It is, it is," cried George. "But do not fret, my poor friend. I am sure this sea journey will restore her, make her all right."

"I hope so, I trust so. This journey must and will do her good. It will give us all new life, please God, and end our troubles."

CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD THE "CIMBRIA."

When early next day George Atherstone stepped on board the *Cimbria*, with his little daughter in his arms, he found that Mr. Neil and his family were already there, and had taken possession of their cabins.

Mrs. Neil was not visible; and George rejoiced not a little at her absence, for her gloomy nervousness affected him unpleasantly.

Madge and Dora were walking up and down the promenade deck, watching with much interest all that was going on. When Madge saw Atherstone and his child, she smiled, and taking her sister's hand went to meet him.

"Dora," she said, "here is a friend for you, a dear little girl to play with."

She took Sylvia from her father, kissed her tenderly, and put her down beside Dora.

The two children stared at each other for a moment, then Sylvia ran forward, put her rosy lips to Dora's, and stroked her curling hair.

"Oh, you dea," she cried. "You pitty dea!"

"Sylvia has an eye for beauty," said George smiling. "I think they will be friends."

"Yes, I am sure they will," said Madge. "Sylvia looks a sweet little creature, and Dora, though rather passionate, is a loving, affectionate child."

"I am sure she is, and *you* are kindness itself. Anne," he said, turning to the nurse, who stood behind him, armed with packages and wraps. "This is Miss Madge Neil. Her father is an old friend of mine; and I wish Baby to be with her and her sister as much as possible."

"Very well, sir," replied Anne, whose eyes were red with much weeping. "It will be pleasant for me to have friends of yours on board."

"And it will be nice for me to have you," said Madge with a frank smile. "Mother is an invalid, and will be almost always in her berth."

"That is sad for you. But I trust she will soon grow stronger," said George kindly. "I hope nurse and Baby may have a cabin near yours."

"They are next to us," she replied. "Will you leave Sylvia with me, and take Anne down to see where she is? She had better get the berths ready and arrange all her parcels before we start."

"Wise little woman, your advice is excellent. But I think I'll take my darling with me. Our moments together are precious now. Come, Anne."

Then lifting Baby Sylvia, he hugged her to his breast, and carried her down stairs.

"And now, Anne," he said, when he had made all possible arrangements for his child's comfort, "take care of my darling. Watch her night and day, and see that she wants for nothing."

"Trust me, sir," answered Anne with emotion. "I will do my

duty. Your child will be more precious to me than my own life. I'll watch over her well."

"I believe you will. And now, I think, you have all you require?"

"Yes, sir. Everything."

"Very well. And here is a letter for my father, with his address in full, lest by any chance he should be prevented meeting you. I have telegraphed and written, but in case of accident it is well to have this with you. And here," taking a locket and chain from his neck, "is a portrait of my dear wife. See, I will put it on Sylvia. Show it to my father, that he may know what my darling was like. But let the child wear it always."

"Yes, sir. And I'll teach her to love her mother's memory."

"Do. And may God bless you."

A bell was heard above. Mr. Neil rushed to the cabin door.

"Atherstone, you have barely time to get away. We are just off. Come along."

"God bless and protect you, my pet," cried George in broken accents. "Good-bye, my dear little Sylvia, my sweet child. Talk to her of me, Anne. Do not let her forget me."

He pressed the little one to his heart once more, kissed her over and over again. Then rushing upstairs said a hasty good-bye to Mr. Neil and Madge, and hurried on shore.

The gang-way was withdrawn, the anchor raised, the ropes pulled in, and the good ship *Cimbria* steamed out of the harbour.

The next few days were passed in the usual fashion on board ship. The wind was high; the steamer pitched and rolled, and almost all the passengers were laid low. The decks were forsaken; the dining-room but little frequented. After a time, things looked brighter. The wind went down; the sun shone pleasantly; and the handsome saloons, and comfortable seats on deck were filled with a gay company, anxious to enjoy life, and make their days on board the *Cimbria* pass as quickly as possible.

One of the first to come forth from the seclusion of her cabin was Madge Neil. She had suffered much, and longed for a breath of fresh air. In the passage she met her father.

"Well, my dear. I am glad to see you," he cried, kissing her tenderly. "These have been miserable days. How is your mother? And my sweet Dora, how does she seem?"

"Mother and Dora are both much better, papa. They are asleep. Will you take me for a walk?"

"Certainly, dear. Come along."

He drew his daughter's arm within his own; and they went up on deck together.

About an hour later, Anne, looking as white as a ghost, came up the stairs carrying Sylvia on one arm, and Dora on the other.

Madge flew to her side in an instant.

"How good of you to think of Dora, Anne. I thought she was asleep."

"Children don't sleep for ever any more than big people, Miss Madge," she answered pettishly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," began Madge.

"You need not be. It was no trouble to bring her up, poor lamb. Perhaps the sea-breezes may do her and Miss Sylvia good. They've brought a fine colour to your cheeks."

"Yes, have'nt they?" cried Madge, kissing her baby sister. "I don't think I ever felt so well in my life. I positively love the sea to-day."

"Well, well, I can't say as I do," replied Anne dolefully. "And oh, dear, England's a terrible way off."

"Of course it is. Why, we have weeks and weeks before us yet."

"Dear, dear! How shall we ever get through it all? I wish I'd never left Australia."

Madge laughed merrily, and began to dance the little girls about on her knee. "Poor Anne, but you'll soon change, I am sure. Why, look at me! When I started, I was in such bad spirits. I hated going to England. I was afraid of the sea. I felt that something dreadful would happen to us if we left our home to wander aimlessly over Europe. I had a perfect horror of coming on board. But now"—

"You seem greatly changed, certainly. You look bright and merry. Just as if you had heard some very good news."

Madge hid her face for a moment; then uncovered it with a cry of "Here I am to the babies."

They laughed and crowed, and called "Dain, dain."

Their orders were obeyed; and a lively game ensued. Then the little ones grew tired and rolled off her knee, on to the deck, where they sat blissfully content, munching a couple of hard biscuits.

"What a pretty picture they make," said Madge. "I never saw such a pair of darlings. Both so lovely and yet such a contrast; I hope they may always be friends."

"That's not likely," replied Anne, shaking her head wisely. "Your mother says their lives will be as great a contrast as their looks. Miss Sylvia is going to a splendid home. She will be a great heiress."

"Whilst my poor Dora's family is certainly not rich; and she will never have any fortune, but her own bonnie face."

"And a right handsome one that will be. But I would not despair,

Miss Madge," said Anne encouragingly. "There's many ups and downs in life. And who knows what may happen yet? Your pa's clever. He may get on better than ever he did when he goes to England."

"Yes, I am sure he will. In fact I know he will," cried the girl joyfully. "And that's the reason I looked as if I had heard good news. Because, I really had."

"A very good reason too," answered Anne smiling. "But what is the good news?"

"This. My father told it to me to-day, as we walked up and down the deck together. Mr. Atherstone is very fond of papa. He knows him to be good and clever, and he has given him a letter to his father, who is immensely rich, and has large estates, I don't exactly know where. But papa knows all about them. And Mr. Atherstone has asked him to give papa a situation of some kind there—his agent, I think."

"But will the old gentleman do so?"

"Of course he will. He would do anything for his son. So you see, even if our Dora is never an heiress, she will be quite in a position to be Sylvia's friend."

"Certainly. And if their fathers love each other, it is only natural they should, too, the pets."

"So I think. And do you wonder now, Anne, that I feel happy?"

"No, Miss Madge. And I do hope all these things may turn out as you wish."

Madge raised her clear, earnest eyes to the sky, then let them wander away over the wide surging waters of the ocean.

"Yes, Anne, I hope so. God grant they may," she said softly. "I think they will. I feel full of confidence."

"And your mother? How does she feel?"

"Mamma is always depressed. But she is better, I think. She has great faith in Mr. Atherstone."

"Which? Father or son?"

"Both. But she never saw the father, you know."

"She saw and knew my master's wife?"

"Yes. She knew her before she was married, and was at the wedding. She says Sylvia is very like her."

"Yes. She certainly is. See, this is her portrait."

And lifting Sylvia on her knee, she showed Madge the pretty miniature that George Atherstone had placed round his child's neck.

"What a sweet, sad face!" cried Madge. "How lovely she must have been! And yet she looks as if she must have suffered greatly."

"I know nothing of her history," said Anne, releasing the struggling Sylvia from her arms. "When I knew her she was very happy, but had a sad expression, poor dear. She was an orphan, I fancy, from what I have heard. So, unless on her father's side, Sylvia has but few relations. None, indeed, that I ever heard of."

"I'm afraid we haven't any either," said Madge sighing. "If anything were to happen to papa and mamma, Dora and I would be utterly friendless and forlorn."

"Why, Madge, how solemn you look," cried her father, coming up at that moment. "I left you smiling and bright. I find you"—

"Laughing and merry, papa dear," she exclaimed. "Everything looks promising for us now; so, of course, I am gay. And see, aren't those children well? They are as rosy as possible."

"They are, dear," he answered, smiling. "And even Anne looks fresher than when she came on board. Your mother, too, has improved marvellously. We shall have her quite strong before we reach England."

"Quite!" cried Madge joyfully. "A sea journey is a wonderful cure for faint hearts and tired bodies. But, papa, take Anne round and show her all the beauties of the ship."

"Very well. Come along, Anne."

"But Baby Sylvia," cried Anne. "I can't carry her about. I am too unsteady on my feet, and I don't like to leave her."

"I'll take care of the pet," said Madge. "See, we three shall have fine games together. Peep—o—Sylvia! Peep—o—Dora! Run off and practise your sea-legs, Anne."

So Anne went away to explore the ship, and Madge mounted guard over the babies.

(To be continued.)

A SHAMROCK.

(FOR A FRIEND'S ALBUM.)

THERE are thoughts sweet perfume breathing,
 Bright and sage and full of beauty,
 Culled from past and present ages,
 O'er thy album's pages strewn.
 From the rich domains of fancy
 Loving hands with care have gathered
 Every bud of sweetest meaning—
 They were planted all too soon.

Else I might find some stray blossom
With fresh dew of thought upon it ;
Yet I fain with thy fair garland
 Would one tiny field-flower twine—
One green spray of native shamrock,
Fragrant with historic mem'ries,
On each leaf in letters golden
 Fain I'd write a gift divine.

Faith, firm Faith, bright, strong, enduring—
Faith, that life's fierce storms and passions
Shall pass by, and leave unclouded ;
 Be this blessing thine for aye.
Hope, that glimmereth through darkness,
Charms the present, gilds the future,
With warm rays of Heaven's glory,
 Imaging eternal day.

Love, God's crown of bliss, outshining
All the joys e'er known or dreamed of,
Perfect as thy fairest vision,
 Be this treasure thine, to keep.
In thy inmost heart close folded,
May it ever walk beside thee,
Safe without regrets or shadows,
 Fears to fright, or tears to weep.

In the pages yet ungarnished
Wilt thou give my shamrock welcome
Only for the fervent wishes
 Fondly wreathed round the stem ?
Tribute to thy grace and beauty,
And the mellow light of kindness
That illumines thy gentle spirit,
 And thy heart, thy purest gem.

HELENA CALLANAN.

St. Patrick's Eve, 1887.

IN A QUIET STREET.

HAVING arrived at the time of life when one's own individual comfort appears to be the chief attainable good, being by nature bilious and somewhat irritable, and by profession scientific and literary, I have made up my mind that quiet, the most absolute that can be procured within easy reach of everywhere, is the one thing needful for me. It was after due deliberation, therefore, that I decided on giving up my comfortable but noisy quarters in Pall Mall, and accepting the offer of a friend of mine, who assured me that his quiet little house in the quietest of quiet streets was absolutely made for me.

This desirable residence has been let to me (furnished) for six months on approval, that I may ensure its suiting me before finally agreeing to take it off my friend's hands. (*N.B.*—Though I *am* a man of science, I know how to keep my eyes open.) There is a little library at the back—the very thing for a literary man—with cupboards and book-cases, and a beautiful place for my beloved writing-table in the window. It has, however, one drawback, which, to a person of my age, temperament, and requirements, is somewhat serious: there is no light. My neighbour on the left, who is of an artistic turn of mind, has built a large studio at the back of his house, which effectually shuts out from the back of *mine* any gleam of sunshine that does manage to filter through the grime and fog of a London winter. Well, there is nothing for it but to move my writing-table to the dining-room; being, thank heaven! a bachelor, I have only my own convenience to consult, and the street is so quiet I am not likely to be disturbed. It is quiet; the distant roar and rattle of the outer world sound faintly in one's ears, like far-away waves, and make one relish all the more one's own peace and security.

Hallo! what's that? A street-singer, by all that's horrible! Two street-singers, men, entoning a patriotic, or rather incendiary ditty, each to the tune they love best, and with a noble disregard of time of any kind. They are both extremely hoarse, but, with a laudable desire to atone for this, yell with all their might, the voice of one of them giving way with a peculiar quavering crack at all attempted high notes. There is a chorus too, something

about England being drenched with gore, and "the cur-r-r-ses of the pore," which in itself is sufficient to drive any peaceably disposed man out of his senses. It is evidently their longed-for goal, the thought of which cheers them in their labours through the intermediate verses, and in hastening to attain which it is the ambition of the one to leave the other behind.

I ring the bell in desperation, and Jackson, my butler and general factotum, appears in answer to my summons. David Copperfield in his youngest and callowest days could not have stood more in awe of the respectable Littimer than do I of this eminent personage. It is not mere respectability—he would be mightily insulted if I ventured to call him respectable—but there is a loftiness, an imperturbability, an innate nobility about Jackson which fills me with veneration. To this day I feel I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in calling him by his name; there is a ring of familiarity about "Jackson" for which I am inwardly apologetic. "Johnson" would be more becoming in every way, but, on the few occasions that I did venture to bestow this cognomen upon him, it was received with such unmistakable signs of displeasure that I was obliged to give it up.

On this occasion, however, my irritation gets the better of my customary caution.

"Jackson," I cry, "for Heaven's sake send those brutes away."

He gazed at me in dignified astonishment.

"Those singers, Jackson—get rid of them at once. I shall be in a lunatic asylum soon if this goes on."

"Oh, the singers!" returns Jackson. "I will tell them your objections, sir, if you wish, but——"

"Go at once," I reiterate eagerly, as from a general quickening of speed I foresee the approach of the dreaded chorus.

Jackson retires in some dudgeon, and after a moment I see him standing on the steps outside the hall-door, where, with a princely wave of his arm and doubtless appropriate expressions of disapproval, he bids the musicians depart.

They stop for a moment, make some scowling rejoinder, and fall to again with more zest than ever:—"Ho! Engulland, take war-r-rning. . . ."

This is unendurable. I ring the bell again.

"Why, they are not gone," I cry savagely. "Did you tell them what I said?"

Jackson bows gravely :—

“I desired them, sir, to leave this neighbourhood, and they made answer that this were a free country, sir—that were what they said.”

There’s the chorus again, this time the singer with the cracked voice two good bars ahead, and several semi-tones above his companion. I explode :—

“Tell them to be off this very instant, or I’ll give them in charge as public nuisances.”

Jackson retires somewhat precipitately, and sternly looking out over the blind I have the satisfaction of seeing my persecutors slowly shuffle off with many a lowering glance in my direction.

I breathe freely once more and return to the knotty point which I was revolving in my brain when first annoyed by this interruption. Confound it all! they’re at it again, in the very next street, the words indistinguishable, it is true, but the tune, or tunes, distinctly audible, and the chorus recurring with maddening persistency. Oh! for the roar and racket of a thousand cabs and carriages to drown their abominable voices! Oh! to be for one brief delirious moment a special Constable with a good stout truncheon, and to come face to face with those fellows in an unruly mob! Wouldn’t I pay them out, that’s all! I’d make *their* heads ache for them, I know, as they have made mine do to-day.

Somewhat soothed by these reflections, I lay down my pen and seek oblivion in a cigarette and the morning papers. I come upon some rather alarming statistics which for a moment excite a languid interest: only so many thousand police in London to so many hundreds of thousands of thieves, vagabonds, roughs of all denominations. Gracious me! hundreds of thousands of rascals like those outside there—high time something was done.

They are gone at last; now to work again. . . . Ah me! there is no peace for the wicked. Before an hour has passed, there is another of them; a woman this time, with a wretched child in her arms whose feeble wail mingles with her singing. Singing do I say? There is no distinguishable tune, and no intelligible words, but a sort of low exhausted bellow—yes, that is the only term for it—like a fog-horn heard a long way off, or like an animal in pain.

I approach the window in wrath, intending to dispatch her myself; she looks up eagerly. Her rags flutter in the cutting

November blast; her face, and that of the child, are pinched and blue with cold, and with a slow monotonous rocking to and fro, and an appealing glance at my face, she continues to emit those unutterably doleful sounds. I pause for a moment with a shudder: that thing out there is a *woman*, a woman as truly as is the Queen on her throne, or as was my blessed young mother who died so long ago, and whose memory to me is so sacred! Still gazing at the wretched face, out of which the momentary hope is beginning to fade, strange thoughts come to me. *There* is a picture of maternity, I say to myself, *there* is a mother with her child, to some people the beau ideal of all that is beautiful, and charming and (I had almost said) divine. What has her motherhood been to this creature? An additional burden, a hard, unwished-for, unlovely care. What will be the fate of her wretched offspring? To struggle onward, through pain, and dirt, and sin, and abomination of every kind, till it becomes a repetition of its mother. Woman's weakness, I say to myself again, a little sardonically, what capital is made out of woman's weakness in our world, both by the dear creatures themselves, and the chivalrous of our sex! They must have the best of everything, and take precedence everywhere, and be contradicted in nothing—because of their woman's weakness. A very different story here, I trow. This woman, being a woman, is therefore the easier to hustle, and bully, and insult—if a thing so degraded is conscious of insult. She takes precedence of no one, except the policeman when he desires her to move on; and stay—that is a very ugly bruise upon her cheek, the handiwork of some cowardly brute of a husband, I fancy. Evidently woman's weakness is at a discount in her class of life. Well, these are very fine sentiments, and I am conscious that they do me honour, but they are rather embarrassing all the same. After this I cannot very well threaten her with the police, which was my original intention; and neither can I stand her bellowing under my windows constantly, as she certainly will do if I give her alms—what is to be done? After some reflection I ring again.

"Jackson, there's . . . there's another street-singer!"

Jackson looks at me with a questioning glance, then out of the window at the woman, then at me again.

"I want to get rid of her," I resume faintly, "and I think the best way would be to give her half-a-crown on *condition* that she promises never to sing in this street again."

This is weakness engendered by my reflections of a little while ago.

Jackson retires slowly, creaking the door as he closes it in a most irritating fashion. Suddenly, just as I begin to breathe freely, he opens it again.

"Did I understand you to say 'arf-a-crown, sir?'"

"Yes," sharply, "half-a-crown, and be quick about it."

The door closes, this time more promptly, and I feel that I have fallen for ever in Jackson's estimation. He never had any opinion of my tailor, I know, nor of my wine-merchant, but for myself personally he had a certain regard; now I am convinced that he considers me a fool.

Well, so I am. Of course, the woman turns up in about a week, and the infliction is a terrible one. She lies in wait for me when I go out, and follows me half-way down the street, begging, besides making the air hideous with her voice at all times and seasons. I have threatened the police several times and shall be obliged to call them to my assistance, I see, before I can get rid of her; and yet I hardly like. Pooh, nonsense!

As to the bands and barrel-organs, and Italian girls with accordians and tambourines, this would appear to be a favourite resort of theirs. I daresay there were just as many in Pall Mall, but somehow the din and clatter there was so universal I did not notice them.

"Besides, this 'ere street is so quiet they likes it, sir," observes Jackson, to whom I make this remark. "They thinks they can be 'eard better and that it ain't so fatiguin' on the voice."

"The deuce they do!"

"Yes, sir, it's the quietness as does it," adds Jackson, with a grim pleasure in the knowledge that this statement—reflecting as it does on my perspicacity—is unpalatable to me.

However, notwithstanding all this, my life would be bearable if it were not for my neighbours. The gentleman on the left is, as I say, of an artistic turn, and *his* studio renders *my* library practically useless, but his tastes are innocuous, nay commendable, in comparison with those of the family on my right. They are musical (save the mark!), *all* of them, and being a large family, my evenings are in consequence, perfect burdens to me. I don't like going out much at night now, unless somebody or something makes it worth my while; I catch cold rather easily of late,

besides I generally set apart the time after dinner for rest and enjoyment. With a good fire, a cigar, and books and papers *ad infinitum*, I used to say that I would not change places with anybody. I *used* to say so, but I don't now. Hardly am I settled in my easy-chair before one of the daughters next door (the fat one with the flat, red face, I feel convinced) begins:—

“ In the gloaming, oh-h-h my darling, tum-ti tum-te tum-ti-ded.”

Now if there is any one song I abominate, it is “ In the Gloaming ;” but even that is less intolerable than the rendering of various well-known operatic airs, which the rest of the family affect. There is a son, a conscientious young man, with a very loud voice, who practises one particular shake, or trill, or whatever you call it, night after night, which drives me to the verge of distraction. Time after time he begins it, and breaks down, and begins again ; then one of the sisters tries it, by way of example, I suppose, and he takes it up again after her with renewed vigour. Fresh break-down ; sister tries again, another sister chimes in, they simulate the shake on the piano (very high up in the treble), then they *all* try it together. When it comes to this I generally knock at the wall, which at first had some effect, but now has none whatever except as a relief to my feelings. When I meet any of the family in the street, we scowl at each other mutually ; and I am forced to go out at night a great deal more than I like, which not only ruins my domesticity, but is productive of chronic influenza.

However, all these annoyances—and they are not trifling—are as nothing in comparison to that which I experience from my neighbours in the house immediately facing mine. Yet they are nice people, there is no denying it, quiet and unobtrusive in every way. Their house is very nice and clean, with spotless white curtains in the windows, and abundance of flowers ; and there is always a cheerful flicker of firelight in all the rooms, and when the servant brings in those coloured lamps in the afternoon I get a glimpse of *such* a pretty drawingroom before he has closed the shutters. There ! Do you not see why these people annoy me so ? It is because I take, I know not why, such a petty, vulgar, inexplicable interest in them, and in all that concerns them. I find myself watching their goings and comings, and speculating as to their doings, and picturing them to myself at different times, in a

way that is not only irritating, but positively lowering to one's self-respect. And yet I don't even know their name, and as for them, I don't suppose they are aware of my existence.

Returning home one afternoon at dusk, and walking on the side of the street opposite to my own house (as it is very muddy, and the crossing is a little way down), all of a sudden something catches hold of my leg with an ecstatic exclamation of delight. I say *something*, but I ought to say *somebody*, though the person is so extremely small that my mistake may be excused. I look down, startled and considerably put out if the truth be told, and see what appears to me to be a little bundle of white fur affectionately embracing my knee.

"What is all this?" I cry crossly.

Then the bundle, promptly detaching itself, reveals a little round chubby face with two large, startled eyes.

"Oh, please!" ejaculates the owner of the face, "*I fought* you was my papa. I was going to kiss you," she adds seriously.

At this juncture, a breathless nurse arrives with a similar bundle of white fur clinging on to her, and mingles profuse apologies to me with scoldings to her little charge.

"*I fought*," reiterates the child, "that *he* was my papa"—pointing a minute finger at me—"but," after a pause during which she scrutinises me narrowly, "I'm *very* glad he isn't."

"Oh, for shame, Missy! You see, sir, she do set such store by her papa, and he do make such a fuss with her."

Here, thinking the scene had lasted long enough, I mutter something indistinctly and pass on, but hear, as I withdraw, the nurse's indignant comment on my ungraciousness:—

"Of all the cross-grained, ill-tempered!—well, Missy how you could take such an ugly old gentleman for your papa beats *me*!"

Another man would have treated this little incident differently, and would very likely have put in for the kiss intended for the much-beloved papa, but not I. Faugh! Fancy, kissing a three-year-old baby!

Next morning, as I am at breakfast, I see the nursery detachment from over the way sallying forth; two nurses, two perambulators, and, gracious goodness! *three* children, all apparently the same age, or very near it. I feel a sort of contemptuous compassion for my double opposite. Poor wretch! I would not be in his shoes for something, and to think that I might have been,

if not in his shoes, at least in some of the same sort, had I been weak-minded and soft-hearted as many are !

As, cup in hand, I am still absently looking out of the window, somebody steps hastily out on the balcony of No. 13 and calls out an injunction to the nurses beneath—a very pretty somebody—though I am a woman-hater, I can see that. Big eyes, and pink-and-white face, and sunny-looking hair that falls into charming rings and little curling tendrils about a lovely brow. “Tongs of course,” I say to myself, but somehow I don’t feel quite so sorry for my double as I did just now.

My double indeed ! Why, there he is beside her, waving his hand and grinning at his progeny. Ugh ! Not a bad looking fellow, in your broad-shouldered style, but not a bit like *me* ; a good twenty years younger to begin with, I must confess.

Now he sallies forth, and my attention is again distracted from my bacon and eggs and my *Standard* ; the sunny head is in the drawing-room window now, and gives a little smiling nod as the husband looks up from the street. Sickening sentimentality I call it ; with all those children too, they ought to be ashamed of themselves ! I get used to this performance in time, however, as it is repeated every morning. In the afternoon about half-past four the head appears in the window again—I can just see it defined against the red blind through which the lamp shines so cheerily. The shutters of *that* window are never closed at this time of day. Presently the lord and master may be discerned coming down the street and the pantomime of the morning is repeated—upward glance, downward smile (most likely—it is too dark to see clearly) then a flash of lamp-light as the blind is pushed to one side, and the head vanishes.

It is irritating, the way in which I watch this performance day after day, almost lying in wait for my broad-shouldered neighbour as his spouse does, and feeling vexed and surprised if he is late. I sit in the dusk rather than allow my blinds to be drawn before the customary performance has taken place. I flatter myself, now that I am solving knotty questions within myself, now that I am resting my overwrought mind, and I am in reality doing neither the one nor the other, but idly speculating about my opposite neighbours.

In fact the confounded quiet of this street is the cause of the change in my character. Living, as I used to do, in a crowded

thoroughfare, I noticed nobody because I couldn't notice everybody. Here, on the contrary, everybody and everything force themselves upon my attention, and excite my interest because there is so little to distract me. As, for instance, that wretched singing-woman. I read with the greatest complacency that hundreds such are starving in London. I brush with absolute callousness past a score of them perhaps when I take a short-cut through a by-way; but because this miserable unit comes under my immediate notice in this empty street, because in the stillness her wretched quavering voice is distinctly heard, I become a very milk-sop.

To return to the people at No. 13. Coming home one night from the theatre, I observe that the husband—I have to call him so because I don't know his name—is walking down the street immediately in front of me. He has a latch-key, and I have not, consequently, while I am waiting for Jackson to let me in I watch his movements with my usual vulgar curiosity. He is a neat young man, I perceive, for after he has opened the door he remains a considerable time polishing his feet on the mat at the threshold. Here comes a little flying figure down the stairs, fluttering white draperies, hair very bright by gas-light, outstretched arms, face sparkling with smiles—hang it all! How glad she is to see him! And he, great overgrown creature, pushes the door to, or partly to, with one arm and receives her in the other. They don't notice me, but I see *them*. Humph! That sort of thing aggravates me; so, turning round, I treat Mr. Jackson to a rousing peal of the bell that brings him to the door with a speed very unlike his usual majestic tread.

Curious how a trivial incident like that takes hold of my mind. As I step into the hall, a vague feeling of loneliness comes over me. The primness, and tidiness, and silence of the house are more noticeable than usual. I pause for a moment and gaze at my neat, trim, newly-carpetted staircase with a certain disgust. No flying figure *here* to be gladdened by my approach. There is no one in this house to take notice of my goings and comings except Jackson, and *he* is not likely to fall upon my neck. Ha! ha! I laugh grimly at my own wit, and retire to my sanctum somewhat consoled.

About a month or so after this occurrence I notice that the daily programme of parting and greeting is not carried out as usual. It is true my broad-shouldered friend—or enemy, for

sometimes I am not sure if I like him or hate him—looks up at the middle window according to his wont, but I observe that he does so with a certain pained, anxious expression, and the pretty smiling face is no longer there. “Had a quarrel most likely!” I say to myself with a chuckle, and I feel inwardly rather glad. They were really tiresome with their everlasting spooniness; besides, it is a comfort to have my own theories with regard to the miseries of married life endorsed. One morning as I am waiting for breakfast, I saunter to the window according to my custom, and find that straw has been laid down in the street immediately opposite my house, and for several yards on either side. I question Jackson as to the reason thereof, and he informs me that he understands that the lady at No. 13 is ill.

“Pooh!—a confinement, I suppose. Really the way these people add to the population is disgraceful!”

Jackson draws himself up. He is a family man himself, and is surprised at my levity.

“I ’eard different, sir,” he remarks. “I ’eard it was something on the lungs.”

Where do servants get their information from? It is perfectly wonderful how they manage to get hold of things. I’ve no doubt Jackson knows all about these people.

“Indeed?” I say after a pause. “I am sorry to hear it. Has Mrs. —”

“Brabazon” suggests Jackson, seeing me in fault. (Of course he knows her name.)

“Has Mrs. Brabazon been long ill?”

“About ten days I understand, sir.”

Ah, that accounts for her non-appearance in the window. My penetration is at fault again.

Well, the straw *may* possibly be of use on these occasions, but I cannot see that it is, myself. The vehicles that find their way into this street are not overwhelmingly noisy, and it seems to me that by the absolute cessation of all sounds of traffic, minor ones are intensified a hundred-fold. Thus the jingling of all the hall-door bells in the neighbourhood is distinctly audible, also the footsteps of the passers-by, while the rattle of milk-cans, and the cry of the purveyors of that useful article, “Mi-i-ulk!” force themselves upon one’s attention as they never did before.

Towards the afternoon the straw appears to afford great attrac-

tions to the ragged youth of the neighbourhood, who roll thereon, and pelt each other therewith, emitting shrill expressions of enjoyment. Just as I am making for the bell with the intent of summoning Jackson to the rescue, the door of No. 13 is flung open, and Mr. Brabazon himself rushes, hatless, into the street. The mere sight of his haggard, angry face is enough for the urchins, who flee precipitately; it also engenders a certain wondering uneasiness in me. I should not have thought that handsome, careless, prosperous-looking fellow capable of such an expression: I hope there is nothing *very* wrong. Next morning alas! all the blinds are down at the house opposite, and on the following day I read among the deaths in the *Morning Post* that of Edith, wife of John Brabazon, aged twenty-three. Twenty-three! I suppose it is the thought of her age, or rather her youth, that strikes me with such a sudden pang. Twenty-three, on the very threshold of womanhood, at the time when most people talk of *beginning* life, behold! hers is ended.

I watch the central blind of her drawing-room idly; there is no flash of lamp-light behind it; never again will the little watchful figure station itself at its post, never again will the expectant face below be gladdened by its smiling greeting. At my lonely dinner I picture the solitary man opposite, more lonely than I—oh! a thousand times more lonely. I cannot miss that which I never had, and he—why every hour, every moment will bring his loss more plainly before him. Had they not everything in common, these two, and were his very thoughts complete until they had passed from his mind to hers?

It is late now. Someone is giving a ball in the large street that runs at right angles with this one; the distant rattle of carriages is over, and the dancing has begun. I know it has, because the windows are evidently open and the music sounds faintly on the night air; I can hear it—my house being near the corner of the street—I wonder if it is audible opposite?

Now they are playing a waltz, one of those slow, dreamy things that in youth set all one's pulses throbbing with a thousand possibilities of love, and happiness, and tender vague hopes, and that, in after life, strike upon one with an unspeakable sense of pain, of loss, of regret—bringing home to one in a word the consciousness of being young and blithe no longer.

I wonder if that poor fellow over the way can hear it? It is enough to madden him. It is but a few years, after all, since he

and she were first conscious of the tremors and wonder and delirium of their young love; the strains of that very waltz, or one like it, may have helped them to discover their tenderness one for the other. Well, well, he is alone to hear it now. Kneeling by the bed whereon she lies, he may hold her hand, but it will rest passively in his, and the tender clinging clasp of the little fingers is now only a memory. Not a quiver of the eyelids, not a motion of the lips in response to his passionate kisses, his ecstasy of grief; all still and silent as the grave which even now is waiting for her. Poor fellow, poor fellow, God help him!

What an old fool I am! What does it matter to me? Are there not scores of such deaths every day, and did I ever yet take one of them to heart? Here I am positively unhappy about people to whom I have never spoken one word in my life. All this is maudlin, simply maudlin—living in this abominable little street has done it. I shall be fit for nothing if I stay here much longer. Confound it! I'll give up the house and take rooms in Piccadilly!

M. E. FRANCIS.

MARCH.

HIE! with your blustering!
 Ho! with your flustering!
 Fie on you, thinking of frightening us, March!
 Scowl if you dare now,
 Little we care now,
 Whether you're loving or slighting us, March!
 Sure when your brow is all dark with the frown
 Sullen and black, and the tears dropping down—
 When you walk with a fling and a toss of the head,
 And through dint of hot temper your cheek flushes red—
 Knowing you well now,
 Faith we can tell now
 There's little cause to be grieving us, March.
 Under your whining
 Your blue eyes are shining—
 You thief of the world for deceiving us, March!

Bolder and bolder now,
 Turn the cold shoulder now,
 Snowing and blowing—O shame on you, March,
 But it's your nature,
 You obstinate crayture,
 I'll not be throwing the blame on you, March !
 Sometimes, in spite of the wrath in your eye,
 The smile on your lip gives bad temper the lie :
 And shaming the growl in your voice when you speak,
 The dimples of merriment dance in your cheek—
 O but you're cute now,
 Hiding the truth now,
 Cutting your capers and giving us, March,
 Scolding and pleasing,
 Warning and freezing,
 You thief of the world for deceiving us, March !

Up from their narrow beds,
 Raising their purty heads,
 Though your wet blankets you throw on them, March !
 See the small posies now,
 Lifting their noses now,
 Sniffing the sunbeams aglow on them, March.
 Mighty and proud as the king on his throne,
 There's a sweet coaxing way that you have of your own,
 Like a play-actor taking the winter's dark part,
 With the smile of the summer asleep in his heart :—
 So you may blow, now,
 Rain, hail, and snow now,
 Little your tricks will be grieving us, March ;
 We know your way now,
 Sure it's all play now,
 You thief of the world for deceiving us, March !

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

LINEN-WEAVING IN SKIBBEREEN.

FROM Drimoleague we took the train to Skibbereen, finding the latter a much more respectable town than we had expected. The name *Skibbereen* has a ragged, bare-footed sound, but the place has rather a decent aspect for a small Irish town. One thing that struck us deplorably was the great number of houses licensed to sell drinks. There are so many that along the principal street almost every shop window shows a row of black bottles. We did not see any sign of intemperance about, though so much facility is given. The prosperity of Skibbereen has not increased, we were told, since industry and thrift have found a centre at Baltimore. Visitors go straight through to the fisheries, and take little interest in Skibbereen, which does not even receive a supply of fish, as all the fish is carried off by the boats of English or Scotch buyers. This state of things may be changed when Father Davis's projected railway begins to work, and shortens and cheapens the carriage to home markets.

The most interesting feature in Skibbereen at present is the new enterprise of the Sisters of Mercy, whose pretty, cheerful convent stands close by the Cathedral, on a height overlooking the town. The Superioress, a bright, energetic, young woman full of enthusiasm for her brave undertaking, told us that for some time she had pondered the question of how best to introduce a remunerative industry into the cottages and cabins of the poor people surrounding her. She had thought of the manufacture of lace, but reflected that it was already overdone, and that there was little satisfaction in the production of any but a really artistic fabric, which was difficult to obtain, and harder to dispose of at a remunerative price. After long consideration, she had made up her mind that linen-weaving was the thing to be desired. There existed in the neighbourhood a tradition of weaving once attempted there before, and the people had a kindly recollection of their former effort, which had somehow failed, and were well disposed to make another trial under more hopeful circumstances. For a long time the dream seemed impossible to realise, till one day chance, or Providence, brought into the convent garden Sir Thomas Brady, that good friend of industry in general and the fisherman in particular. Sir Thomas entered into the spirit of the

dream, and promised to see whether it could not be turned into a reality. Some time passed, and the ardent nun was beginning to fear that the little seed thus sown would never re-appear above ground, when an immense mass of correspondence was placed in her hand, showing that her friend had been busy meanwhile in obtaining every scrap of information she required from every available quarter. Many difficulties appeared in the way, but finally all vanished under the helpful hand of the late Sir William Ewart, a great linen merchant, of Belfast, who, though a Protestant of the Black North, was yet thoroughly in sympathy with the project of the Southern Sisterhood. From him came the looms which we saw at work in a pleasant upper room of the convent, and he sent a skilful workman to set them up and to explain their mysteries to the Sisters. This first scene in the Skibbereen industrial drama was surely a curious and delightful meeting of orange and green, North and South, very curious to those who know what Protestant prejudice is in the North of Ireland. The looms were set up, and the question remained of a teacher to take a weaver's class in hand. The nuns wished to have a woman to teach their girls, and a woman was produced who understood the art of weaving, but she proved less capable than was needful, and in the end a man arrived from Belfast to take the matter in hand and steer the boat of the adventure, which seemed in danger of foundering. From the moment of his arrival the movement marched forward, the lassies and elderly women learned to throw the shuttle and make the proper rhythmic motion with their feet, and linen cloth grew on the looms to the intense delight of the Sisters, the pride of their pupils, and the edification of Sir William Ewart, who pronounced the specimens forwarded to him as excellent beyond all his expectations.

Only last May the looms began to work, and already a good bit of money has been earned, and hope has sprung up in many a poor home—the hope of escape from hungry poverty by means of the flying shuttle and the gold that it will win. The death of Sir William Ewart was a sad shock to the community he had befriended, but happily his son has adopted the course his father had so nobly taken to heart, and promises every assistance in his power to the weavers of Skibbereen. He will dispose of all the cloths they produce, but, at the same time, advises them to try to provide a market for themselves outside this country, as, in that case, they may, of course, hope for higher than trade prices.

The presence of this hopeful industrial work makes a little flutter of joy all through the pleasant convent. A reflection of it seemed to be in the very sunshine that lay yellow on the floors, and shone in the faces of all the smiling Sisters, who each had some fresh accident or incident to tell about the daily experiences developed in the course of "our weaving." One little detail of their large enterprise is the conversion of the teacher from Belfast, the masculine person who was admitted into the workroom of the convent with some awe, as being a man and a heretic, but who has succeeded in gaining the respect and confidence of the whole community. He, on his side, appears quite satisfied with his position, and is likely to settle down under the shadow of the convent walls, and end his days in the service of the Papist Sisterhood. His conversion may be regarded as doubtful, judging by the sly, compassionate smile with which, while we examined his cloth, he regarded the movements of one of the Sisters, who had brought a fresh flower from the garden, and was placing it in the arms of the tall statue of the Good Shepherd, which stood in a commanding position at the end of the pleasant, sunny little factory.

We must hope, however, that all the desires of these pure and holy hearts may be gratified, and that every cottage in the neighbourhood of Skibbereen may soon have its loom and its weekly wages for work produced. Irish sisterhoods are at present encouraged by the Commissioners of National Education to devote their energies to industrial objects. Some time ago they were obliged to give all their efforts to the task of conferring high-class education on their poor pupils, who, except in the case of a few destined to be teachers, were thus rendered unfit to earn their bread by the only means ever likely to come within their reach. The pupils left school, their heads a little turned, at the best, by a smattering of mental acquirement, and with hands deplorably useless, quite incapable of maintaining them in the position of life they coveted. Now, the evils of that state of things have been recognised, and are to be counteracted by the encouragement of industrial works in connection with the National Schools. In the Blue Book for 1888, issued by the Commissioners of National Education, Miss Prendergast's report on industrial work in the schools gives a great deal of interesting information as to the progress already made. The National Schools, to which a grant of salary in aid of special industrial instruction is available, are 43 in

number. About 1200 girls attend them. Departments of Industrial Schools in connection with the recognised National Schools number about 33, and are attended by nearly 3000 pupils, 230 of whom are boys. There are such departments in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, at Crumlin-road, Belfast; at St. Malachy's, Antrim; at Canal-street, Newry; and at Rostrevor. At Carrickmacross the conductors are lay teachers. In Munster there are industrial centres at Kiltrush, Kanturk, Kinsale, Skibbereen, and Passage West, all under Sisters of Mercy. In Limerick, at SS. Mary and Munchin's (St. John's-square), and at Adare, Mount St. Vincent, Bruff, St. Anne's (Rathkeale), and at St. Catherine's (Newcastle West). At Blackrock, Cork, the Ursuline Sisters conduct the industrial department, and at Bruff the Sisters of the Order of the Faithful Companions. There are centres at Fethard and Carrick-on-Suir. In Leinster the industrial centres are Carlow, Dublin, Warrenpoint, Blackrock, Booterstown, Roundtown, Athy, Kilkenny, Goresbridge, Clara, St. Joseph's (Longford), Coote-street, Mountrath, Maryborough, Mountmellick, Stradbally, and New Ross. The industrial centres of Connaught are at Newtown Smith, Oranmore, St. Vincent's (Galway), Gort, and Ballinasloe, all conducted by the Sisters of Mercy and the Presentation Sisters.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

OTHER WORLDS.

AND are those glorious stars unpeopled all?
 A Lives there no thought outside our human race?
 Men scan the heavens; does no celestial face
 Turn wondering to our planetary ball?
 Who knows if yet to science it may fall
 To find a bridge o'er interstellar space,
 That we those lords of other worlds may trace,
 And message send responsive to their call?—

O credulous, yet incredulous! Hear the word
 By God revealed—Beyond the farthest star,
 In highest heaven, most loving friends there are;
 By our repentant sighs their joy is stirr'd,
 We strike our breasts, the echo wakes their praise,
 And they have charge to hallow all our ways.

T. E. B.

AN ULSTER POET.

I HAVE been asked to write a short account of Patrick McManus, who a few years ago, by his contributions to some Irish magazines and newspapers under the name of "Slieve Donard," excited the hopes of many that at last a minstrel had arisen in Ulster who eventually would take his place beside Dr. Drennan, Francis Davis, William Allingham, and the best singers north of the Boyne.

McManus was born on St. Patrick's Day 1863, at a place called Kearney, in the Ards peninsula, County Down, about three miles from the pretty little town of Portaferry. His father, James McManus, was (and is) a unique type of a country carpenter. He will talk on any subject under the sun. Take him on music or painting; and, though he has never heard an opera or seen a great picture in the course of his life, he will theorise on these matters till the crack of doom, and will bear down your arguments derived from practical experience with an irresistible flood of rhetoric. He is especially strong on Robert Burns, who, he maintains, had he been a Catholic, would have been a saint. With thirty years' reading and a most retentive memory, he is never at a loss for something to say. In politics he has changed his mind as often as Cobbett; and, if you told him so, he would first argue that his doctrines were always the same, and then, when you had proved your charge up to the hilt, he would fall back on his second line of defence and inform you with Emerson (if he had come across the passage) that consistency is a weakness of little minds. Withal, Patrick McManus had for his father the staunchest of Catholics, and a typical Irish mother, devoted to her children, especially the one of whom we write.

It was from these fountains that "Slieve Donard" drank his first ideas. His father's talk cultivated in him the literary instinct, which was bent towards poetry probably by the old Irish songs he heard from his mother. His taste for verse-making showed itself early in his school days. At Ballyphilip National School he received a rather better education than most of the lads attending it; and he then began the stern business of life as his father's ap-

prentice at the carpenter's bench. He was twenty years of age when his first poem, "Good-bye," was published in the *Belfast Examiner*. He called this his "literary baptism," and years afterwards he wrote to me that the day on which the modest little lyric appeared was the happiest of his life.

Some young fellows, when they take to poetry, affect long hair and an abstracted look, and walk much by themselves. This was not McManus's way. Prosaic as it may appear, he was a very enthusiastic Land Leaguer, and a member of the National Band; and amongst all "the boys" there was none more willing than Paddy (as they called him) to join in any good hearty fun that was going on. I have seen him, in a battle of sods, lead his side with rare coolness and courage; and altogether he was known to be "all there" and a most determined character in engagements of this nature. His enjoyment of real, hearty, breezy, rough-and-tumble life amongst healthy, ready-handed boys was intense. I remember witnessing a scene one night which gave him great delight. The Band had split into two hostile camps, and on this particular evening both parties went out on the Lough, each in a boat of its own, to entertain themselves and the townsfolk with music on the water. The boats collided: a naval engagement ensued. Rudders and floor-boards, rowlocks, seats and oars—all the movable furniture of the boats was immediately called into requisition, and a desperate attempt was made by either side to swamp the enemy. It was nearly coming to hard blows, but the humour of such a sea-fight proved too much for some of the combatants, and it ended in nothing worse than a universal drenching, the temporary disappearance of two fiddles, and an adjournment to terra firma, where hostilities were not renewed. In the midst of all you might have seen our poet thirsting for fight as much as any of them, and deriving from the mimic warfare the keenest enjoyment imaginable. All the while, though he knew it not, M'Manus was laying in a store of material for future use, even as Banim and Carleton and Kickham in their day. He took instinctively to the study of human nature, as he saw it around him; and you might often have come upon him talking to one of the many "characters" of the town and district, drawing him out, and noting his humorous points.

This was not his only study by any means. He was a passionate lover of the beauties of earth and sky to be seen along

the shores of Strangford Lough. And they are no mean beauties these. The scenery of Strangford Lough, though the world does not seem to know it, is among the best in Ireland. Portaferry is quite a place for a poet to spend his youth in. There is hill and valley there, and woodland and swift running lough, twice as wide and twice as nice as the Rhine at many of its best places; and green little islands and old castles, dating away from De Courcy's time, dotted over the shores; and wild sea-birds, and three miles out there to the east the waves of the Channel rolling against the rocks of Ardullah. These things were not lost on young M'Manus. He drank them in with the wild thirst that the Muse gives to every young poet when she first wakes his perceptive faculties to all things beautiful and true. Some of his sweetest little bits were inspired by these scenes. For instance, he thus describes a lovely summer day when he paid a visit to Killyleagh, not unknown to the readers of the Life of Archibald Hamilton Rowan:—

“ Along Lough Cuan's castled shore,*
 Around the winding sapphire bay,
 The white-winged seagulls calmly soar,
 The summer breezes gently play;
 And blue smoke curls above the town,
 Floating in eddy wreaths afar
 Beyond the distant mountains brown,
 Across the wailing, wave-swept bar.
 Enchanting Nature dons to-day
 Her fairest robes in Killyleagh.

“ The soft clouds, tinged with amethyst,
 Across the bright blue heavens pass;
 The placid ocean, now sun-kissed,
 Appears a molten silver mass,
 And children on the golden sand
 Play joyously in wild delight,
 While up the sunny sea-swept strand
 The startled heron wends his flight;
 And meek-eyed cattle browse and stray
 Amongst the fields of Killyleagh.”

Is not this a pretty picture of a lazy summer evening in some

* From this old name of Strangford Lough the writer of this paper took his *nom de plume* which he had at first appended to the very touching elegy “In Memory of Annie,” at page 36 of our seventeenth volume (January, 1889).—Ed. I. M.

peaceful seaside Irish village? It is from a poem called "The Ruined Town":—

"Over the mountain's crimson crest
Quiver the shafts of the sinking sun;
Softly they reach to the billow's breast
A parting kiss ere the day is done.

* * *

"Pleasantly fall the slanting beams
Down on the streets of the seaside town;
Windows mirror the glowing gleams,
Chimneys change to a golden brown.

"Far in the gardens the sparrows bide,
Chirping, chirping among the leaves;
Prodigal swallows in raptures hide,
Twittering, twittering under the eaves."

There are some very felicitous scenic touches, too, in a '98 ballad, entitled "The Dawning of the Day":—

"It is evening in the summer, and the red departing rays
Of the sun's majestic glory quiver in the amber haze,
And the wild-fowl hasten homeward to the margin of the brook,
And the silent song-bird nestles in the leaf-embowered nook.
Not a speck of fleecy vapour shades the blue expanse above,
Not a softly-breathing zephyr stirs the tree-tops in the grove;
But the first faint dew from heaven moistens meadow, hill, and brake,
And all nature is betokening the waning of the day.

"Hark! what sound is this which wakens rolling echoes in the glen,
Breaking through the solemn silence? 'Tis the tread of marching men.
See the dusky forms descending, mirrored 'gainst the azure sky,
Where the chasm-channelled mountain lifts its haughty forehead high!
See the marshalled pikes and muskets, with the green flag over all,
In the brook-indented valley where the shifting shadows fall;
See, through hether, furze, and marshland, dark detachments wend their way,
Round the banner bright to gather at the waning of the day!

"But why group they by the mountain foot with weapons wild and rude?
What enchanting spell allures them to that stirless solitude?
'Tis the blissful hour for resting, and what pleasure seek they there,
When the maid awaits her lover, and the matron weeps a prayer?
Ah, the answer you may hear it in that father's stifled sighs—
You may read it in the blazing of that peerless peasant's eyes:
'Tis to listen to their leader, ere they pit their dark array
'Gainst the spoilers of their country at the dawning of the day."

The reference to the stars in the following verse of this poem

does not seem to me to be original,* but I am certain McManus would not have consciously plagiarised :—

“ It is midnight, sable midnight, trackless is the hidden sun,
And the stars are stealing softly to their stations one by one ;
And the mist is on the mountains, and the shadows dense have grown,
And the peasant host is sleeping, and their leader waits alone.

**“ And he keeps his silent vigil till the lines of livid grey
Arch the distant east horizon at the dawning of the day.”**

We have surely lost some fine Irish ballads by the early death of the young writer of these lines.

M'Manus's master passion was Ireland. It is probably not the slightest exaggeration to say that his highest ambition would have been to die for his country. In an elegy on Edward Kelly, one of the Killelooney Wood heroes, who died in January, 1884, he speaks of the dead patriot as

“Disdaining to cry for her,
Scorning to sigh for her,
Longing to die for her—
Ready his love and his homage to swear on
The hilt of his sword on the hills of green Erin.”

The last three lines are applicable to the poet himself ; but he did not "scorn to sigh" for Ireland. A note of sadness runs through nearly all his national pieces, as, for instance, in his address "to the Men of Down," from which we can only take one stanza :—

“ Pallid is the slanting sunshine, dreary are the nights and long ;
Surge the silver-crested billows, silent is the thrush's song ;
Fields once gladsome, gay, and golden, now are bleak and bare and brown,
For a sorrow-shaded mantle shrouds the pleasant plains of Down.”

The same sadness runs through "The Ruined Town," from which I have already quoted. But his doctrine is not a gospel of despair. It is a noble philosophy that he preaches to his exiled brother :—

* Alexander Smith says of the "pallid stars" in his "Life Drama":—

"Now watch with what a silent step of fear
They'll steal out one by one."

Probably some closer parallel passage lurks in our contributor's memory. But how is the hidden sun specially trackless at midnight?—Ed. *I. M.*

"Know you truly, know you truly, were she never to be freed,
She is worthy of your worship, worthy of your brightest deed."

But it is no ordinary deed nor any cold-blooded worship that will satisfy him :—

"Think upon her, think upon her, till the blood boils in each vein,
So that, were it spilled to save her, it would melt a circling chain—
Till the tears which fill your eyelids at the story of her wrongs
Fall as drops of molten iron on her lashes and her thongs."

I presume to hazard the remark that we have here a poet. No mere verse-writer could have conceived these daring figures.

It has struck me more than once that there was a resemblance between M'Manus and Dalton Williams, especially as the comic and the tragic muse were equally at the service of both. "Slieve Donard," however, had not the light nimble touch of "Shamrock." He was more successful in his satirical pieces; but these are chiefly aimed at persons on whom we are not disposed, even in such a context, to bestow the immortality of these pages.

Our young Ulster poet only wrote during the last two or three years of his brief life. A selection of the best of the work he has left behind him would make a dainty little volume; and the present writer has not given up the hope of such a memorial of "Slieve Donard." His verses may be sought in the files of *The Belfast Examiner*, *The Weekly News*, *Young Ireland*, and *The Nation*; but many of them never came under the eye of an editor. Amongst these last may be reckoned his contributions to a local publication known at different periods as *The Celt*, *The Portaferry National Banner*, and *The Lough Cuan Monthly*. McManus, the present writer, and a mutual friend, Mr. Hugh Doyle, now on the staff of a Belfast newspaper, were the joint editors of these several journals which, it is scarcely necessary to say, had a brief though brilliant existence. The poet-editor was by no means to be depended on for punctuality in furnishing his quota.

I think it was in the winter of 1884 that McManus went to Belfast to work at his trade. He had been very happy among those of whom he had sung in one of his lyrics as "the boys of the noisy town;" but some of his friends wondered how he would like the busy, bustling life of a city. He did not keep them long in suspense, for in a few weeks he sent a message home in one of his favourite journals :—

“ Oh, take me away to my own loved home
By the sounding sea.

* * *

“ Oh, take me away to my lonely cot,
From the crime-stained town,
For I would not dwell in this sinful spot
For a kingly crown,
And a monarch's wealth would allure me not
From the shaded shores and the hills of Down.”

He suited the action to the word and returned home. He would rather have ended his days in Portaferry than anywhere else in the world. But that would have been too great luck for a poet. Ah, poor McManus's last days did not belie the name we have ventured to give him. How is it that so many of these sons of song have gone down to their graves in sorrow much deeper than that which usually accompanies the death of the ordinary solid, sordid citizen? Think of Scott dying broken-hearted in harness, Skelly perishing in the waves of the Gulf of Spezzia, the suicides of Tannahill and Chatterton, the dark reasonless closing years of Cowper. Think too of the sad ending of Poe, and of “the pit abysmal, the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns.” But Ireland has had more “gulfs and graves” of this sort of sorrow over than that of Maginn. What of Mangan himself, and of Callanan before him—Davis resting too early in Mount Jerome, Williams in the far clay of Louisiana, and “the grave that rises o'er thy sward, Devizes?” Is there not something here to drop a tear over? It is with whispering breath that I name our humble northern carpenter in such goodly company; but if he has no claim to sit in Tara's hall with the minstrels, “him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,” among those true souls who poured out their very heart's blood in song for Ireland.

Here he had hoped and prayed to live and die:—

“ I would rather live in Ireland—and the thought comes from my heart—
would rather toil in Ireland, on the barest, bleakest part,
Spurned by every village magnate, smote by every minion's hand,
Than abide in pomp and panoply in any other land.

“ I would rather live in Ireland than where palms and olives grow,
Nodding gently to the music of the softest winds that blow—
Than where any silken lordling after fleeting pleasure roves,
Mid the citrons and bananas, through the shady orange groves.

- "I would rather live in Ireland—ay, a hundred thousand times—
Than in all the tropics' lustre or in beauty-haunted climes ;
Than in all the stately splendour of the cities in the West,
Or where temples cast their shadows on the Tiber's storied breast.
- "I would rather live in Ireland : for, although the spoiler's breath
Locust-like may sweep her valleys, spreading ruin, dearth, and death,
Still it cannot chill the sunshine, and it cannot yet—thank God !—
Hush the murmurs of the rivers, chase the shamrocks from the sod.
- "I would rather live in Ireland, though I live a life of care,
And my ears for ever hearken to a pity-pleading prayer—
Though my eyes are weary watching the departing cowards' flight,
And my brain is ever burning in the noon-day and the night.
- "I would rather live in Ireland, for my dearest dreams of fame,
All my fondest aspirations, were commingled with her name—
Pictured visions born with boyhood and in hopeful manhood prized,
Ye have kept your natal brightness though ye ne'er were realised !
- "I would rather live in Ireland ; for the friends you make are true
Ah ! 'tis sad to think I've bade to some a long and last adieu :
Though the spectral gaze of famine bids all earthly joys depart,
It can never chill the kindness in a tender Irish heart.
- "And I'll live in outraged Ireland—poor and hated, crushed and banished—
That's a right by Heaven granted to the lowliest in the land ;
But I'll wait with growing trustfulness for that approaching day
Which will wake dear Erin's smile, and wipe her tears away."

Not only to live in Ireland but to die and be buried there. So he had prayed in a poem which he called "My Grave," probably not forgetting that that was the name which Thomas Davis gave to his well known lines published at the very outset of his career, in the third number of *The Nation* (October 29, 1842). Forty years later McManus thus pictured the grave he would choose for himself :—

- "Away, away from the dusty town,
With its woeful want and its crime-caused care,
From the gables dark and chimneys brown,
From the shadowed street and the stony square,
Is a still, sweet spot which the rose perfumes,
Where the yew-trees watch and the mosses creep :
Oh ! there, 'neath the bright laburnum blooms
I hope to rest in my last, last sleep—
Away from the glare
Of the street and square,
In the depth of my calm, unbroken sleep.

“ Away, away from the busy town,
Where the circling trees to the wild wind bend,
Where the sun-touched cross of the church looks down,
And its shades with the shades of the tall trees blend,
Where the night-winged bird of the evening chants
Its mournful song when the soft dews steep
The guardian leaves of its lonely haunts—
I'd fain lie there in my dreamless sleep ;
Where the dark pine waves
O'er the low, green graves—
'Tis there I'd rest in a peaceful sleep.

“ If my direst foe whom I now offend
Would remember no more my foolish deeds,
If my dearest friend, with another friend,
Still thought on the one 'neath the churchyard weeds,
And would sometimes sigh for the days gone by
When we trod the valley and climbed the steep,
I could feel resigned if my death were nigh,
I would rest in peace through that long, long sleep—
If I only thought
He'd forget me not,
I would calmly rest through that silent sleep.

“ When one with a soft, sweet face would pass
That lowly mound in her beauty by,
As she came to kneel at the solemn Mass,
And would turn to the spot with a saddened eye ;
Or with lingering step would desert the crowd
To pray for my sinful soul and weep ;
Oh ! I think I'd stir in my mould'ring shroud—
I'd toss with joy in that sombre sleep—
If her tearful glance
Could but break the trance,
How I'd rise with joy from that silent sleep !

An old graveyard in Portaferry was before his mind ; but he was to be buried far away. In April, 1886, he went to join his brothers in Philadelphia, and he died there in the August of that same year, at the early age of twenty-three.

I know we should be careful to whom we give the noble name of poet ; but I hope no reader will raise the finger of protest if I venture to conclude this sketch of my dear friend by changing slightly the beautiful words of Oliver Wendell Holmes and saying that the immortal Maid, who, name her what you will—Goddess, Muse, Spirit of Beauty—sits by the pillow of every youthful minstrel, came to this poor young Irish carpenter and bent over his pale forehead until her tresses lay upon his cheek and rained their gold into his dreams.

JOHN McGRATH.

A STORY OF A SAINT.

A LONG the lovely Umbrian ways
St. Francis strayed at eventide,
While little birds sang roundelays.

Fra Paolo, walking by his side,
With eyes full of love's gentle beams,
Gazed on the valley stretching wide

Beyond Chiasi's limpid streams,
Winding from 'neath the mountain's feet,
Like brooklets in a child's fair dreams,

Where, shimmering in the Summer heat,
Above Subaso's olive wood,
Gleamed white Assisi's straggling street,

With quaint old roofs, as red as blood,
Shelving within its crumbling wall,
O'er which the lofty bell tower stood.

Saint Damian's soft and silvery call :
The Angelus in solemn chime,
Swept down the slope like dew's hushed fall

Within a bindweed's cups aclimb,
Around the maize's ripening blade,
And sighing through the scented thyme,

It floated o'er the myrtle glade,
Haunted by yellow-belted bees,
And died amid the pinewood shade.

The Saint sank low upon his knees,
Fra Paolo knelt with closed eyes :
A nightingale amid the trees

Broke into little mellow cries,
As if it knew the hour of prayer
And fain would add its liquid sighs.

A sudden glory filled the air,
Its radiance streaming clear and bright
Around the two men kneeling there,

When Francis, rising in the light,
Saw flocks of goats a herdsman led,
And in their midst a lamb, snow white.

"O vision of God's Lamb," he said,
"Who midst the cruel crowds for me
Was mocked, and spat upon, and bled!"

But Paolo spake: "Nay brother, see,
It is a little lamb outcast
Spending its days full drearily."

So quick across the bridge they passed,
And he who loved dumb things the best
Bartered his raiment till at last

He bought the lamb, and on his breast
Soft placed the tiny, trembling thing,
As in a warm and peaceful nest,

And making each dusk coppice ring—
"Love's Lamb, my loving thoughts inspire,"
His own sweet song, he 'gan to sing.

Ubaldo gleamed a golden pyre,
And then swift darkness hid each height
And quenched the sunset's ruby fire:

A lad who through the purple night
Thrumming upon his mandolin,
Sang joyously of love's delight,

Heard that rapt voice, the grove within,
And, hushed amid the acacia bloom,
Knelt 'neath the burden of his sin.

So this still eve, from out the gloom
That rests around those distant years,
Sweet Saint, thou passest through my room,

The lamb still nestling free from fears,
And, like that careless peasant lad,
Mine eyes filled with a mist of tears,
I hear thy carol clear and glad.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "Blunders and Forgeries: Historical Essays by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer" (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.), is an extremely valuable addition to the literature of history. Mr. Gladstone lately expressed his admiration for "Father Bridgett's extraordinary acumen and research," and he paid him the further compliment of being convinced by his arguments and withdrawing publicly a statement he had made about an incident in the life of Blessed John Fisher. But few have such candour and largeness of mind; and we fear that similar retractations have not been made by Canon Perry, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and other writers who are convicted of having blundered through their ignorance of Catholic matters and through rashness and self-sufficiency. The amount of painstaking research that has gone to the making of this book is incalculable; and fortunately these stores of minute and accurate learning are set forth in an admirable style that exactly suits the subject—a clear and pleasant style, equally removed from dullness and flippancy. The first part of this work consists of five essays on certain "blunders" committed by writers generally of high authority; and the second part is devoted to the exposure of certain "forgeries." The longest and in some respects most important discussion in the volume is that with which it concludes—"Robert Ware, or a Rogue and his Dupes." This is particularly interesting to Irish readers, for many of Robert Ware's forgeries regard Irish affairs, and the man himself was the unworthy son of the well known Irish antiquarian and annalist, Sir James Ware. Father Bridgett for his laborious investigations deserves the gratitude of all who wish that history should not be what a famous writer represented it as having been for three centuries—a conspiracy against the truth. This very learned and ingenious volume is in many respects the most useful and certainly the most generally interesting of the many works that Catholic literature owes to the indefatigable Redemptorist who seems to have taken the same vow as his illustrious Founder about the diligent employment of every moment of time.*

* As we wish this name to be familiar to any readers who have not already learned to associate it with solid learning and piety, we venture to allude to a mistaken notion that we have known to have been entertained that Father Bridgett was called so in the same way that the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer was known as Father Ignatius. But no, this unusual family name was borne by him as a Protestant student at the University of Cambridge, which he left to enter the Catholic Church, and soon after the Redemptorist Order, so dear to Limerick and all Ireland.

2. Mr. Gladstone's review of *Ellen Middleton*, disinterred after forty years, has probably relieved Burns and Oates's shelves of many copies of their reprint of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's earliest novel. We trust that the same effect may be produced with regard to a pretty book of stories published by Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Pater-noster Row, when the author is recognised as Miss Amy Fowler, the convert daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who is now making Molokai her home. As a Dominican nun, her name is Rose Gertrude, and as such she is thus addressed by another Anglican clergyman, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, in *The Pall Mall Gazette* :—

“ Sister Rose Gertrude ! when the angels came
And fired your soul and filled your girlish eyes
With that fierce splendour of self-sacrifice,
Whose passionate glory death can never tame,
Did tropic lands with flowers and fruit out-flame ?
Bright shores from hyacinthine seas arise ?
Or heard you Pain in some far Paradise,
Cry for a Saviour in the Saviour's name ?

Nay rather, then, the paradisaal flower
Of Love, heaven-planted in your heart of earth,
Turned to the light to find its being whole,
And o'er dark seas you went with pity's power
To share true Life's communicable birth,
And realise the God within your soul.”

It is pleasant to be able to add that Amy Fowler tells her pretty stories so prettily that they do not need the extraneous recommendation of having been written by Sister Rose Gertrude. “ Little Dick's Christmas Carol ” contains five tales, beside the one that gives its name to the book. The three first are in reality one story. Every one of the half dozen is interesting, edifying (and not *too* edifying), and very charmingly written, worthy of warm praise for its own sake, even if the writer had not given up home and friends to become a Catholic, and had not now gone across the world to nurse the poor lepers of Molokai.

3. Sir John Croker Barrow has published the third and concluding part of his legendary poem, “ Mary of Nazareth ” (London : Burns and Oates). Though he calls it legendary, hardly a line of it rests on mere legend ; the devout Muse has followed the letter of the inspired narrative with great fidelity. The same stately heroic metre is used as in the two previous parts, and the same device is resorted to for breaking the monotony of the heroic couplet : namely, the rhymes do not follow one another in couplets, but are arranged irregularly in

quatrains and other forms. Three or four branches of the subject are also treated in short lyrical pieces, as was done also in Parts I. and II. Indeed, we are not sure that the poet was well advised in separating, by long intervals, the publication of the three portions of his not very long poem. "Mary of Nazareth" cannot be said to thrill the heart; but it pleases both the spiritual and artistic taste.

4. Seven articles of Cardinal Manning on National Education are joined together in a small but valuable book—articles mainly, by which, during the last five years, His Eminence has described the unequal and inadequate state of the legal provisions for National Education in England. The volume is published by Burns and Oates.

5. Mr. R. Washbourne has brought out with his usual care and good taste a translation by M. C. J., of Father Jennesseaux's modern edition of an excellent treatise on "The Divine Favours granted to Saint Joseph," written with great unction and discretion by Father Stephen Binet, S.J., the schoolfellow and life-long friend of St. Francis of Sales. The devout clients of St. Joseph, and those who wish to become such, will find solid nourishment for their devotion in these 150 pages, divided into fifteen short and clear chapters. The translation is very good. Another March Saint is the Apostle of Ireland. It is enough to announce a new edition of the popular work on St. Patrick by the Very Rev. T. H. Kinane, Dean of Cashel (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). From the same Diocese and the same Publishers comes "St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland," by the Rev. Arthur Ryan, President of St. Patrick's College, Thurles. A brief, agreeable, and yet learned sketch of the Saint's life is followed by a novena of meditations, and common to all the nine days a very earnest and practical prayer and a very musical hymn, with plenty of rhyme and rhythm, and reason also. With St. Joseph and St. Patrick we may join St. Francis of Assisi. Though his feast is not in March, but as far away as October, several books about him have made their way to our library table this month. Newcastle-on-Tyne (Warburton and Co.) sends the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on St. Francis of Assisi and the Propagation of his Third Order, followed by the life of Blessed Lucius, its first member; and London sends five books relating to the Seraphic Saint. Mr. Washbourne has issued new editions, both of Miss Lockhart's excellent translation of St. Bonaventure's life of him, and of a translation of his "Works," namely, his letters, monastic conferences, canticles, prayers and familiar colloquies. This last is a particularly holy and beautiful book. Finally, the Catholic Truth Society, in penny pamphlets, furnishes us

with Legends of St. Francis (from the *Fioretti*), the Sayings of Brother Giles, one of his first followers, and Legends of Brother Juniper, another of them.

6. The Worlds Fair which is to be held in 1892 in Chicago, St. Louis or New York*, in honour of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World, will probably outstrip all similar celebrations that our half century has ever seen. The first book published in connection with it is "Isabella of Castile, 1492-1892," by Eliza Allen Starr, (Chicago: C. V. Waite and Co.) It is published under the auspices of the Queen Isabella Association, which has been founded to secure for Isabella of Spain her proper recognition as the patron of Columbus, one of its special objects being the erection of her statue, which has very appropriately been entrusted to a woman sculptor, Harriet Hosmer, who would be greatly surprised if she saw herself styled the Mary Redmond of the United States. This monograph on Queen Isabella has been written by the most competent of her sex, Miss Starr's artistic taste is seen in all the externals of her book. They certainly do these things well on the other side of the Atlantic.

7. Brother Azarias is the religious name of an Irishman, who, as a Brother of the Christian Schools, has done some noble work for Catholic education in the United States. In Catholic literature he has made himself felt chiefly through his contributions to *The Catholic World*, and *The American Catholic Quarterly*. To the recently deceased editor of the latter Review Brother Azarias dedicates his latest publication "Books and Reading," which is sold at twenty-five cents for the benefit of the Cathedral Library of New York, and is now in a second edition. It is a sort of hand-book for the Reading Circles which are being organised among American Catholics. This pamphlet of seventy pages is an excellent piece of literature, full of interesting facts and remarks, and marked by far more novelty and freshness than it might be supposed possible to lend to such a theme. Those at home here who have anything to say to the guidance of young people in their reading would do well to procure this lecture of Brother Azarias and a recent book of Maurice Francis Egan, on English Literature. Both of those Irish Americans praise earnestly a book by an Irishman, almost utterly unknown at home, both man and book—"Dion and the Sibyls," by Miles Gerald Keon. We are sorry to say that Brother Azarias is mistaken in naming Annie Keary among Catholic writers. The spirit of her *Castle Daly* and others of her stories is so good as to deceive one into thinking her one of ourselves. Her dearest friend became a Catholic and a nun, and remained her dearest friend; but

Miss Keary never found her way into visible union with the Catholic Church.

8. "Saint Cecilia's Gates," by Esmeralda Boyle (Dublin: James Duffy & Son), is another link between the Old and the New World. Miss Boyle is a native of the United States, with Irish blood and an Irish name and heart. Her dainty little quarto is full of poetic feeling, and recalls vividly many holy scenes and many holy moods. A great many of the pieces are very short and need a good deal of sympathy to enable the reader to interpret the writer's full meaning.

9. These notes on new books are confined to those books which are sent expressly for this purpose by those who are concerned in their success. This month the majority of these new Publications come to us from America. Benziger sends the fifteenth volume of the great Centenary Edition of the Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, which comprises the treatises that may be grouped under the title "The Preaching of God's Word." The same energetic firm, as if to show us that their enterprise is not confined to ascetic works, has submitted to our inspection specimens of their school books, a "New Primer," and a "New First Reader," both compiled by a Catholic Bishop, Dr. Gilmour of Cleveland. The pictures and the artful grouping of small words seem admirably adapted to coax the young student forward. Another firm that has one foot in Germany and another in the United States—a wider stretch than the Rhodian colossus was able to compass—is Herder, of Freiburg, in Baden, and of St. Louis, in Missouri, who sends us a rather large "Illustrated Bible History of the Old and New Testaments," translated from the German of Dr. Schuster, and revised by several clergymen.

10. Another set of American publications, which, as they have travelled so far, must at least be mentioned, for this is enough to recommend them. The seventh thousand of the Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins' "Christian Schools" (Murphy: Baltimore); "The Spanish Inquisition," by Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne (Benziger Brothers); and an extremely eloquent and interesting lecture on Culture and Practical Power by an Irish-Canadian M.P., Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, published at Regina, in the North West Territory. To our friend, Mr. W. J. Onahan, City Comptroller of Chicago, we owe very many favours, the latest being copies of the official record of "The Dedication and Opening of the Catholic University of America, Nov. 13, 1889," and of the magnificent "Souvenir Volume Illustrated" (Detroit: William H. Hughes), which is a worthy memorial of three great events in the history of the Catholic Church in the United

States—the celebration of the Centenary of the establishment of the American hierarchy, 1779-1889, the first American Catholic Congress, and the Dedication of the Catholic University. The addresses, essays, and sermons, and the record of the other proceedings, are very interesting and contain much valuable matter. The volume, which is a splendid specimen of the best American typography, is profusely illustrated with pictures of buildings of Catholic interest in the States, of the chief laymen who organised this celebration, and especially of the American hierarchy, so numerous that very few, if any, of the thirteen archbishops and seventy-five bishops are omitted. These portraits are engraved in that excellent artistic manner to which *The Century Magazine* has accustomed even European eyes. In addition, therefore, to its religious and historical interest, this Souvenir Volume is elegant enough to adorn the drawingroom table of a refined Catholic home.

11. It is only as literature, and an interesting and valuable piece of literature, that we can notice Dr. George Sigerson's "Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad" (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) Dr. Sigerson was a member of the Royal Commission on Prisons in 1884, and has made the subject a special study. Quite a literary flavour is given to the earlier chapters, especially by extracts from William Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, and others, describing the treatment they received in prison. The present work must be consulted by all who have any concern with the subject. It is introduced by a short commendatory letter from Mr. James Bryce, the learned author of "The Holy Roman Empire," and more recently "The American Commonwealth," whom we were glad to see referred to lately as "that erudite Belfastman."

12. The Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., has issued a shilling volume, neatly bound, with the title of "Science and Scientists: some Papers on Natural History," by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. It is quite remarkable for the fulness and minuteness of its knowledge, manifestly not second-hand, and for the freshness and quiet brilliancy of the style, which makes solid instruction delightful.

13. "On Rescue Bent!" by Austin Oates (London: Burns and Oates), describes in a very taking way the work of the Catholic Rescue and Protection Society of Manchester, and the sad need there is for such a work. We are allowed to understand something of "A Night in a Common Lodging House," "Saturday Night in the Free and Easies," "On Tramp, or Thirty-eight Hours in a Casual Ward,"

"Monday Morning in the Police Courts," and "A Day in the Office of the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society," which through the zeal and energy of Dr. Vaughan and the earnest men who carry on the work, is doing much to save the poor Catholics of that great English City, most of them of course from our own dear land. And we at home—are all of us according to our ability "on rescue bent?" Do we do enough to support the various institutions established for rescuing the fallen and saving the young from the sad need of rescue?

14. "The Secular office, being Notes compiled as a general guide to the Divine office extra Chorum," by the Rev. E. J. Ryan (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), will hardly be intelligible to any but those who are accustomed to the recitation of the Divine office, and to them it will not be of much interest or utility.

15. "The Bugle Call, and Other Poems," by Augusta Clinton Winthrop (Boston: W. H. Clarke and Co.) is one of the most daintily produced volumes that even Boston has ever sent forth. One is further prejudiced in its favour from seeing it "lovingly dedicated" to a man whom we all revere, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and to Louise Chandler Moulton, whom many of us admire for her rare charm of style in verse and prose. In Miss Winthrop's poems there is great variety of theme and treatment. We prefer those which take their inspiration from piety. In many of them the author, though an American, shows a warm Irish heart, God bless her! If we could indulge in the luxury of quotations, we suspect that our first choice would fall either on "Sweet Friend" or on "Three Souls."

16. Another American book must be our last this month. It is, we think, the first that has come to us from Milwaukee—"Rational Religion," by the Rev. John Conway, Editor of "The North Western Chronicle." With a style as clear and bold as the type in which Hoffmann and Company have set up the book, Father Conway discusses all the questions that interest a religious enquirer in a community such as he lives among—God, the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, Miracles, Faith and Reason, Faith and Physics, Faith and Evolution, the Church and the Bible, the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin, and many other points of doctrine and practice. Please God, the book will be a help to many an honest searcher after truth, and will enable its Catholic readers to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

17. It is but right that we should occasionally give a kindly

greeting to the magazines and other periodical publications that take the trouble of visiting our editorial sanctum month after month, or at other stated periods. The most dignified of these is *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Philadelphia: Hardy and Mahony). In the latest number the paper of most general interest is one in which Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly describes the diplomatic efforts of the British Government in its relations with the Holy See some sixty years ago. Many interesting and important letters of the then Rector of the Irish College at Rome, who was afterwards to be Cardinal Cullen, and several other original documents, are given in this article, which is only the first of a series. Two other American magazines are most punctual in their visits, *The Catholic World* and *The Ave Maria*. The former will allow us to say that it has had a great loss in Father Hecker, and the latter will allow us to say that it has had a great gain in Mr. Maurice Egan. From a greater distance than any of these and at rarer intervals comes to us *Our Alma Mater*, which is not a monthly nor even a quarterly, but "a school annual edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, S.J., Riverview." This is the Jesuit College of Sydney, New South Wales, which, if we may judge by the pictures given here of the college buildings, chapel, cottage hospital, swimming baths, and especially the beautiful view of all together as seen from the river, must be worthy of that vast Australian continent. Even to benighted European outsiders this volume is of great interest; but what must it be to the Riverviewers themselves, past, present, and future? "The Geelong Grumble" adds considerable piquancy to the present issue, which, we trust, will be absent from the ten remaining years of this century: for we need not yet send our wishes so far forward as the Twentieth Century. It strikes us that Riverview has hit on the proper maximum (and minimum) of academic journalism. Even *The Fordham Monthly* and other American visitors, with all their merits, do not convince us that such frequent appearances are useful. They must interfere with better things. But indeed we know very little about the matter. At any rate it would seem that every large school, like Clongowes here at home, should at least once each year issue some such record of its proceedings. These records may acquire very great value in after times. "Our Alma Mater" seems to us an excellent model for such a college annual. But, with all due respect for Fordham and Riverview and the rest, *The Stonyhurst Magazine* bears away the palm for the interest it contrives to throw round its local surroundings. However, some Geelong grumbler would object that this merit is not due to "a *bona fide* schoolboy." Most decidedly not, and so much the better. The editorial chair is too sacred an institution for schoolboys to meddle with except under prudent re-

strictions. As those who are intested in *Lippincott's Magazine* have taken the trouble to forward the January and February parts, we may second their wish to extend their European circulation, as *Harper's Monthly* and *The Centnry Magazine* have done, by expressing our wonder at the vast quality of excellent matter that this American periodical furnishes for a shilling. The most noticeable contributions are from Julian Hawthorne, who inherits a great deal of his father's genius. Indeed Nathaniel Hawthorne is himself a contributor, his sketch of one of his stories being annotated and filled up by his son. Our last word will be given to *Commercial Ireland*, an extremely well printed and well edited journal, which is true to its name and sticks to its proper purpose. Business and advertisements very properly occupy nearly all the space; but the occasional scraps of literature are good in their way, like the grass which grows in the crevices of the rocks that cover a field in some parts of Connaught, where sheep fatten well, we are told, on what seems to be nothing but stones.

DAMIANUS APOSTOLUS LEPROSORUM.

MORTE jaces victus, Damiane, invicte laborum !
 Fato functus abes quo nunquam dignior alter
 Vita perpetua, nec te revocare preemptum
 Vota valentve preces, nec luctum tempus abegit,
 Nec desiderium mollit miserabile nostrum.
 Tu patriam linquis, tu moestos linquis amicos ;
 Tu fers auxilium quærens confinia mundi
 Quâ miseri morbo confecti speque carentes
 Marcebant homines passim, medicina neque ulla
 Nec requies erat usque mali. Reperire nequibant
 Corpora qui curet morbo jam dedita morti.
 Huc solator ades fessis succurrere doctus
 Et mulcere malum, tamen omne recidere nescis
 — Nec datur— et lenis vim lentæ mortis amaram,
 Templâ Dei monstrans securaque tecta piorum,
 Et Crux, una Salus, cæcis spem reddit ocellis.
 Sancte, vale, pater, has nunquam rediturus ad oras ;
 Lux cecidit vitæ, famæ tibi gloria vivet
 Æternumque tuum recolent pia secula nomen.

H. A. HINKSON.

APRIL, 1890.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

THE long voyage was almost at a end. Nothing had occurred to disturb its peace and harmony. The weather had been splendid; the passengers agreeable and entertaining. And as the *Cimbria* bowled merrily through the Mediterranean, Madge was enchanted with all she saw. The glorious blue sea, the clear cloudless sky, filled her with delight; and when they ran along the lovely shore and cast anchor in the Bay of Naples, words failed her, and she gazed across the unrivalled harbour with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"To-morrow we shall be in England," thought Madge one night as she lay awake in her berth, "we have passed the Bay of Biscay, our journey is almost at an end, and sometime to-morrow we shall reach our destination—England. A new country—I wonder what it is like. Shall I feel amongst strangers there? No. Why should I? I have father and mother and Dora. Sweet little Dora. I shall never be lonely whilst I have all these dear ones to love. God keep them safe for me."

Then the girl raised herself on her elbow and looked down upon her sleeping mother and sister. Mrs. Neil looked white and wan in the dim light; but Dora was the picture of health and loveliness, as she lay in profound slumber on her pillow. Madge smiled happily and sank back upon the berth. But she could not sleep. She felt restless and unsettled. Thoughts of the new country, the strange home, her father's prospects, filled her mind and kept her uneasy.

It was a clear starry night. There was not a breath of wind. not

a ripple on the water. One beautiful star twinkled brightly at Madge through the port-hole, and myriads of little ones covered the blue firmament.

But suddenly a haziness came over the atmosphere, a heavy curtain of mist fell about the ship, and the shining planets were hidden from view. "How strange," thought Madge. "Is it a fog? Or am I getting sleepy? Perhaps a little of both. Now, I must really try to forget everything and go to sleep."

She closed her eyes, and prepared to rest. But at this moment a crash was heard—a horrible grinding sound, and then the immense steamer stood still, shuddering through all its parts. Then the place echoed with cries of horror, and shriek after shriek resounded on all sides.

White with terror Madge sprang from her berth—

"Mother," she cried, "something dreadful is going on. Get up, get up."

Mrs. Neil stared at the child. But before she could answer a word the cabin door was flung open, and a wild terrified voice announced the awful tidings—

"Quick—to the boats—there has been a collision—we are sinking fast."

Madge threw her ulster on over her night-dress, wrapped the now weeping Dora in a cloak, and clasped her in her arms.

"Mother," she cried in a voice of anguish, "rouse yourself, for pity's sake rouse yourself."

But Mrs. Neil made no reply. Her white face was set; her eyes fixed and staring.

"Madge! Madge!" screamed Anne rushing in with Sylvia. "There is not an instant to spare. See, your father will help your mother. Save yourself—come, come."

Mr. Neil bent over his wife and kissed her lovingly, then started aside with a groan of horror.

"My darling," he murmured in a choking voice, "we can do nothing for your poor mother now. God has taken her to Himself—this shock has killed her."

"Oh! that cannot be, that cannot be. Mother, speak to me—speak!" And, sobbing bitterly, Madge flung herself upon the dead woman's breast.

"To the boats—children and women first," cried the Captain. "For God's sake, be quick. Bring nothing—think only of your lives. Quick, we are sinking fast."

Mr. Neil caught Dora in his arms, and, raising the almost unconscious Madge, bore her out of the cabin up to the deck.

There all was in wild confusion. The fog enveloped everything like a pall, and nothing could be seen at two yards' distance. The lower decks were covered with water. People were running about distracted with terror. Men and women grew delirious as they clung to the rigging, imploring the sailors to help them.

The captain alone remained calm. He never for an instant forgot his duty. The boats had all been lowered; and by the gleam of the Bengal lights, burned by the chief engineer, he saw that they were filled as fast as possible with the unfortunate women and children.

As Madge appeared on the scene clinging to her father's arm, she was quickly seized and flung, more dead than alive, into the nearest boat.

"Help, help," shrieked Anne. And, relieved of his daughter's weight, Neil turned, and taking Sylvia from her, dragged her up the stairs.

In an instant she was hurried away. There was just room for one more in a heavily laden boat, and into it she was thrown.

"The child—my master's child," she screamed. "I cannot go without her."

Mr. Neil made a step forward, tripped on a rope, was jostled ruthlessly by the crowd, and fell on the slippery deck.

"The children—they must go in these boats," cried a sailor; and, catching them roughly, he flung one to Anne and the other to Madge.

"Father, father, come with us," cried Madge, as by the flare of a torch she saw poor Neil struggling to his feet. "Of what use is life to us without father or mother? Oh! come. Let him come, I pray, I implore. My father, my"——

But the sailors heeded her not, and pushed quickly off to sea. The thick fog hid the sinking ship from view; and with a shriek of anguish Madge fell fainting to the bottom of the boat.

"Thank God we are safe," murmured Anne, wrapping her cloak closely round the child who clung to her in speechless terror in the other boat. "Thank God we are saved."

"So you may say," answered one of the men. "We were the last to leave the ship. She is gone—all on board have perished."

"Row for your lives," cried another; "dimly through the fog I see a light. It is a steamer. Row, boys, if we reach her we are safe; if not, we must perish of cold and hunger."

The men fell to work, rowing with all the strength of their brawny arms. Fortunately the sea was comparatively smooth, or the boat would have been swamped. The men pulled for their lives, and not a word was spoken. Anne, with the baby clasped to her breast, two other women, and a boy of ten, crouched in the stern, peering anxiously for some signs of the saving ship.

For some time nothing could be seen; and, imagining they had been deceived, the men hurled curse after curse at their comrades.

Then all at once a cry of joy went forth. Close beside them, rising like a ghost out of the fog, was a large steamer almost motionless upon the calm waters.

The shipwrecked party signalled wildly. Their signals were seen. Ropes and ladders were lowered, and men, women and children were soon in safety on board a homeward bound vessel.

They were all kindly treated, provided with food and clothing, and sent to bed.

Much exhausted, weak and numb with cold and terror, Anne gave the baby to the stewardess; and, begging her to attend to its wants, staggered to a berth, where she soon fell into a deep sleep.

Early next morning she awoke, and sitting up, called loudly for the child.

"Pray do not be uneasy," said the stewardess, "she is fast asleep just beside you. See."

She raised the counterpane of the next berth, and showed a lovely infant fast asleep, with one little rounded arm thrown above her head. But the hair was a rich auburn; the long eyelashes that swept the rosy cheeks were dark; the nose was short and daintily formed; the pouting mouth was like a cupid's bow. In one word, it was not Sylvia Atherstone that lay before the distracted nurse, but little Dorothy Neil.

"There was another," gasped Anne, clutching the woman's hands. "Another—fair—delicate. Oh, say, there was another."

"Alas! no, my poor soul, there was only one. The other must have been drowned. This is the only baby brought on board last night. There were children of six, eight, and ten. But only one baby, and here she is."

"Drowned—my pet—my Sylvia. Oh, master—master! What shall I do?"

And, wild with grief, Anne flung herself back, weeping on her pillow. Hour after hour she tossed from side to side in passionate despair. What was to be done? Where could she go to with this motherless, fatherless, penniless babe? She had no money, no clothes, no home. If she were to go with this little stranger to her master's father, and tell him that his grandchild was dead, what would he say? What would he do? Cast them both from his door—and then? Well, they might seek a refuge where they could—starve by the road-side, or go to the workhouse.

Then a terrible temptation took possession of the unfortunate nurse; and in her hour of extreme need, she yielded to it.

Suddenly, in the midst of her anguish, she remembered that Sir Eustace Atherstone had never seen his granddaughter. How, then, could he know that this little girl was a stranger? How guess that she was not his son's child? How, indeed, unless he were told. And there and then Anne resolved that for the present, at least, he should not be told.

"We touch at Plymouth directly," said the stewardess; "would you like to land?"

"Land?" cried Anne, aghast at such an idea, "without money—without friends. Oh, no, I must stay till someone comes for me."

"Then send a telegram. The news of the loss of the *Cimbria* will be, or perhaps is, known everywhere. No one will know how or where to find you, unless you telegraph that you are coming home in the *Sultana*. We shall reach Gravesend to-morrow."

Anne trembled, and became white as death.

"I feel—I—am—weak—I cannot—write."

"Poor thing, you have suffered much. But never mind. I will write it for you."

She took a pen and sat down beside Anne.

"Now, what is the address?"

"Sir Eustace Atherstone, 18 Cromwell Houses, London."

"Yes."

"Will reach Gravesend with Miss Sylvia Atherstone to-morrow. Saved from wreck of *Cimbria*. Have no money. Anne Dane."

"And will you not mention the other child?" asked the woman gently.

"The—other child?"

"Yes. Just a word to break the news of its drowning."

Anne started to her feet, and gazed wildly round the cabin.

"Hush! There—was no other child. I—was—dreaming."

Then, with a sob and a cry, she fell fainting to the floor.

"Poor creature, the terror of this wreck has turned her brain," said the stewardess; "and, indeed, it is not astonishing that it should."

She raised the unhappy Anne, bathed her face and hands, and laid her in her berth. Then, when she opened her eyes, and seemed returning to consciousness, she covered her carefully, and hurried away with the telegram.

Next day the *Sultana* steamed into Gravesend. A tall, broad-shouldered man of about fifty, with a kindly anxious face, stood upon the wharf, and immediately the gangway was lowered, he sprang on to it, and made his way on board the steamer.

"Where is Anne Dane?" he asked at the door of the saloon.

"Here, sir, here."

And a woman, as white as death and trembling in every limb, staggered forward and placed a lovely little girl in his arms.

"My Sylvia, my sweet little pet," he cried with emotion, and pressing the child to his heart he covered her with kisses. "Welcome, my darling—a hundred times welcome."

Then turning to Anne, he shook her warmly by the hand.

"Thank you, thank you for your love and care. In the midst of dangers and shipwreck you have not forgotten my little one. I shall never forget your goodness, never. Come, your troubles are at an end. You shall live with and nurse my pretty Sylvia as long as she requires you; and then—well then you may do what you please—live as you like; I will always look after you and give you all you may require. God bless you, and thank you."

Anne could not speak for emotion. She was touched by Sir Eustace's kindness, and longed to tell him the trouble. But she dared not do so. It would be risking too much. So she said nothing, and followed him quietly on shore; and thus she and the orphaned Dora found a comfortable home.

CHAPTER V.

CAST UP BY THE SEA.

Meanwhile, Madge and Sylvia were suffering sadly. They clung together sobbing and shivering. The fog was damp and cold, and they were thinly clad. Madge, always unselfish, pressed the little one to her breast, and covered her with her ulster. In the dreadful darkness that surrounded them, she knew not which of the children she held in her arms. But it mattered little which—she loved them both, and felt certain that the other was somewhere near with Anne Dane. The idea of the boats being separated and their inmates losing each other, never entered her head. She was stunned, dazed with misery, and thought not of the future.

For many long hours they pitched about upon the sea. It was cold and dark. No friendly sail came near them through the night. A barrel of biscuits and a keg of water was all they had to keep them alive; and they were probably miles and miles from land. The sailors cursed and swore and quarrelled amongst themselves, and poor Madge's heart was sick within her as she listened. Then by degrees she began to realize the sad fate that was hers—the utter desolation that had fallen upon her, her mother dead, her father swept away to a watery grave, and she left alone to face the cruel world or perish of cold and

hunger, with a baby in her arms—a fair, delicate baby. For as the morning dawned she saw it was not her sister she held to her heart, but Sylvia Atherstone. With the morning light their misery became more intense. A gale sprang up, the fog cleared away, and the sea, that had been so calm, grew suddenly wild and tempestuous. The frail bark was tossed unmercifully from side to side. Waves broke over her and filled her with water. Then it seemed as though all was over—as though all must perish. Someone flung a life-belt over Madge's head, and in a moment she was struggling for life in the midst of the angry billows.

That day, at noon, two ladies sat on the beach at a little sea-side place some miles from Plymouth. They were old and thin, with care-worn faces that spoke of much suffering and great anxiety.

"Well, sister," said she who from a certain air of command seemed to be the elder of the two, "there is only one way out of our difficulty. We can no longer do the work ourselves and attend to our shop. Since that sad hour when we heard that we had lost our fortunes through the dishonesty of our guardians, and came to eke out an existence in this lonely village, I have not felt so weak and incapable; you too are failing in health; and so the one thing certain is, we must take a servant."

"I suppose so, Matilda," replied her sister sighing. "But where shall we get one for the money we can offer? The maids about here ask such exorbitant wages."

"So they do, dear. But we must wait and watch. Who knows—something may turn up."

This was always Miss Matilda's cry no matter what happened, no matter what went wrong—something would surely turn up. And so these two kind-hearted maidens had gone through life, living on little, pinching and screwing, always hoping that something would turn up: that their squandered fortune—squandered by wicked and dishonest guardians—might one day be restored to them, or that they by their own efforts should become rich and prosperous. But in spite of their industry and attention to their shop things did not mend, nothing of any consequence ever turned up; and now as they grew too old and feeble for their work, they were as poor and unsuccessful as on the first day when they had taken up their abode in the little village by the sea.

"Let us go home, Barbara," said Matilda after a time. "It is dinner-hour, and some of the villagers may come round to the shop."

Barbara sighed, but rose immediately. "It is so refreshing here, Matty. The sea looks grand to-day."

"Grand. Yes; but dangerous. Think of the ships and—"

But what is that?" she cried in sudden excitement. "What are those men carrying? Bab, Bab! It is someone who has been drowned. Who can it be?"

The fishermen laid down their burden as Miss Matilda pressed forward to question them.

"'Tis a little lass, Ma'am," said one, drawing down the cloth that covered the girl. "A little lass, with a baby in her arms."

"Poor child! Is she dead?"

"No, no. The life's in her yet."

"Then, why do you waste time in restoring her? Bring her into our house. Carry her in at once. Come, you can lay her on my bed."

"You are a good woman, Miss Matilda. God will reward you."

"Come; waste no time."

The men raised the stretcher and followed the old lady into the cottage. The bed was warmed, restoratives applied, and in a short time Madge and Sylvia were sleeping peacefully, whilst Miss Matilda watched beside them with loving anxiety.

"Matilda," whispered Barbara, stealing up to the bed-side and gazing at the children in alarm, "it was foolish to take them in. We are poor. How can we feed and clothe these unfortunate waifs?"

Miss Matilda raised her eyes towards heaven. A beautiful smile played round the corners of her mouth, and illumined her withered countenance.

"God sent them to us," she said simply. "I am glad; happy to shelter them and save them from starvation—or the workhouse. We are poor, as you say; but believe me, sister, God is good—something will surely turn up."

CHAPTER VI.

A CRUEL SEPARATION.

In a few days Madge was herself again. The damp night air, the terrors of shipwreck, and the cruel struggle with the angry waves, had done her but small injury. The old ladies who had so kindly taken her in, treated her with such tender care and consideration, that in a short time she was once more restored to her usual health and strength. But poor little Sylvia drooped and pined. The cold and fatigue, the long exposure she had endured, had shaken her delicate frame and left her very fragile. The child grew pale and

thin; all her energy seemed gone; and she would lie for hours together on her bed without word or movement.

Madge was distracted with grief. Sylvia was all she had in the world to love, and the thought that she too might die, and leave her, was anguish. She watched her night and day. All her time was spent by her bedside; all her prayers were for her recovery.

Then, by degrees, Sylvia grew brighter, and when the sun shone and the air felt warm and balmy, Madge would wrap her up carefully, and carry her down to the beach. Here they would sit the best part of the day—Sylvia sleeping or playing with shells, Madge reading, or thinking sadly over their unhappy fate.

One day, about six months after their rescue from the waves, Madge sat as usual amongst the rocks with Sylvia on her knee. The child had improved of late. She had still a white, pinched look about her little face. Her form was slight, her back weak, her shoulders round. But her eyes were bright, and her lips wreathed with smiles, as she looked up at Madge, and listened to her sweet low song.

Miss Barbara suddenly appeared at the cottage door, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed down towards the beach.

"Here they are," she said. "I must speak to Madge at once. It will be a blow to the child. But what can we do?"

She picked her way across the stones, and coming behind Madge, touched her on the shoulder.

She first started and looked round. Then, seeing who was there, moved a little, and made room for the old lady beside her on the rock.

"Sylvia is better to-day," she said brightly. "See, Miss Barbara, she looks quite gay."

"So she does. And I am delighted to see the change. It will make it more easy for you to part with her."

"Part with her? Oh, Miss Barbara—I—why?"——

"My dear child," answered the lady kindly, "something must be done. We cannot go on as we have been doing any longer. We cannot, indeed."

"But—but parting with baby. What difference can that make?"

"This. And you must not be vexed, child. It is necessity that forces me to speak. There will be one less to feed, and you will have time to work."

Madge flushed hotly, and turned away her head. But presently she looked round again. Her eyes were full of tears. "I have been very thoughtless—very selfish," she cried. "But, indeed, from this hour I will work hard. Only—please—please don't send Sylvia away."

"My dear, we must, and believe me it will be for your good and hers."

"Oh, how—how?" sobbed Madge.

"In this way. You will be able to work and earn your bread, and at the same time educate yourself, whilst she will be happy and well taken care of."

"But where is she to go?"

"To the Orphanage at Plymouth."

Madge gasped.

"To the Orphanage. Oh, Miss Barbara."

"Well, dear, it is all we can do for her. And it is only through the kind influence of the Squire's wife that we can manage even that. You tell us the child belongs to rich people—that her grandfather is wealthy, but your information is vague; beyond that, and that his name is Atherstone, you know nothing. So how are we ever to get at him?"

"We must find her grandfather in time."

"In time, perhaps. But that may mean years, or never. Advertisements have been put in the papers. But no notice has been taken. And surely if any man were in doubt as to the fate of his grandchild, he would have made a fuss, advertised, put detectives on the track, and"—

"He thinks she is dead, I suppose. But one day we shall find him out. How I wish I knew his name and address! But papa and Anne always spoke of him as Mr. Atherstone's father, and I never thought of asking where he lived. He was in England, that was enough for me. But now, Miss Barbara, I'd give the world to know more."

"Yes, it would be a blessing, dear. But now, as you don't, and as we cannot find him, the child must be provided for. So Matilda and I have arranged to take her to the Orphanage at once, to-morrow or next day."

"Poor little Sylvia, poor little pet."

And Madge bent her head and wept bitterly.

"My dear, she is not going to prison. She will be kindly treated, and carefully trained. You will be allowed to visit her at certain times, and you will be able to take her little things bought out of your wages."

"My wages?"

"Yes. Sister and I have been thinking that, when the child is gone, you would be anxious to earn some money, and so we thought you might be our servant. At least, you might help us in our work."

"Dear Miss Barbara, I'll do anything you want," cried Madge, with streaming eyes. "You and Miss Matilda have been so good to

me. I'll work all day—and—and—now—I see my darling must go. But, oh, it is hard—so hard, for she is all I have."

"It is hard, I know, dearest. She has taken the place of father, mother, sister," replied Miss Barbara, gently. "But listen, child; if you work well in the mornings at our house work, you shall go to school in the afternoons. The organist will teach you music, if he finds you have talent, and the Squire's daughter, Miss Tranmore, has offered to teach you French. You are a lady born, we see; and we are resolved to do all we can to give you a lady's education. Our friends are most generous, and anxious to help us."

"You are good, you are good," murmured Madge. "Miss Barbara, how can I ever thank you?"

"By working well, and giving up your little sister as cheerfully as you can. And that reminds me, dear, of something I must tell you. We all think that baby's story need not be told at the Orphanage, or in the village. It is useless, and may cause her annoyance as she grows older. It is enough to say she is an orphan, without mentioning her rich grandfather. For who knows if the authorities heard of him, they might refuse to admit her, and then what should we do?"

"Just as you please. I don't suppose it matters."

"And then this miniature and gold chain. You had better keep them for her till she grows up, and you tell her her story."

"Till she grows up? Is my darling to be poor all her life then?"

"Probably. I see no chance of anything else."

"Poor little Sylvia!"

"And, Madge, the Squire's wife thinks Sylvia too grand a name—she says we should call the child something more simple."

Madge drew the baby to her breast, and kissed her passionately.

"Very well," she said. "We are two lonely, desolate waifs. She has taken my sister's place—she shall take my sister's name. That is simple enough, even for a penniless orphan."

"Dora Neil. Yes, that will do admirably."

Then Miss Barbara bowed her head, and left the children alone.

The next day Sylvia was carried to Plymouth, and admitted to the Orphanage as Madge's sister, little Dorothy Neil.

CHAPTER VII.

A REVELATION.

After this Madge became invaluable to the two old ladies. At noon, every day, she went to the village school; on certain evenings

she received music lessons from the organist, and for three hours each week she studied French with Miss Tranmore, the Squire's accomplished daughter. But the rest of her time was devoted to the service of her kind benefactors. She made the beds, and swept the floors; she cooked the dinner, and washed the plates and dishes—did everything, in fact, that a maid-of-all-work might do. But Miss Barbara helped as much as possible. And so, though often tired and weary, the girl was never taxed beyond her strength.

Madge was clever, and made rapid progress with her studies. She was bright, intelligent, and orderly; and as she grew older and stronger, she took upon her the entire management of the cottage and its feeble inmates. Her employers began gradually to look to her for direction. Whatever she wished was right. Whatever she wanted done was done.

Under her careful arrangement the little shop near the beach became more attractive; the stock-in-trade more useful and likely to sell. The old ladies themselves seemed to grow younger, instead of older, and quite enjoyed papering up the many parcels they were called upon to make. For they were doing a good business, and took more money in a week now than they had done in a month before Madge came to live with them.

And the girl herself was very happy. She led a busy, active life, and knew that she was loved by her dear old friends.

And so the time passed quickly by. And when Madge was twenty, tall, strong, and straight, she had but one trouble in the world, and that was that she was still forced to leave her sister—her darling Dora—in the orphanage.

True, she saw her often, and Dora seemed well cared for and content. But she longed to have the child with her, to surround her with the many comforts that love alone can suggest.

This, however, was impossible; and she tried not to repine. Till Dora was old enough to earn her bread some way, it was better she should remain where she was; and this fact Madge made the little girl understand as soon as she was capable of doing so.

The events of that awful night, when the children had lost everyone and everything belonging to them, rose frequently in poor Madge's mind and filled her with sorrow.

"If we could only have found my darling's grandfather, how different would have been her lot," she would think each time she left the orphanage. "'Tis cruel to see her being brought up in such a severe school, when she should have every luxury that money could buy. However the child, if not actually happy, is content. She knows nothing of what might have been—I have spared her that pain;

such knowledge would only unsettle her mind and make her long for what she can never have. I have now come to the conclusion that we shall never find either Mr. Atherstone or his father. So, when Dora is old enough, she must work for herself."

So thought Madge—and so certainly thought the two old ladies, till an incident occurred that changed all their ideas, and encouraged the young girl to undertake the arduous task of finding Sir Eustace Atherstone and placing his granddaughter in his arms.

One afternoon Madge walked along the dusty road leading from Plymouth to the little village where she lived. She had been up to Tranmore Court to see the Squire's daughter, with whom she still read French two or three times a week. Miss Tranmore was extremely fond of the girl, and very proud of her as a pupil.

"I declare, Madge," she had said that day, "you are wasting your time here. You are too good for your present position. I really think you ought to go out as a governess; your music alone would insure you getting an excellent place."

"You are very kind to say so," replied Madge blushing, "and I often wished I could do something of that kind. But I would not like to leave my dear old friends. They are very dependent on me now."

"I suppose they are. And I daresay you are right not to desert them. But if you ever think of becoming a governess, remember I will help you all I can."

Madge thanked Miss Tranmore, and took her leave. And as she walked home she pondered deeply over her present position and future prospects.

"If by going out as a governess," she thought, "I could earn more money and save for Dora, I might—perhaps I ought to go. There is little to be done here; and I sometimes weary of this dreary, monotonous existence. But yet, I could not be ungrateful. I owe my life, my health, and strength to those dear old ladies; and as long as they live my time and energies shall be devoted to them. Poor Dora! if only I could help her to a better—a more agreeable way of living."

Feeling hot and tired after her walk in the sun, Madge wandered down on the beach just below the cottage, and, seating herself on a rock, gazed out sadly over the calm blue sea.

"How peaceful and still it looks; and yet how cruel—how cruel it can be," she said shuddering. "Shall I ever—ever forget that terrible night? My mother's sudden death; my poor father's sinking down—almost before my eyes. Oh, God! My God, how dreadful it was! And then to think of that child—the injustice she has suffered. She who should have wealth and luxury, she who should have every care and comfort, brought up as a pauper—thrown with common com-

panions; subjected to a treatment which, though not actually cruel or severe, is trying to one of her frail constitution."

"Please," said a sweet voice, "could you tell me the name of this stone?"

Madge looked up, her eyes filled with tears, but could not speak for a moment. She was struck dumb with astonishment.

Before her stood a dainty little lady of about ten years old. She had a beautiful face, large luminous dark eyes, thick chestnut hair, that grew in clustering curls round her forehead; a clear, fresh complexion, and a merry laughing mouth. She was dressed in pure white. A broad Leghorn hat and drooping feathers shaded her from the sun. Her pretty feet were covered with the neatest of boots; her tiny hands in the softest of Swedish gloves.

Madge was filled with wonder. Such a fairy as this was an unusual sight in Oldport, and she could not imagine where she had come from. Something in the little girl's expression seemed familiar; yet never in her life had she ever seen her before. She was about Dora's height and age, but much more healthy. And, alas! how differently attired. And as a vision of that beloved child, clad in her coarse orphan's uniform, rose before Madge, she sighed heavily.

"You seem sad," said the little stranger gently. "I am sorry I disturbed you."

"No, no," cried Madge, "you only startled and surprised me. I did not know you were near me till you spoke. What did you ask me?"

"I wanted to know what this stone was called."

Madge smiled.

"I don't think that is a stone. It is only a piece of glass, or of a soda water bottle, probably, that has been knocked about in the sea and washed over the stones and rocks till it has got worn into that shape."

"Really. That's very curious. Thank you very much. I will put this amongst my treasures. Good-bye. I see nurse beckoning to me. I must go. May I kiss you?"

And before Madge had time to reply the child stooped and kissed her on the lips; then, with a smile and a bow, flitted off over the shingle.

Madge turned to look after her; and just above the beach, on the road, she saw a carriage and pair. Close beside it stood an elderly woman, waving her hand and calling to the little girl.

"Miss Sylvia, we are late. Come quickly, please."

Madge grew pale as death, and started to her feet.

"Sylvia? What did the woman mean? Why did she call the child by that name?"

"Miss Sylvia, dear me, do hurry. There is going to be a thunder-storm. Quick, quick."

"Yes, Anne. I'm coming. But Anne, Anne, the stones hurt my feet."

The woman stepped down upon the beach, and gave the child her hand.

Madge hurried forward, and gazing at the nurse, said faintly—

"Are you—can you be Anne Dane?"

The stranger looked at her in amazement.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because"—Madge trembled, and her tongue seemed tied to the roof of her mouth; her voice was low and hoarse, her words indistinct—"Because, if you are Anne Dane who was wrecked in the Cimbria, who, or what is that child?"

Anne became livid, and gazed wildly round. The rain came down suddenly in great thick drops.

"Miss Sylvia," she cried, "jump into the carriage—quick."

The little girl did as she was told. Anne followed her at once, and as she closed the door, she said to Madge—

"I *am* Anne Dane. I cannot think why you ask; but I *was* wrecked in the Cimbria. And this child is Miss Sylvia Atherstone."

"No, no," shrieked Madge, running towards her with outstretched arms, "she is not—she cannot be—Sylvia is"—

But she talked to the wind. The carriage had whirled off down the road, and she was alone. The rain now fell in torrents, the thunder crashed loudly over her head; and, feeling dazed and bewildered, she ran on to the cottage.

That evening Madge could think of nothing but this strange meeting. She related all that had happened to the two old ladies, and together they talked it over, and wondered what it all meant.

"Miss Matilda," said Madge, thoughtfully, "I have had a revelation to-day. I now know what I never before suspected. Anne Dane was saved from the wreck, and is doing well. That is evident, and is not, after all, so very wonderful. But the child—Sylvia—that is what I cannot, cannot understand."

"Well, dear," answered Miss Matilda, "it is possible that there may be another Sylvia Atherstone, daughter of another son. She, of course, would be the old gentleman's grandchild as well as our poor darling, and"—

"That is not probable, for she is, I should say, just the same age—and—but, oh, Miss Matilda, a wild, a strange idea has taken possession of me. Anne has deceived Mr. Atherstone, defrauded the real Sylvia of her rights, and put another—a strange child in her place."

"My dear Madge. But what child? Who?"—

"You know I told you that my little sister Dora was the same age as Sylvia?"

"Yes. But she was drowned, remember."

"How do we know? We thought Anne Dane was drowned, but she's not."

"Then you think"—

"I think, I believe," cried Madge in great excitement, "that Dora was not drowned, but that Anne and she were saved together; and that this child, this pretty little girl I saw with her to-day, is no other than my sister, Dora Neil."

"Dear, dear," cried Miss Barbara, "what a strange idea! But how can we prove such a thing, even if we knew where to find these people?"

Madge paced restlessly up and down the little parlour.

"How, indeed? How, indeed?" she murmured. "But it shall be done. From this hour I shall devote my life, my time, my energies, to finding Mr. Atherstone, and proving that he has been deceived. My darling Sylvia shall be restored to her rights. Justice shall be done, and"—

"That will be a difficult task, dear," said Miss Matilda. "And how, living in this small, quiet place, are you to accomplish it?"

"I shall leave this quiet place. Go"—

Miss Matilda lay back in her chair, and burst into tears.

"Will you leave us, Madge? Leave us, who love you, to run over the world after such a shadow?"

Madge knelt beside the old lady, and putting her arms round her, kissed her tenderly.

"No, dear. I'll never leave you. Do not fret. So long as you require me, I'll stay with you here. But I know—I feel certain that some day or other I must, I will restore my poor darling to her proper position in life. The thought that my sister, my pretty innocent Dora, is usurping her place and defrauding her of her rights is bitter—very bitter to me."

"But you are not quite certain that it is so, dear. Do not worry about it, and something will surely turn up."

The young girl smiled, and pressed Miss Matilda's hand.

"That is not the plan I go on, generally. I am not fond of waiting for something to turn up. But I must be content to do so now. My first duty is to you and Miss Barbara. Therefore we must forget this strange episode, and go on as if it had never happened."

Miss Matilda dried her eyes, and looked lovingly at Madge.

"God bless you, darling. Your words relieve me greatly. I thought you were going to leave us, and I felt sad and sick at heart. You are the one bright spot in our lives, Madge. Without you we should die."

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

Madge was true to her word. She talked no more of leaving Oldport, and life in the cottage went on as before.

So the long years passed. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter came and went in quick succession, without making any difference to Madge. But she never forgot that strange meeting on the beach, and fondly imagined that some day or other she would see Anne Dane on that very spot once more. Two or three times a week she would go and sit upon the self-same rock, hoping to see the child Sylvia coming towards her over the stones.

"Perhaps I may meet her to-day," she would say. "Then I shall question her closely and find out the true state of the case."

But every visit was a fresh disappointment. Neither nurse nor child ever appeared upon the beach again, and Madge was as far as ever from discovering the truth.

At last, despairing of ever meeting them, Madge made one more effort. She wrote out a long advertisement, calling upon Anne Dane to do justice to her master's child, and imploring her to communicate with M. N., Oldport, near Plymouth. This she sent to the *Times*, paying for it out of her savings. For days, weeks, months, she watched eagerly for an answer. But, alas, none came. Stealing away from her work to the news-vendor's, where she was allowed a peep at the supplement by the good-natured woman who kept the shop, Madge would search anxiously for some sign that her advertisement had been seen. This went on for two years, and then the girl lost heart and resigned herself to the inevitable.

"If only I were rich," she would say, "I might discover this woman, and punish her for her treachery. As it is, I am utterly powerless."

One evening Madge stood at the cottage door, silently weeping. Kind-hearted Miss Matilda was ill, and as the girl came out from the sick-room, and gazed across the sea, her heart was heavy, her thoughts full of sadness. The old lady was dying. So the doctors said. And after fourteen years spent in her service—fourteen years during which she had been treated with much tenderness, Madge was overwhelmed with grief as she saw the gentle friend fade slowly, but surely, to the grave.

"Dear Miss Matilda," she murmured, whilst tears filled her eyes, and ran unheeded down her cheeks, "but for you where should I be

to-day—I and—my poor Dora?—and now you are going to leave us.” And bowing her head the girl sobbed aloud.

“Madge.” A pair of arms stole about her neck, and a little face, surrounded with a halo of short golden curls, was laid fondly against her breast. “You must not weep, dearest. Miss Matilda is happier than we are.”

“Why, darling?” And Madge clasped the speaker tightly in her arms.

“Because she is leaving this weary world, and going home to God. She looks so happy, so peaceful, since she received the last sacraments, I am sure she is going straight to heaven. Oh, Madge, Madge, what a happiness it would be to go in her place—or with her.”

“But, Dora, you are not unhappy, love?”

“Not now, Madge. Not when I am with you.”

Madge sighed, and kissed the girl passionately.

“Would that I could keep you always, pet. And, perhaps, soon I may be able to do so.”

“I could work, dear. I am small and thin. But I can sew beautifully.” And, with a shudder, “I do so hate the orphanage.”

“But they are not unkind to you there?”

“No, not exactly; but they are rough and rude. And you see I am not like the others, Madge.”

“No, dearest, not at all like.”

“They are, for the most part, big, healthy girls, strong and tall, and well made, whilst I,”—and the poor child hid her blushing face. “I—oh, Madge, I am deformed.”

“My darling, who told you so?”

“The girls. They laugh at me and call me humpy.”

“What a shame!” cried Madge, with flaming cheeks. “But do not mind them, darling; it is not true. You are small and fragile. Your shoulders are a little round because you are weak. That cruel shipwreck injured your poor spine; but the doctor says if you could lie you would outgrow it and become as straight as anyone. That night upon the sea was—nearly killed you, my delicate child; and so”——

But Madge could say no more. The sight of those appealing eyes, the sad spectacle of Dora’s thin, bent little frame, was more than she could bear, and she sobbed bitterly.

“Even you, with all your love, cannot deceive me,” said Dora sadly. “I know I am not like other girls. I used not to mind it so much. But now, since you told me who I am—since I have heard what I ought to be, everything seems harder. I know it is God’s will, and I try to bear it; but still”——

"Oh, Dora, Dora, I would die to make you happy. But what can I do?" And Madge pressed the girl to her heart.

"Let me stay with you," pleaded Dora. "Do not send me back to the orphanage."

"My darling, if it lay with me, I would never part with you again. But you see our poor old friends."

"Are we quite dependent on them?"

"Quite. We have not a penny in the world except what they give us."

"But you work well for them, Madge—sweeping and dusting and cooking, when you are fit for much better things. The matron says you are very well educated, and that you are wasting your time here. She says you ought to go out as a governess."

"Dora," said Madge gravely, "I am not wasting my time. I do work for my dear friends; but that is because I think it right. They were good to me in my childhood—they took me in when I was rescued an unhappy waif from the sea, and loved and cared for me all these years. Therefore, I cannot—I must not desert them in their old age. Were it not so—had I not this sacred duty to perform, I should certainly be out in the world seeking for some trace of that cruel, deceitful woman who has robbed you, my pet, of your birth-right."

"But she does not know I am alive, perhaps. Do not be too hard on her, Madge."

"She must know. I feel she knows. There was guilt in her face that day on the beach. If she had nothing to fear, Dora, why did she not speak to me? Why did she hurry the child away? She knows, or for some reason dreads to know, that you are alive. But some day—some happy day, she shall be unmasked, and you, my pet, shall be rich and"—

"I don't want to be rich, Madge. I only want to be with you. And—and—this fine rich gentleman, my grandfather, would not care to acknowledge a poor little creature brought up in an orphanage as his granddaughter. I am sure he would not."

"But he must. He shall," cried Madge fiercely. "If only I could find him—if only I could find him. But I am tied here, Dora, and know not what to do."

"Do nothing, dearest. Forget the whole affair. Forget that such persons as Anne Dane and these Atherstones exist; and let us consider what we can do to earn money and be independent. I am nearly sixteen, Madge; and I long—I cannot tell you how much—to leave the orphanage."

"I will speak to Miss Barbara in a day or two. For the present,

whilst Miss Matilda is ill, you are useful, and she likes to have you. She sent for you, Dora—I would not have dared to do so, my darling.”

“I shall go up to the Court to-morrow morning, and ask Miss Tranmore for some work. I can sew beautifully, Madge; and I intend to be a dressmaker.”

“Poor little Dora—poor little Dora,” murmured Madge, “how different—how different should have been your fate.”

“You must not complain, Madge; God has, after all, been very good to us. He gave us kind friends; for although poor, our dear old ladies have loved and watched over us well.

“You have a sweet loving nature, my darling,” cried Madge, drawing the girl towards her and kissing her tenderly. “You are always good and patient. But I fear your life at the orphanage has not been a happy one.”

“Yet not unhappy. Had I been—well, stronger”—Dora blushed deeply—“and a little rougher, I would surely have got on better. Still, dear, I was never unkindly treated.”

“Yet you long to leave the place, even at the risk of wanting much and working hard. Oh, Dora, Dora, you have suffered much. But believe me, dearest, I was powerless to prevent it.”

“Of course. I know that well, my darling sister,” said Dora caressingly. “And now that I am almost a woman, I feel I must work and do what I can for myself. So if you will allow me, I’ll stay with you here, and seek work in the village.”

“You shall do so if I can manage it, dearest; and I know our friends will keep you if they can. Miss Tranmore would help you too. However, we shall see. I must go in now, Dora; Miss Matilda may be awake, perhaps.”

“Yes, she has slept long this afternoon. But stay for a moment, Madge. There comes the postman—he may have something for you.”

“I think not, dear,” said Madge smiling. “A letter for me is an unheard of event. We are utterly friendless, you and I, Dora; outside this small village there is not a creature knows of our very existence.”

“Then Anne Dane is not the cruel hard-hearted woman you sometimes make her out,” said Dora roguishly. “If she doesn’t know”——

“Anne Dane. I forgot her for the moment. But she does not care to remember. In fact”——

“A letter for Miss Madge Neil,” said the postman, “a registered letter. So, please to sign this paper.”

Then, as the girl complied with his request, he touched his hat, smiled at the look of surprise on her face, and bidding her “good evening,” passed on.

Madge stared at the address, and turned the letter round.

"Who can it be from?" whispered Dora.

"I don't know, dear. I cannot think."

"Perhaps it is a mistake?"

"No, dear," replied Madge, slowly, "it must be for me. See, it has my name in full. It cannot be a mistake."

"Then look at it, Madge. Quick. I am longing to know what it is about."

Madge tore open the envelope, and a cry escaped her lips.

Within the packet were Bank of England notes—five crisp ten-pound notes, and round them was a sheet of paper, on which was written :

"To Madge Neil, from one who wishes her well in life."

The young girl flushed hotly; then grew suddenly white as marble.

"It is from Anne Dane," she cried, with trembling lips. "She has seen my advertisement. She knows now—has known for years, that you live."

"But, Madge, perhaps it is not from her. How"—

"My dear, it must be from her. She is the only creature in the world, outside this village, who ever heard of Madge Neil. She must have seen my last advertisement in the *Times*. She is stricken with remorse; but alas! alas! it only makes her after all these years send a little money. If she had but given her address! Would that she had—would that she had."

"This comes from London, Madge," said Dora, examining the post mark. "She lives in London, perhaps."

"A voice from the wilderness," said Madge dreamingly, as she took the envelope; "from the wilderness, but still distinctly a voice—for this small indication will be a help, a small ray of light, dear, that may aid us to discover her. Some day, as soon as I am free, we shall go to London, and with God's assistance we shall find this woman and restore you to your home and friends."

"If you are determined to do so, it shall be done," cried Dora, clinging to Madge and laying her head upon her breast. "But, indeed, darling, I want no other friends than you. They would all be strangers to me, and I hate strangers."

"Poor little girl," said Madge gently, smoothing the golden hair, "poor little tender-hearted darling. But one thing is certain now, pet. You need not return to the orphanage. This money makes that quite unnecessary."

"Oh, Madge, what joy," cried Dora rapturously. "I positively love Anne Dane. Her money has made me happier than I have ever

been before. To live with you has been the dream of my life. This cottage always seemed a small paradise to me. So, Madge, Madge, Anne Dane is my benefactor after all." And Dora's sweet silvery laughter rang out on the evening air.

"I am thankful to her for having made you happy, darling," answered Madge gravely. "But, oh, the years of happiness she has robbed you of."

"Do not be unjust, dearest. It has not been altogether her fault, remember."

"Of course not. She did not cause the shipwreck, or our separation in the boats. However, some day we shall know all. Come now, dear, and see if Miss Matilda still sleeps."

And Madge kissed little Dora's earnest, pleading lips, and drew her into the cottage.

(To be continued.)

LINES BY ST. PRUDENTIUS.

St. Prudentius, who has been called by Bentley "the Christian Horace," was born in Spain in 348, but he did not exercise or, perhaps, discover his poetical gifts until he was over fifty. He had been a great barrister, and held high military command. He dedicated his latter years to the defence of Christianity and the glory of the martyrs. The following stanzas are the last of a long hymn to the martyr, St. Eulalia:—

*Carpite purpureas violas,
Sanguineosque crocos metite;
Non caret his genialis hyems,
Laxat et arva tepens glacies
Floribus ut cumulet calathos.*

*Ista comantibus e foliis
Munera virgo puerque date;
Ast ego sarta, choro in medio,
Texta feram pede dactylo,
Vilia, marcida, festa tamen.*

*Sic venerarier ossa libet,
Ossibus altare et impositum;
Illa, Dei sita sub pedibus,
Prospicit hæc, populosque suos
Carminis propitiata fovet.*

*In your teeming baskets bring
Flow'rets of the early spring,
While the thaw unbinds the fields,
And the genial winter yields
Blood-red crocuses to view,
Mingled with the violets blue.*

*But, while youths and maidens vie
Wreaths of blooming flowers to tie,
I, amid the joyous throng,
Will present my wreath of song;
Poor and withered it may be,
Yet a festive gift for me.*

*While we thus with nature's bloom
Deck her bones and altar-tomb,
She, beneath the feet of God,
Guards the land that once she trod,
Pleased our simple faith to see,
Gladdened by our melody.*

T. E. B.

"RUSSIAN" FIELD.

WHEN Browning, in more than one memorable passage, described music, he did it as much with the exactness and knowledge of a musician as the inspiration of a poet. And, on the other hand, in many of Schumann's critiques we have as fine an enthusiasm of the poet as an estimate and precision of a composer. But in his well known description of a Chopin Nocturne Arthur O'Shaughnessy conveyed rather the effect produced than the essence of the thing. His attempt to embody emotions awakened by a fascinating musical form, in which, to use Shelley's line, "music and moonlight and feeling are one," was clever. By a reverie full of poetic vistas, he produced something of the fantastic imagery of a Nocturne, at once wistful and wayward; seizing its evanescent ideas of beauty and evolving from its cadences a thought or an emblem. In a dream, picturesque in suggestion, he wove an arabesque of fancy, delicate as frost-work carved in ivory; fixing in words an illusion of delight, or subtly transfiguring emotion into metaphor. A refined poem was the result, a poem of colour, perfume, some witchery, and even ecstasy.*

But as reflex of a Nocturne the colour is not glowing, the perfume too little sensuous, the witchery not weird, the ecstasy too calm. Neither Chopin's enigmatic interweaving of languor and frenzy, nor his tenderness of repose and restlessness of unfulfilled desire: neither the pathos of his yearning nor the ardour of his appeal are brought near to us in the poem. O'Shaughnessy missed that touch of the impassioned joy in Love of Clarchen's song in *Egmont*, and the full-hearted anguish of Gretchen in *Faust*, which are ever present in true Nocturnes. Nor did he compass Chopin's masterful penetrating melancholy, fraught with a reckless vivacity unequalled in poetry or music, save in the Sonatas of Beethoven.

* "Music and Moonlight" contains an exquisite allegory of perfect fulfilment and immortality, under the symbol of the phoenix and the aloe. It has been objected that myrrh more correctly symbolises the Bird-bride than an aloe. It would have been truer to the Arabic fable, but sacrificed half the fable. O'Shaughnessy wished to declare, not only the immortality of Chopin's fame, but also the perfection to which he had brought the Nocturne. To present these two ideas he grafted, on the Arabic, an African myth in which the aloe is an emblem of this consummation.

Perhaps few who have been moved by the enchantment with which Prince Karol won and lost Lucrezia Floriani,* remember that the form which Chopin elaborated, with the deep art of a consummate musician, he owed to the child of a brutal father, the pupil of a rapacious master, the victim of a cruel misery—to an Irishman whose home was Russia.

“One thousand eight hundred and eleven was a comet year; one thousand eight hundred and eleven was the cradle year of many great men of Europe; it re-echoed with the sounds of Lyre and Sword, and announced pioneering spirits to the future. This year appears in the history of European spirit-life rich with promised splendour. One thousand eight hundred and eleven was the fatal year of Franz Liszt.”†

The birth of John Field was brought about, it would appear, without aid of either comets or cradle years, nor any special overflow of a spirit-life's bespeaking splendour. Rather was it like unto that of a great musician and piquant writer: “Pendant les mois qui précédèrent ma naissance, ma mère me rêva point, comme celle de Virgile, qu'elle allait mettre au monde un rameau de laurier. Quelque douloureux que soit cet aveu pour mon amour-propre, je dois ajouter qu'elle ne crut pas non plus, comme Olympias, mère d'Alexandre, porta dans son sein un tison ardent. Cela est fort extraordinaire, j'en conviens, mais cela est vrai. Je vis le jour tout simplement, sans aucun des signes précurseurs en usage dans les temps poétiques, pour annoncer la venue des prédestinée de la gloire. Serait-ce que notre époque manque de poésie?”‡

In such wise, modestly, John Field, on the 26th July, 1782, put in a personal claim on the earnings of a Dublin violinist, himself the son of a church organist. They were a family of musical traditions, and the prospect of a prodigy which John's early talent foreshadowed determined the parents to push possibilities to the utmost. The grandfather took the child in hand for teaching, the father mounting guard over practice. The practising was rigorous, continuous, exhausting; the lessons incessant, prolonged, and severe. Rebellion only intensified the exactions, until the lad put

* George Sands' study of jealousy; into which it may not be impertinent to read Chopin in Prince Karol, the Abbé Liszt in Albani, and the lady herself in Lucrezia..

† Ramann: *Life of Liszt*, vol. 1, p. 1.

‡ Berlioz: *Mémoires*, vol. 1, p. 1.

into concrete form the witty Frenchman's description of a Fugue.* As he told Fétis, later in life, harsh treatment drove him from home. But starvation drove him back both to home and practice, with the result that at twelve years of age he made his first appearance in London. His father had accepted an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and brought his son with him.

Since 1770 the piano had gradually been displacing the harpsichord in public regard: a supersession completed by the teaching of Clementi, whom Beckford had brought over from Italy. His compositions gave the new taste a fashion, to which his lessons added a solid basis. These were largely attended, his instructions widely studied, and, with Beethoven's piano compositions, firmly established a repute for this instrument which Chopin and Schumann had only to intensify.

To Clementi, therefore, Field was consigned, his father paying a hundred guineas as premium—a sum, we would think, entailing generous sacrifice upon him. In 1799 the boy again appeared before a London audience playing a concerto of his own composition, which quickly became very much sought after. But the value of his studies and the gifts he brought to bear on them can be better gauged by his success in Paris, where Clementi took him in 1802. There his playing of Handel's and Bach's Fugues created quite an enthusiasm for its brilliancy and finish, and established his favour with an audience neither quick in its sympathies, nor indulgent in its esteem; particularly when it is remembered that at this time Field was anything but engaging in appearance, being over-grown, unrefined, and "gauche" in the extreme; and, too, without that musical consecration which we have heard "*Le petit Liszt*" received from Beethoven.†

They then went into Germany, Clementi being everywhere proud of showing off "his favourite pupil"‡ until meeting Albrechtsberger, he determined to leave Field to study counterpoint with him, proceeding himself to St. Petersburg. But the Irish lad, with tears in his eyes besought his master to take him also. It is difficult to say whether this arose from affection for his teacher or

* "A Fugue is a composition in which one tone rushes out before the other, and the listener first of all."

† Ramann: vol. 1, p. 75.

‡ Clementi was the teacher of Cramer, L. Berger, Kalkbrenner, and Meyerbeer..

from a sensitive lad's dread of being alone in a foreign capital whose language he did not know. In any case, once settled in St. Petersburg, Clementi seems to have treated him less as a pupil than as a musical automaton to show off the value of instruments in the shop he had opened. And at this hack work he was made a drudge rather than a servant. The shrinking, dreamy youth was scantily clothed, kept indoors for weeks for want of a hat, suffering acutely through the Russian winter for want of a top-coat, which Clementi would not buy him. And this while he was receiving large sums for duties he left Field to fulfil.

We would gladly escape belief in this, yet Spohr, in his *Sellsbiog*,* is unmistakable. Speaking of 1802-3: "I have a recollection of the figure of the pale overgrown lad . . . who had out-run his clothes. . . . At the piano he stretched his arms over the keyboard, till the sleeves shrunk up to his elbows, his whole attitude awkward and stiff in the highest degree; but, as soon as his touching instrumentation began, everything else was forgotten and we became all ear. Unhappily I could not express my emotion and thankfulness otherwise than by a silent pressure of the hand, for he spoke no other language than his own." And after this Spohr happened upon teacher and pupil, with upturned sleeves, toiling at the washing tub, scrubbing stockings and other linen; an occasion Clementi improved by exhorting the violinist to do likewise for its economy and saving of the material.

Where was even the flow of the ill-favoured lad's "spirit life" in such surroundings? What suppleness did the wrists acquire in this numbing cold; what sensitiveness of touch his fingers gain in a scrubbing-tub? What artistic insight could he gather from belabouring out such an Italian's idea of economy? Yet the genius of Field burst the trammels of these days. During Clementi's absence in England, the young player showed he had talents that would not be hidden, insomuch that on his return in 1804 the master found his pupil had already become a teacher.

The long years of training were at an end; but only at the beginning were the spirits of reckless emancipation and bitter cynicism they left in trail.

His lessons brought him money; his playing fame; but of neither the one nor the other had he been fitted to appraise the value

* Vol. 1, p. 43.

His success became rapid, the rewards brilliant and easily seized, until from about 1806 to 1823 he felt the golden ground beneath his feet was solid, and stood without a rival in the Russian capital.

Though from Clementi he had the secret of exquisite legato playing, a fine delicacy of touch and an unfailing certainty in rapid executions, neither the system of education he underwent nor his natural aptitude fitted him for the larger forms of musical expression. Indeed, he seemed rather to breathe upon the notes than finger them, even when playing with a strength that left his nuances clearly defined. His variety of modification was unlimited, and his resources of embellishment exhaustless. To this technical perfection he added a poetic enthusiasm which, united to a dreamy melancholy, compelled a fascination pre-eminently his own. He led one, in the words of Heine, into "a dreamland of poesy where the interpreters of visions dwell." Thus Field made for himself a style no less than Clementi had done, but of a different order. In the latter it was of intellectual pleasure in musical thought—clear, regular, correct; in the former it was a style of dainty delight in sensuous emotion—vivid, sensitive, seducing: a union of tenderness, poetry, and charm. The fullest expression of this he poured forth in his Nocturnes, some dozen of which even Chopin will never quite obscure. Though a pianist more than a composer, yet these delicious reveries will quicken the memory of him when his sonatas and even his concertos fall into unmerited neglect. The latter were eminently popular during Field's lifetime, and of the seventh Schumann wrote in his *Neue Zeitschrift*: "We are delighted with it; can do nothing more reasonable than praise it endlessly. . . . I would allow this artist to cover my eyes and bind my hands, and would say nothing, save that I choose to follow him blindly. . . . Above all, thou last movement, in thy divine tedium, thy charm, thy delightful awkwardness, thy soulful beauty, bewitching enough to kiss from beginning to end."

But there were ashes in the cup wealth held to his lips, thorns in the rose-crown fame pressed upon his head. Renown and luxury were at command; the intellect of the capital crowded his concerts, its beauty thronged his rooms, as a vampire sucked deadly at his heart's-blood. Drink marred and sloth ruined the fair fulfilment. At the pinnacle of his ambition he cast his genius to the winds, his wealth to harpies who made his generosity a crime. For a time his fame withstood the shock of his dissoluteness. It

seemed too strong to be shaken, for his pupils waited while he drank, and then played while he slept. Suddenly, in 1823, he left for Moscow, where again his genius was victorious, even more so than in St. Petersburg. People undertook long journeys to hear him play, students, at twenty roubles an hour crowding his days and nights for lessons at his hands. Though we do not hear of ladies making bracelets of the strings of his pianos, as when Liszt's personality proved as powerful as his music, to be a "pupil of Field" was then the rage of young Russia. Still firmer and more swiftly the Syren bound her toils about this god of the moment. The spirit of reckless emancipation grew fierce with every fell excess, till nature proving less lasting than his fame, his health broke down, and disease struck him without remorse. He had married a Mademoiselle Charpentier, but they were separated within a year. Teaching became impossible, friendship impracticable, as, neglected by everything but his debts, life lay shattered in his grasp. A soured reckless man he turned his steps towards home. "Oh! how sad it must be to die in a foreign land," Chopin wrote.

When after twenty-five years' absence he reappeared in London, Moscheler wrote:—"His legato playing delights me, but his compositions are not to my taste.* Nothing is in more glaring contrast than a Field's Nocturne and Field's manners, which are often cynical. At a party he drew from his pocket a miniature of his wife, with the remark that he had only married her because as his pupil she had never paid him, and he knew she never would."†

Thenceforth Field was a wanderer. Leaving London, he went to Paris in 1833, the year in which Chopin made his impression in private circles there, Paris still vibrating with the demoniac powers of Paganini. But the charm of his spell was broken. His genius was passing into night with no star to illumine it. The morning of deeper harmonic utterance, of technical wonders, was dawning. Berlioz was girt for the fray with classical formalism, in which freedom of form and movement was to be won. With all the beauty of his touch and elegance of execution, though his music came with his heart between his fingers, Field lacked spirit,

*It is to be remembered that Moscheles confessed he never comprehended Chopin's music, nor could interpret it, till they had met, and he heard him play it.

† *Life and Correspondence*, vol. 1, p. 251.

energy, and vigour. He roused no depth of passion, swept his hearers with no force. Such a school was rising. New possibilities of technique were developing. Hummel, to all the grace, refinement, and pure taste of Field, added firmness, strength, and speed. Here was an effectiveness of greater brilliance. Audiences began to look to being roused, shocked, fired. Bravura playing could be the only response to this. Moscheles took it up with a terrific force and whirlwind velocity. He "could swell the soul to rage" where Field had but "kindled soft desire." Strange combinations, startling effects, undreamed possibilities, pierced the volumes of sound the piano was forced to sustain. "Wild, electric, volcanic, and heaven-stirring," as Heine said. Thalberg carried on the furore which Liszt, the Titan of the storm, raised into an enthusiasm which may be coldly described as frantic, and to whom Tausig and Rubinstein but came as anti-climax.

So Field, driven before the wind, passed into Switzerland, thence to Brussels, and in 1833 into Italy. But neither in Milan, Venice, or Naples could he recall the old spell. Curiosity was cold, applause unheard, and failure stood gaunt in his path. He sank under the bitterness. Crushed by disease and despair, the lonely man crept into a Neapolitan hospital, where he lay nearly a year unknown. Here, by merest chance, a Russian student discovered the old master. He wrote home to his friends, who offered to bring him back to Moscow. When he was able to be moved, the slow and painful journey commenced. Reaching Vienna, something of the splendour of his former triumphs, for a brief moment, lighted the dusky way to death. The inimitable tenderness of the suffering musician's playing, the welling pathos of the dying man's nocturnes, transfused them with a moving power. They became elegies of unspeakable feeling, and appeals for unchecked sympathy. How bitterly Field's unjust sneer at Chopin here rang true upon himself, "*que c'était un talent de chambre de malade!*"

This gleam of past glory faded, leaving the night denser. The very victory itself must have deepened his despair, for, reaching Moscow with difficulty, he died there January 11, 1837.

If, strictly speaking, Field did not *invent* the Nocturne, his genius first achieved for it an accepted musical expression. Its emotional character, its poetic temper, we owe entirely to him. He fixed its form, and wrought for it a prolonged flow of sound

by his use of the damper pedal and an extended accompaniment of scattered chords, which give the playing a distinguishing peculiarity. Mr. Finch, in "*Chopin, and other Musical Studies*," carried away by his loyalty of devotion to the great Pole, has ascribed these two features to the invention of Chopin. In presenting this claim, which Chopin never made for himself, he overlooks the undoubted fact that Field repeatedly sustained his melody by an harmonious substructure of prolonged tone. And no less was he before Chopin in the harmonies he discovered in the use of wide-spread in place of massed chords, the intervals of which, however wide, he completed by continuous use of the pedal.

So far perfect, therefore, was the nocturne when the younger of "*The Dioscuri*"* received it, to embroider it with his exotic colourings and his wonderful arabesques; gracing it with exquisite floriture, informing it with the impetuosity of rubato, enriching it with new modulations, and deepening it with dramatic spirit.

But it was already an idealised musical dream when he received it from "the most perfect pianist of his time."

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

A CALIFORNIAN ROSE.

ONLY a rose-tree blooming
 In the scorching heat of June,
 Dusty, and faint, and drooping
 In the glare of that summer noon;
 But a miner's eyes grew misty,
 And his thoughts far backwards flew,
 To where, by a cottage in Ireland,
 Another such rose-tree grew.

He plucked a blossom slowly,
 And the yellow arid plain
 Faded—and he was standing
 On Irish soil again;

* Liszt and Chopin.

While instead of the wooden station,
The canon and gulch between,
He saw his mother's cottage
At foot of the old boreen.

The broad plain lay before him
In the sunlight bare and red,
But he saw the hillside rising
Behind his house instead ;
And the scent of hawthorn blossoms
Came faintly on the breeze,
And he saw, where the pines grew thickly,
A line of rowan trees.

Hardened he was, and reckless,
In that fierce, mad strife for gold,
Since he saw the roses climbing
To the thatch so brown and old ;
Yet a thought like lightning pierced him
Of his mother, with eyes grown dim
With watching, and praying, and waiting
In vain for news of him.

* * *

One Sunday in Moyra's churchyard,
After last Mass was said,
A group of neighbours lingered
To hear a letter read ;
Read often through that morning,
Now once again begun—
Addressed to the Widow Nolan
From her long unheard-of son.

And she, inside the chapel,
Thanked God with prayers and tears,
Who had given news from her wanderer
After so many years ;
But she smiled o'er the message sent her,
So like his speech of yore—
"For this draft please send a rosebud
From the tree beside the door."

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

PART I.

TO those who will not, or cannot understand, the supernatural work of the Church of God, there appears to be a dull uniformity in the lives of our Catholic Saints which to them is unspeakably repulsive. That saying of St. Paul's, "there is but one spirit, but many operations of the same spirit," is quite unintelligible to them. Nor can they bring themselves to believe that the sanctification of a soul is a work of infinite design, and that that design varies in beauty and originality according to the nature of the soul itself, and the mission it is sent to accomplish amongst men. Here the spirit breathes, and behold a zeal that sets a continent on fire—on this soul the spirit descends, and behold a charity that searches out and consumes all grosser things, and like a flame points steadily upwards—and here again behold the white vestal lamp of purity, enkindled and kept alive by the same Divine breath. In one saint the spiritual and moral elements are so expanded and developed that the operations of the intellect appear to be suspended; and in another, you pause in unconscious suspense to decide whether the moral and spiritual beauty or the intellectual grandeur reflects more glory on the Giver of both. To this latter class most certainly belongs the great Saint, whose name consecrates this page—a saint whose love for God lifted him almost to the level of that beloved disciple who saw the city of God in the Heavens, as Augustine saw the city of God on the earth—a saint, who to-day, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, which have blotted out the names of all his contemporaries, except those who have shared his immortality by having been associated with him, is teacher, prophet, and intellectual guide to leaders of thought throughout the universities of the world—ah, even to framers of laws and sovereigns of men, whose words make or mar the happiness of nations. And here at least no complaint can be made of that which the world calls monotonous and sluggish tameness, which we call the calm, unbroken peace, which is the reward of high and sustained sanctity; for the life of St. Augustine is marked by such striking events, and his great soul passed through such extremes of passion and doubt, that the pious can draw inspiration from his holiness, the sinner hope from his conversion, the philosopher or divine, wisdom from his learning, and the student of humanity will perpetually feel fresh interest in the strugglings of a soul to disenthral itself from the fierce promptings of passion and the seduction of intellectual pride.

For St. Augustine was a convert; from a sinner he became a saint, from a doubter and denier he became a believer and a teacher; and it is to study this marvellous and touching change, wrought in such strange and simple ways by the omnipotence of grace, that we turn back now to his familiar story.

And first we must distinctly understand that his conversion was twofold—a moral reformation and an intellectual enlightenment: probably the only example you will find recorded of it in the history of the Church. For be it known that the striking conversion of great intellects, such as those of which we are witnesses in a neighbouring country, is generally interpreted as a recognition by the Holy Spirit of the holy lives and the noble striving after light which have marked the career of these converts. They then were simply lifted from the twilight of the valleys to the splendours that shine on the Holy Mountain, the natural virtues they practised being raised to the rank of supernatural excellences by the Divine power of faith. But with St. Augustine there was not only intellectual blindness to be relieved, but moral depravity to be corrected; and his conversion is all the more glorious in as much as the scales fell from his eyes and the shackles of fleshly love from his limbs at the same moment, and his noble nature was lifted into the serene regions of faith and purity by one and the same operation.

It is not at all difficult to understand how this young rhetorician, African by birth, Roman by education, for the education of Carthage was essentially Roman, drifted into these criminal excesses which he afterwards so bitterly deplored. A hot ardent nature, into which the tropical sun had stricken its fire, lay absolutely at the mercy of those fierce passions, which alternately please and pain, but whose torture far more than transcends the transient delights which they bring. Religion, with its sweet soothing influences, was unknown to him. Those radiant visions, which afterwards haunted him with their pure ethereal splendours, until they lifted him from the slough of sin, were yet afar off. At home the example of a Christian mother was more than overshadowed by the example of a Pagan father, who revelled in the iniquities of his child, and whose passions, blunted by age, seemed to be newly whetted by the contemplation of similar passions which evinced themselves in his boy. Then, too, Sacramental grace was absent from his soul, for by a series of accidents, the Sacrament of Baptism, which he was about to receive in a dangerous illness, was deferred, and he grew to manhood with the great original stain infecting his whole character, and directing even his good impulses and instincts into criminal issues and results. With such sad equipments he was thrown into a world that just then was reaching its

perfection of iniquity, for the hosts of darkness were marshalling their forces for the last conflict with victorious Christianity. Young, ardent, impetuous, Augustine was thrown into the midst of the dissipation and vice of that African city, which, whilst Rome was gradually being changed into a city of sanctity, borrowed its worst vices, and made itself the home of its lascivious worships, and flung open its temples to the deities whose very names were pollution, and set itself in angry antagonism to that religion of sacrifice and purity which already had lifted its conquering standard on the seven hills of its ancient rival.

It is rather difficult for us to understand the excesses to which men yielded themselves freely in these pagan cities. They were demoniac rather than human. A Christian preacher dare not speak of them in detail, nor can the imagination dwell on them without sin. We have some pictures left us of the licentiousness and sensuality, the festivals of blood and the orgies of unutterable lust, that characterized ancient Rome; yet Carthage was another and a more wicked Rome. The civilization of the latter had penetrated to the conquered province, and under a warmer sun had given birth to vice, which even to accomplished Rome was unknown. A carnival of vice in the streets—vice deified in the temples—vice incarnated on the stage—poets consecrating their divine talent, and orators devoting their sacred gifts to the embellishment of vice: such was the normal condition of a city which, in the just judgment of God, is to-day but a name, whilst its great rival assumes with justice the proud title of eternal. Into Carthage, thus seething in sin, young Augustine was plunged; and in a short time, as he pathetically tells us, he was ashamed when he heard his companions boasting of flagitious actions, that he was less guilty than they. And so, at the early age of nineteen, a victim of two deadly vices—ambition and sensuality—his father dead, his mother weeping and praying, Augustine commenced to tread the winepress of the sorrow that is born of sin, not knowing that he had any higher destiny than to become famous in the schools and law courts—not knowing that there were higher and loftier delights than are to be found in the pursuit of sin. And so he wasted the most blessed gift of God—the years of youth, and the strength of budding manhood—in a little study and much pleasure, dreams of fame and desires that raged and could not be quenched, “a little folding of the hands to rest,” in a sensual paradise; and not a thought of his immortal soul, nor of the God in whom as yet he believed, nor of the treasures of wrath he was laying up for himself against the day that was to come.

It was just at this time, too, that he embraced the Manichean

heresy, one of the most singular inventions of human folly that ever claimed the credence of men. Its founder, Manes, an eastern mystic, a slave by birth, a painter by trade, a prophet by profession, claimed, like Mahomet in later times, that he was specially deputed by Heaven to bring a fresh revelation to men. And as the latter showed his disciples a certain book which he declared was written in Heaven, so the credentials of Manes were certain pictures which he pretended were painted in the skies. He perished in a fearful death; but his disciples, with all the energy and enthusiasm of falsehood, filled every chair of rhetoric in Carthage, and claimed as converts some of the most distinguished men of that city. They spoke of the Father, the Son, and the Paraclete, but with some mysterious meaning in those words which no Christian could accept; declared the marriage tie to be immoral, and wine the incarnation of evil; and invented some theories of nature, which were tolerated patiently, because they were too grotesque to be refuted; and like all religious charlatans, they were for ever crying "truth, truth," when the truth was not in them. If one did not know the infinite capacities for folly that lie latent in the human mind, we would be surprised to hear that such a great intellect as that of St. Augustine not only embraced this strange religion, but became for nine years its most able and zealous professor. But the secret was that these Manichean doctrines were very flattering to his pride, and very favourable to the indulgence of the passions that consumed him. Their falsehood and sophistry afforded him ample ground for exhibiting all that logical power and rich eloquence of which even then he was a master. The severe doctrines of Christianity left no room for conceits and sophism which he could build at pleasure around the loose and ill-defined errors which he professed; and he not only hated that austere religion, every syllable of whose doctrines and discipline upbraided him and made him ashamed, but he disliked the simplicity of the Scripture, nor would he believe that the wisdom of the Most High was revealed in language that would not be tolerated in the grammar schools of Carthage. "He cried aloud for wisdom, and wisdom fled far from him, for he would not put his feet into her fetters, nor his neck into her chains."

But it must not be supposed for a moment that Augustine drifted helplessly along with the torrent of iniquity without a struggle. A great soul like his does not yield itself wholly to abasement without protest; the higher faculties of the mind, not yet destroyed, declared against this animalism, and the great intellect was striving with all its might against the darkness which enveloped it. I know nothing more pitiable than the spectacle of a fine soul warring against its

lower nature, if it be not the spectacle of a lofty mind striving vainly to break through its spiritual darkness, and emerge into the light. To know what is right, and yet be unable to do it; to hate what is wrong, and yet be unable to avoid it; to lift oneself bravely out of the slime, and then to fall back helplessly—to fight against overwhelming passion, and then to yield shamefully, and after a moment of fierce delight to tear and rend oneself with a remorse that is hopeless and a despair that is helpless—surely this is the saddest of fates. Yet it finds its parallel in the spectacle of a soul holding its hands for ever before its eyes to peer into the darkness, and search its way into the light, yet evermore turning away despairingly to a gloom that is all the deeper because of the sudden gleams of fitful splendour. Yet in each sense such was now the condition of Augustine's soul. Love and light! love and light! this was the eternal cry of his lips and heart. Love for an object so high and sublime that the intellect should never weary in contemplation of its transcendent excellence—love for an object so perfect that the conscience should never scruple its warmest attachments—love so strong that every fibre of the heart should cling to the loved object, so that Death itself could not break, nor time diminish, the strength of its affection—love so vast that the soul might ever wander through its happy realms without exhaustion, and there find its perfect rest and fruition—and lo! in answer to this high demand there was only the love of a perishing creature, and the low levels of sin and death. There was some ideal beauty for ever before him, beckoning to him, attracting him, almost maddening him with the impossibility of reaching it, and behold! when he stretched his hands towards it, it was a phantom, and he touched only the one void of wisdom, the riddle of Solomon, "Sitting on a stool at the door and saying: Come and eat willingly the bread that is hidden, and drink of the sweet stolen water!" And light! light! to understand himself, and the dread environment of Nature. Who was he? What was this awful mystery of life, in which the unseen God had placed him? What was the secret of the grave? Who were those around him with the marks for ever on their faces, and the veils over their hearts; good and evil, right and wrong, who hath stated their limits, who had defined their natures? Would he ever see clearly? Would he ever know certainly? Would this restless intellect ever repose in the serene contemplation of truth so perfect that it would admit no shadow of doubt or denial?

But to all this importunate questioning came as answers only the last words of a dying philosophy, the devilry of imported Roman worship, the well-coined phrases that slipped from the lips of sophists and poets. And with all this hunger in his heart, this wild unrest in

his intellect, Augustine went round from law court to lecture-room, from temple to theatre; and the young Carthaginians worshipped and envied him, and asked one another: "Were you present at the lecture of Aurelius Augustine to-day?" or "Did you hear the dispute between Faustus and Augustine? Why he tore the threadbare arguments of the old Manichean to pieces." But he kept the veil drawn tightly over his heart: God alone saw its workings. So it is with all of us; well for us it is that the eye that searches us is the eye of a Father and a Friend.

All this time, however, two powerful influences were at work to bring back the erring soul to its true mission. That Divine Being, whose presence made cool and pleasant the flames that scorched the bodies of His martyrs, whose love to the eyes of enraptured virgins made sweet and easy the absolute sacrifice they offered up, whose cross in after years was to become the Sacred Book whence Doctors should draw their inspirations, was watching and waiting for the soul of him who was destined to become a "vessel of election." For although Augustine did not as yet apprehend the full meaning and beauty of Christian truth, he had always cherished the most extraordinary reverence for its Divine Founder, and the name of Jesus Christ was to him a symbol of everything that was high and holy. He declares in his Confessions that, although he felt himself strongly influenced by the writings of Cicero, one thing particularly displeased him in the works of that great author, that he found not there the name of Christ; and "whatsoever wanted that name," he writes, "however learned or polite or instructive it might be, does not perfectly take with me." And this sweet influence was insensibly drawing him away from his Pagan beliefs and practices, giving him new and larger views of that wisdom after which he thirsted, silently unbending him for his follies and excesses, for ever contrasting the grandeur of humility with the meanness of pride—the dignity of purity with the shame of unbridled concupiscence. What a difference between the simple majesty of Christ and the proud folly of philosophers—between His words, weighty with solemn meaning, and their utterances, so weak and inflated—His example so lofty and perfect, and their lives so secretly depraved and imperfect! And how that Divine figure haunted him, not with terror and fear, but with the same benign influences that rained on the soul of Magdalen and St. John. Wherever he went that apparition was before him, chiding him, attracting him, making him angry with himself, and dissatisfied with the world; and he would make the most valiant efforts to overcome the temptation that assailed him, and then sink back into despair again, for the time fixed in the Divine decrees for his

conversion had not yet come—the gold was yet to be more tried and searched by fire before it could receive the impress of its King.

And day by day, night after night, prayers were ascending before God's throne for him, prayers that wearied and did violence to Heaven by their strength and persistence. There is something almost supernatural about a mother's love. It is the strongest reminder we have of God's boundless mercy. It is so weak, yet so powerful; so patient and so persistent; it has such a superb contempt for the logic of facts, and the consequence of sin and punishment; it is so ready to turn vice into virtue, and to accept the faintest aversion from sin as the promise of the highest perfection; it is so faithful, so perfect, so unselfish, so true, that next after God's love for us, it is the best and holiest thing we mortals possess. And if ever this beautiful love existed in human soul, it surely was in hers whose name is for ever inseparably connected with that of St. Augustine—his sainted mother, Monica. How she watched over him in his childhood and boyhood—how she strove by her example and teaching to destroy the evil effects of her husband's bad example on the child—how deeply she suffered as the first reports of her son's perversity came to her ears—how fervently she prayed that his heart might be touched and renewed unto penance—all this St. Augustine himself tells us, adding his own high appreciation of his mother's unselfish devotion. And a certain remorse was added to the mother's prayers, for she remembered that she, too, had sinned by ambition, and perhaps had been instrumental in sacrificing the purity of her child to those longings after future fame which she had shared with him. Oh, if she had only known how Augustine would be tempted, if she could only have foreseen the dangers that are strewn in the path of the young and the pitfalls that are dug for their every footstep. Well, it is useless to be regretting a past that cannot be recalled, and, after all, Heaven is merciful, and she has seen a certain vision, in which she has been told that the mighty gulf between her and Augustine shall be bridged over, and he shall stand side by side with her, and they shall kneel together, and their prayers shall mingle, and the merits of the Mighty Sacrifice shall be shared between them, and he shall be her almoner, and the peace of the future shall wipe out the memory of the past. Then suddenly she is told that Augustine, tired of Carthage, is about to depart for Rome, and all her hopes are in a moment shattered, because now she believes that he is lost to God, and lost to her for ever.

And yet this step of quitting Carthage, although accomplished in secrecy (Augustine having left in the night time, when his mother was praying in a neighbouring church), was the first great step to his

conversion ; for having opened his school at Rome, after recovering from a violent fever, he was so disgusted with the conduct of the students and their habits of deception and dishonesty, that he applied for a chair of rhetoric in the city of Milan, and there was rejoined by his mother. Now in this city was "a man of God," chosen like Ananias of Damascus to teach and illumine this great darkened intellect that was sent to him.

Attracted by the fame of St. Ambrose as a preacher, Augustine went to hear him ; and having heard him and admired his eloquence, the deep truths which he preached, and against which Augustine would have closed his ears, gradually sank into his mind, and gave the first great shock to those prejudices he had conceived against Catholicity. For, like all those who rage against the truth, he little understood it, and he found "that it was not against the Catholic religion that he had barked, but against a chimera invented by its enemies." And there, Sunday after Sunday, when St. Ambrose ascended the white marble pulpit that still is shown at Milan, he saw beneath him the widow and her child, she calm, patient, prayerful ; and the young professor, whose lectures half the youth of Milan were attending, modest, externally humble, but pride for ever stiffening his neck and steeling his heart against the first great act of lowly abasement.

Irreligion and vice, those twin giants that ever work in unison, guarded the portals of his heart. If one yielded for a moment, the other was all the more alert. If the powerful eloquence of St. Ambrose shattered every argument which in the secrecy of his heart Augustine had fashioned, here was the sad companion of his guilt to protest against his embracing that religion which glorifies purity and virginity ; and if ever, and it was often, his soul, raging under its base subjection, clamoured to be free from the degradation of vice, here was the vain philosophy that captivated him and made him ashamed of the simplicity of the Gospel, and that doctrine of humility which is always the stumbling block to intellectual pride. Was there any hope for him at all ? Here, on the one hand, was the heresy which he not only believed but professed ; pride that waxed stronger with every year of success ; the strength of manhood allied with the strength of sin ; and above all, this illicit love, which was coiled around his heart like a serpent ; and on the other, only the prayers of his mother and the Sunday sermon of St. Ambrose ! But I am wrong. There was One, omnipotent, all wise, also with him ; and He who bade the winds and waves be still on the sea of Galilee was now about to calm the tumult of this mighty mind. And in His own simple, Divine way, He choose as His ministers a Pagan and a

child. Alipius, a dear bosom friend of Augustine's, was a young Pagan, who in the midst of infamy had always worshipped purity ; and knowing the terrible torture that Augustine suffered, he would reason with him, preach to him, extol the beautiful virtue, paint in darkest colours the hateful vice. Maddened by his own helplessness, tortured by his passionate desire to be free, Augustine would listen patiently for a while, and then would rush away from his friend, crying : " Leave me ! leave me ! Not yet ! not yet ! " And his friend would stare and wonder at him, and be silent in the face of such anguish. Then there came to the soul of Augustine a celestial vision of Chastity, clothed in white light, with a glittering band of children around her—pure, ethereal, and divine—and she pointed to her children and said : " Behold, what these are doing, why canst thou not do likewise ? They, the unlearned—you, the accomplished ; they, so weak in nature—you clothed in the strength of your manhood ; they so frail—you, so powerful ; " and the vision vanished and left him in an agony of shame and sorrow. At last, one day a traveller came, Pontimanus by name, and told of a wonderful sight he had seen—a desert peopled with men, who led the lives of angels, who sacrificed not only all sinful love, but all legitimate human affection— young men, calmly saying farewell to their affianced, and passing from the gay cities to the silent sands, and the brides that were to be, to-morrow espousing themselves in mystical union with the Lamb, leaving all things to follow Him. And Augustine, not able to contain his emotion, fled into his garden and cried to Alipius :—" What are we doing ? Did you not hear ? The ignorant, the unlearned carry the kingdom of heaven by storm, and we with our boasted science grovel on the earth ? Is it not a shame that we have not the courage to imitate them ? " Noble words, Augustine, at last ! at last ! And he flings himself under a fig tree in anguish, and he, the philosopher, the orator, the professor, sobs as if his heart would break with unaccountable grief. And he hears the voice of a child in a neighbouring garden, singing its play song ; but he has never heard that childish melody before. He listens, and catching the singular refrain :—" Tolle, lege—tolle, lege ! " Who ever heard a child utter such strange words before ? But, great God ! who knows, can it be that these words are a heavenly message to himself ? And, trembling all over with emotion, he takes up a book lying on the grass before Alipius, and opening it by chance he reads :—" Let us walk honestly as in the day ; not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities ; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences ! " And suddenly, as when in tropical climes the sunshafts break upon the darkness, and chase

the shadows from valley and mountain, a great wave of light flooded his soul, and a strength and a sweetness descended upon him, and the tears of anguish, still wet upon his cheeks, are chased by tears of joy such as angels shed when the wandering sheep are gathered into the Master's fold. Paul had spoken to Augustine; the convert of Damascus to the convert of Milan; and the latter wondered at himself and the mighty change that had been wrought in him. Was he really the Augustine who only yesterday saw doubts and difficulties in Catholic truth? Was he really the slave who had uttered that pitiful and pusillanimous prayer; "give me chastity, O Lord, but not yet!" Why, it is now as clear as noonday that the Catholic religion is not only the perfect revelation of the Lord, but it is the culmination of that philosophy which is taught in the Platonics—and therefore it is a religion not only for babes and sucklings, but it is strong meat for the mightiest of the kings of thought at whose feet he had sat and studied. And as for chastity, why if every fibre of his heart should be torn asunder, and tears of blood shall be shed, he will no longer be shamed by children, but consecrate by an inviolable vow body and soul to the service of Him who hath loved him with an everlasting love.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

A GROVE IN SPRING.

THE sunshine gleamed through the slight April shower,
And kissed the leaves all clad in tender green :
Their tears fell off them in a glimmering sheen
Of pearly drops. Each little wet-faced flower
Dried quickly, as, to greet the sunlight's power,
It raised a drooping head. Again were seen
The song-birds flitting round, their wings to preen,
They sought the sunniest spots within the bower.

Hope, like a freshening breeze within my heart,
Sprang up, to see God's earth so fresh and fair.
I, too, seemed in this joy to have my part,
And of the Spring's sweet promise took my share.
A ray from Heaven shone through my sorrow there,
And turned to smiles the tears that fain would start.

M. F. M.

THE IRISH CISTERCIANS OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

AMONG the poems which the Mother Prioress of Stone Convent in Staffordshire (Mrs. Drane) names "Songs in the Night," is one, *The Return of the Flock*, enshrining a very lovely and mystical idea. The words of its name always come into my mind when I think of our Cistercian monks of Mount Melleray, St. Bernard's monks, who, when they were obliged to fly from France, brought to an Irish mountain-side a rich store of blessings, equal to those received from the Island of Saints in early Christian days by the forefathers of their Order. In 1831 the monks of La Trappe arrived in Ireland seeking for a home, and they found it on the side of the Knockmeildown mountain in Waterford, on the borders of Tipperary.

It has always been the peculiar and beneficent method of the Cistercians to seek for a wilderness, and here with praise and prayer and unceasing labour to weave their holy spells over swamp, and rock, and barren tract, until the beauty and fruitfulness of the primeval Paradise is won back to that particular spot of earth which has happily become subject to their toils and their benedictions. St. Bernard never chose a site more characteristic of his intention than did his followers when they first planted cross and spade on the slope of the great Waterford mountain. A wealth of wild beauty, a splendour of form and colouring were there; and the high crags, round which the eagles hung and swooped, towered in that aerial skyey region towards which the souls of God-loving men yearn as showing mystic paths and openings into the higher and fairer regions in which they have built their everlasting home. Suggestive in the very bareness and ruggedness of its noble features, the harsh mountain was more delightful than gardens and pastures to the simple and laborious ascetic, and he went to work upon its possibilities with an indomitable will.

The difficulties most likely to beset him in the very beginning were providentially smoothed out of his path. The courage and earnestness, and perhaps even a touch of fascinated interest such as a large-minded Protestant might feel in the poetic traditions of these devoted men, influenced Sir Richard Keane, the landlord of

the district, to afford them an opportunity of becoming an industrial power in the country by giving them a lease of six or seven hundred acres of apparently uncultivable land on which to establish themselves under cloud and crag and between bog and stony wilderness. But having no money, credit, or worldly goods of any description, in what way did they intend to proceed? Without visible weapon or instrument how were they to engage in the struggle which was to cast out the demon of barrenness from the magnificent Nature which they had ventured to approach? Every Irishman who can shoulder a pickaxe or shovel can answer the question. At a sign from their parish priest, the big-hearted Waterford men and their lads forgot the sad truth that it required all their own toil, humanly speaking, to keep the wolf from each particular cabin door, and they rose up in a swarm, and left their own fields behind them to labour on the mountain on behalf and under direction of the pale-faced strangers who had come to them for hospitality in Christ, and in the name of the early Saints of Erin who had fasted and prayed with them in their foreign homes as brothers in the days when Christianity was young.

That is more than fifty years ago, and the miracle has been wrought. Long patient skill, unbroken endurance, holy forbearance, saintly frugality, have won against the savage forces of Nature; spirit has conquered matter; rock, and morass, and shingle have flowered and multiplied fruits under the mystic sway of their gentle and indefatigable masters; and the truth is made manifest that lies hidden in the revealed Word, assuring an incredulous world that if it has but faith it may move the mountain. The Waterford mountain, with the quaint name, though no longer a savage monarch, is still a king, enfolding in his purple a culture and civilization which would put many a naturally teeming valley to shame. The wilds of Knockmeildown are become the gardens of Mount Melleray, acres of pasture and cornfield, a land flowing with milk and honey.

The vocation of our Irish monks of La Trappe includes many branches of usefulness and benevolence. Our St. Bernard prays for the world, who either cannot or will not pray for itself, or which, praying and being anxious to pray, has not time to pray enough; prays for the suffering, the sad, the shipwrecked, the doubting; for all especially who cry out to him for the alms of his prayers. He is like the watch-tower and the beacon-light to those

on the high seas, who will sooner or later be on the shoals or the rocks, even if now the tide runs merrily and the ship is tight and safe. He is, besides, cultivator of the soil, employer of labour, teacher of youth, instructor and comforter of those who come to seek ghostly counsel of him, to whom his house is ever open and his hospitality without stint.

At Cappoquin, three miles distant from Mount Melleray, there is a comfortable inn, under good management; and from this place a delightful car-drive on a summer day will bring one to the gates of the Monastery, through the ripening wheat, on the golden borders of which extends the yet untamed moor, dark and forbidding, or wayward, gracious, and inviting, lavish of its crimsons and purples, and tawny browns to the colour-loving eye. On the verge of the green pasture-lands the moor-fowl cry, and the bog lies in all its suggestiveness, sullen, and pathetic, and strong, as if conscious of its own intrinsic worth and the wealth it covers, under a rugged exterior, with all its pools of water alive and gazing in the sky like eyes that are now wistful, now mirthful, and now shadowed with profoundest gloom.

Working in the fields are found the monks and their agricultural pupils. Outside the gates you will see the guest-house, where a respected matron receives ladies who may come to seek spiritual help. The Monastery itself is a large, quadrangular building, and the church, though not remarkable in point of architecture, is interesting and venerable as a religious interior. The buildings are 162 ft. in length, 30 ft. in breadth, 32 ft. high, and include dormitories, kitchen, chapter-room, sacristy, and other apartments. The fourth side of the quadrangle is filled in by the church, 180 ft. long, 30 ft. wide in nave, 52 ft. in transept, 30 ft. high. The tower is surmounted by a spire of wood sheathed in copper, and rises 140 ft. from the ground.

The first thing that strikes one on entering the door of Mount Melleray Monastery is the hospitality of these frugal monks, who themselves never eat but twice in twenty-four hours, and whose unvaried meals consist of vegetables, porridge, and brown bread only. A recent traveller up Knockmeildown relates that his first glimpse of a Trappist monk caught that gentle ascetic in the act of hastening from kitchen to guests' refectory with a teapot in his hand. Indeed, the arrived guest has only to walk upstairs and sit down at a plentiful table, where his hunger will be satisfied before

he is allowed to proceed further. And I may say in passing that for their kindly hospitality the Trappists make no charge. If the visitor should be pleased to leave the Monastery without seeking for the modest alms-box, into which he may or may not drop an offering before he departs, nobody will take note, or indeed be aware of the fact, but himself. And this generosity does not spring from an over-supply of riches; for I believe that the monks, with all their heroic endeavour, do not find their task of cultivating an Irish mountain and acting as voluntary teachers and trainers of Irish youth, a remunerative one from a worldly point of view, and have often to receive assistance from houses of their Order established in richer lands. Of the gentlemen who frequently retire to Mount Melleray to make a spiritual retreat, each gives in return (in the alms-box) whatever he may think proper or may be able to afford. I suppose there are very few who are willing to give not at all.

From the apostolic and agricultural school of the monks (for a class who can pay modestly for their training), many youths go forth to play a noble part in the world; but to my mind the free school for the little children of the country-side is the most interesting feature of Mount Melleray. Into this school they walk every day up a path between blooming flower-beds, the schoolhouse being situated in a garden, the exquisite neatness of which not one of the little pupils would dream of interfering with. It was my good fortune to find Brother Augustine at work teaching school—a fresh-complexioned bright-faced, benevolent-looking St. Bernard, large and majestic in his robes and cowl of black and white. The school is more like a combined greenhouse and aviary than the ordinary dull apartment of desks and forms. Brother Augustine accustoms his children to live with and love Nature, and it is his proud boast that not one of his little wild mountaineers would rob a bird's nest or harm the petal of a flower. As they write and spell, the birds that live in the schoolroom hop about their feet or fly from cage or perch to alight on St. Bernard's shoulder; and the good children are rewarded by a special permission to be feeders of the pets for the day. I need hardly say that the brave pioneering Trappists of the early foundation are now, with a few exceptions, no more. Their graves are yonder in the cemetery, long narrow mounds, each marked with a cross. The present Irish Trappist is a thorough Irishman.

Every class is represented in the Community, and all needs are supplied from within. They are farmers, tailors, masons, slaters, bakers, brewers, shoemakers, etc., etc. One hundred students are in the boarding-schools, coming from France and America, as well as from all parts of the three kingdoms. The pension is only £30 a year. Music, art, elocution, are not overlooked in the education they receive along with their farm training. The culture favoured by the monks is reflected even outside the Monastery gates, as one sees by the aspect of the usual National school, the conventional bareness and barrenness of which is here a little relieved by the presence of a few flowering plants in the windows and other little signs of civilisation. As a rule nothing is more dismally unsuggestive of real education than the aspect of an Irish National school scrupulously conducted on the prescribed principles.

I cannot leave Mount Melleray without one more backward glance at Knockmeildown mountain. The view from the summit (2,700 ft. high) I know to be magnificent as far as eye can reach on every side, taking in the rock of Cashel, and the ruins of the ancient cathedral and home of its kings, the ocean and harbours of Youghal and Dungarvan, and a vast extent of winding and picturesque and characteristic sea-coast. About the middle of last century red deer pastured on the sides of Knockmeildown, but they are gone. Wild plants and flowers grow about it, and on the very highest point is the grave of a man, his dog, and horse: a lover of lightning and electricity, a scientific discoverer—Henry Eeles—whose last request craved that he might be so buried, close to the clouds, the home of his beloved lightning.

When you visit Mount Melleray and ascend Knockmeildown, there is one spot on which I know you will pause and hold your breath, where a deep lake or tarn, three-quarters of a mile in circumference, lies in a basin scooped out of the mountain which rises over it perpendicularly to a height of 600 ft. The water is deep, and dark, and cold—no sapphire was ever darker, bluer, colder; the sun does not reach it on the warmest summer day; its chill is so deadly that to bathe in it extinguishes life. Only the eagle, as if fascinated by its deep-set gleam, hovers over it, dips and swoops, but quickly rises again, and, screaming, soars into the sun.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE BLESSING OF DUBLIN.

FROM THE IRISH OF ST. BENEAN.

CHILL and dead
Lies the King of Dublin's son,
At his head
Sits grey Alpin, stern and still ;
Neither eat nor drink he will,
Till the earth have had her fill,
And Valhal be won.

Patrick came,
Lauding loud of holier things,—
Flashed the flame
From the Viking-eyes : " Can He,
Maker of all things, make *be*
That which is no more for me ?—
Thy King of Kings !

" Speak the word,
Let the sovereign deed be done,
Then thy Lord
Lord of mine is—Lord of all,
Each a liegeman at his call,
Bows in battle, gold in hall,
For *him*—my son."

Patrick prayed,
Moving as the sun moves round,
Naught dismayed,
King and jarls thrice followed him,
Heard, with understanding dim,
Of the mystic murmured hymn
The strange weird sound.

Then great dread
Came upon them, and, behold !
Stood the Dead
In their midst, erect, with gaze
Fixed on them in mute amaze ;
Lit with red returning rays
The visage cold.

Said the King,
 Standing with his warmen nigh,
 " For this thing
 We are vassals to thy Lord,
 Followers fast by field and fiord,
 True at trysting, staunch at sword—
 Sea, shore, or sky !

" I pronounce
 Tribute to this King of thine,
 Each an ounce
 Weighed aright of ruddy gold
 Every year shall be thrice told
 From the Northman's Dublin hold
 At Macha's shrine."

Patrick raised
 His right hand in benediction,—
 " God be praised !
 If the toll be paid each year,
 Not the world need Dublin fear,
 Else, three times the Gaelic spear
 Shall bring affliction.

" Gifts eleven,
 Guerdons, in return, shall fall
 From high heaven :—
 Goodly wives the wives shall be,
 The men live manful and die free,
 Beauty still the maidens' fee
 Of the pure proud Gall.

" Feats of swimming
 Mark the youth, sea-loved, sea-strong,
 Bright horns brimming,
 Welcome all to bounteous board ;—
 Gift of war-triumphant sword,
 Gift of trophies, many a hoard,
 Make its glory long.

" Champions brave,
 Gallant Kings to bear the crown,—
 On land or wave,
 Gift of commerce from all parts,
 Gift of ever-widening marts,
 Gift in Church of reverent hearts
 Bless stout Dublin town.

“Through the haze
Whence, in long succeeding lines,
Come our days—
I behold ascending spires ;
When, 'neath darkness, all retires—
One of Erin's last Three Fires,
The Fire of Dublin shines.

“Tara proud
Over woods upstanding airy,
Not thus crowd
Gracious gifts around thy name,
From Tara here this day I came,
Great its mighty monarch's fame—
My curse on Laeghairé.”

Patrick spoke ;
Benعان, I, have shaped the lay
With measured stroke
In the right resounding rhyme,
That his words, in every clime,
Should re-echo through all time
Till the Judgment Day.

S.

When, after the Paschal controversy at Tara, the Celtic monarch Laeghaire (pronounced Laery) refused Christianity, though he permitted its propagation, St Patrick went to Dublin. Its ruler was named Ailpin, in Irish, which was very probably a Gaelic form of Halfdan. Through the conversion of the Norsemen (Gall) came the Blessing of Dublin, as related by St. Benعان. The poem is found in the “Book of Rights,” the authorship of which is ascribed to this saint, though there are some interpolations of later date. This poem is distinctly declared to be his composition, and he, the chosen disciple and successor of St. Patrick, was a competent witness. It is true, as objected, that the great Norse Kingdom of Dublin was founded later in the end of the eighth century, but then it is also true that in the year 790 Dicuil conversed with monks who had resided in Iceland, so that there must have been Christian Norsemen at an earlier date than is generally supposed. It is now held, as stated by Dr. Söderberg, that the legend of “Balder the Beautiful” is really a stray story of the life of Christ. That intimate relations between the Scandinavians and Irish existed long before the eighth century is evident from the fact that, in the second century, Bania, wife of the monarch Tuathail, was daughter of the King of Finland, and Una, mother of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was a Danish princess. Under the names of “Fomorians” and “Tuatha de Dananns,” the Scandinavians made settlements in Ireland before even the Milesians, and probably regarded these as piratical invaders. Possibly the Norse invasions of later times arose from a desire to recover their lost territory. There is no historical reason for contesting the existence of a Scandinavian settlement in St. Patrick's time ; but, whatever be

the date assigned to the poem, it is manifest that it is a testimony and tribute, borne by Irish Churchmen, to the early Christianity and high qualities of the great Hiberno-Norse race, so generally and so unscrupulously maligned.

The "Black Book of Christ Church" tells that St. Patrick said mass in certain vaults, and foretold the erection of the Church. Christ Church was built over these vaults by the Norse King Sitric, A.D. 1038. The existence of St. Patrick's wells shows that tradition confirms the account of his presence in Dublin. The strange reference to the "last three fires of Erin" is a poetic allusion to a time when all Ireland should be a desert, save three inhabited places, of which Dublin would be one. This probably is the meaning of the three fires, borne on towers, in the arms of Dublin.

REV. C. P. MEEHAN.

R.I.P.

THIS learned priest and true-hearted Irishman died on the 14th of March at the Presbytery, SS. Michael and John's, Dublin, in the 78th year of his age and the 55th of his sacred ministry. The newspaper obituaries have given an additional year to his priestly life; but he certainly was not ordained before his 23rd year, and he himself read, without correcting, the date that we assigned to his ordination—1835—in a somewhat extended account of his life and writings, which appeared last August in this Magazine (volume xvii, page 427). That paper dispenses us from the necessity of dwelling at present at any length on Father Meehan's most useful literary labours, and it also saves us from the regret expressed by some poet whom the Author of "Lorna Doone" quotes in dedicating a book to a deceased friend:—

Promitti manibus, submitti Manibus, iste

Luget, et immemorem te meminisse, liber.

The following humble and amiable little note regards the article in question:—

DEAR F. RUSSELL,

Many thanks for the kind notice of a very insignificant individual. Of late I have had incessant attacks of dyspepsia, which makes me regard your memoir as my epitaph—not written with a pen of iron.

Ever gratefully yours,

July 27th, 1889.

C. P. M.

We may quote another of Father Meehan's letters which belongs to an earlier date, for it implies that his correspondent was till then ignorant of the name of the Author of "The Monks of Kilcrea," of whom a full account is given at page 325 of our thirteenth

volume. The "Feb. 20" of the following letter must, therefore, be five or six years ago. It refers to some documents and verses appended to one of Father Meehan's works, probably his "Irish Franciscans." The reference to Cardinal Moran as Bishop of Ossory puts the date still further back.

"The Author of *The Monks of Kilcrea* is Mr. Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, formerly an excise officer, but now living retired in London.

"Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, has a copy of Lynch's 'Lives of the Irish Bishops.' The late Dr. Todd, T.C.D., found the original, if I mistake not, in the Library of Rome. His copy was, I think, purchased by Dr. Moran.

"I translated the epicedium. When I was a chap in the Roman College under Padre Divico (God rest him !) I turned lots of Ovid's *Tristia* (then our class-book) into Italian verse, which pleased my beloved teacher. You know that the Roman ruffians cast him out. I met him in Liverpool when he was going to America, broken-hearted and persecuted by the villains who called themselves the Battaglione del Collegio Romano."

This is by no means the last time that Father Meehan will be mentioned in these pages ; but at present we shall only put on record the edifying fact that he was preeminent for his charity to the poor, giving largely out of his scanty income, and for this purpose refraining from expenses in which his literary and antiquarian tastes might have engaged him. This may be more to his advantage now than even the authorship of "The Flight of the Earls," though such labours also are useful and meritorious. May he rest in peace.

INNOCENCE.

WHITE rose must die all in the youth and beauty of the year,
 Though Nightingale should sing the whole night through,
 Though summer breezes woo,
 She will not hear.

Too delicate for the sun's kiss so hot and passionate,
 Or for the rude caresses of the wind,
 She drooped and pined—
 They mourned too late.

Birds carol clear :

"Summer has come," they say,

"O, joy of living on a summer's day!"

White rose must die all in the youth and beauty of the year.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE POPE'S LAST POEM.

The *Osservatore Romano* has lately been allowed to publish some verses which Leo XIII. wrote upon the death of his Jesuit brother, Cardinal Joseph Pecci. The poem takes the form of a dialogue between the living brother and the dead. And first *defunctus loquitur* :—

JOSEPH.

Iustitiæ factum satis est ; admissa piavi ;
 Iam caeli me templa tenent stellantia ; sed tu
 Cum tot sustineas, tam grandia munia, debes
 Tanta plura Deo, quanto majora tulisti.
 Sume animum ; fidens cymbam duc æquor in altum :
 Numine propitio tibi sint cum fenore multo
 Felices initi pro religione labores !
 Attamen ut valeas olim sublimia caeli,
 Ultrices fugiens flammæ, attingere, prudens
 Mortali, Ioachim, vitæ dum vesceris aura,
 Quidquid peccatum est, lacrimis delere memento.

JOACHIM.

Dum vivam, fessosque regat dum spiritus artus,
 Enitar gemitu lacrimisque abstergere culpas.
 At tu, qui Superum securus luce bearis,
 Confectum aerumnis, devexa ætate labantem
 Erige, et usque memor de caelo respice fratrem,
 Quem turbo heu ! dudum premit horridus, horrida dudum
 Fluctibus in mediis commota procella fatigat.

These lines have been translated in *The Tablet*, *The Daily Chronicle*, and *The Globe*. By a strange oversight the Editor of *The Tablet* appears to have admitted the attempt of a foreigner who knows English well enough to imagine that "past" rhymes with "bear'st," and that "estranged my past" is sense and a fair equivalent for "admissa piavi" in what he calls in prose "the necessarily stiffened language of a *versed* translation." More curious than the phrase "while thou draw thy breath" is the line "so thou may'st cool thine eyes in heaven's breeze," which stands for the Pope's simple expression "that thou mayest at length be able to reach the heights of heaven."

The *Daily Chronicle* has, it seems, discovered in these lines "a glaring false quantity"—not merely false but glaringly false, and

yet sundry microscopes have failed to detect it. But this critic has succeeded better in rhyme :—

JOSEPH.

Justice is satisfied ; my soul, now shriven,
Has passed within the starry courts of Heaven.
But thou, my brother, who alone dost bear
So high an office and a world-wide care,
The more thy gifts, the more will God demand.
Frail is thy bark, yet boldly leave the land ;
With God for pilot and the mighty main ;
Great is the toil, but great shall be the gain.
Yet that thou may'st ascend the starry spheres
And shun hell flames, O in this vale of years,
Brother, wash out each mortal sin with tears.

JOACHIM.

While my pulse beats, with many a tear and groan,
For each infirmity I will atone.
But thou, who dwell'st in the calm light of Heaven,
Look back and aid thy brother, tempest-driven,
Bowed down with toil and moil, oppressed with age,
The whirlpool's eddy and the whirlwind's rage.

“ Hell ” and “ mortal ” are intruders here, for “ the avenging flames ” might include the fires of Purgatory, and venial sin is more in question than mortal. The translator has incorrectly rendered the *admissa piavi*, which the poet-pontiff explains by recalling all the prayers and masses offered up for his brother in all parts of Christendom since his death in the beginning of February, which give reason to hope that his soul has by God's mercy flown already to everlasting peace in heaven.

The best version, perhaps, is that given by *The Globe*, though *The Daily Chronicle* has several more successful couplets :—

JOSEPH.

God's justice satisfied, my sins forgiven,
I rest within the starry courts of heaven.
But thou, still bearing thy great station's care,
Owest more to God, the more He bids thee bear.
Take heart, and boldly sail thy ship to sea :
Trust but in Him and He will prosper thee.
So may thy toil, for Church and Faith endured,
Be of rich harvest blessedness assured.
Yet, to pass through the fires that purge of sin,
And the pure heights of Heaven pure-souled to win,
Forget not, brother, through thy life's last years
Each fault to blot by penitential tears.

JOACHIM.

Yea, while the breath yet fills this feeble frame,
 Shall groan and tear assoil my soul of blame.
 And do thou, brother, thou in God's blest light,
 Raise me low-drooping to thy spirit's height ;
 From Heaven look down upon me, brother dear,
 Support my weariness, my sadness cheer,
 While the rough tempest's power and wild sea's will
 Toss my frail bark and drive me onward still.

The allusion to purgatory in the first line might be better represented thus :—

Justice is satisfied, cleansed every stain,
 And now the starry courts of heaven I gain.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

SORROW hath built a palace in my soul,
 With windows giving on Eternity,
 And thence I see Time's dreary waves drift by,
 Swollen with human tears, and onwards roll
 To chilling shores of Death, their final goal.
 Dark burthens on the heaving waters lie,
 Tossed to and fro beneath an iron sky,
 Wrecked hopes, wrecked hearts, wrecked lives that once
 were whole.

Poor ships ! so soon destroyed by envious waves,
 So soon to founder envious rocks between,
 Or else becalmed for aye on arid sand
 Near those dim gardens filled with nameless graves
 Wherein we lay to rest what might have been ;
 Anchor not here : there is a Better Land.

E. S.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "My Time and what I've done with it," by F. C. Burnand (London: Burns and Oates) is a very clever, a very interesting, but a very strange book. As for its cleverness, that is surely to be expected from the Author of "Happy Thoughts," and the Editor of *Punch*. There is plenty of wit and plenty of interesting incidents. One wonders how far it is an autobiography, as it is called on the title-page. Some of the changes in the hero's fortunes agree with what is known of Mr. Burnand himself, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this new popular edition. The story originally ran through one of the London magazines—*Temple Bar*, we think—and then reappeared as a three-volume or two-volume novel. The publishers' advertisement of the present edition represents it as containing sketches of Public School and University life, and also Anglican Seminary life. The public school in question is no doubt Eton, called Holysshade by an allusion to Gray's famous ode:—

"Her Henry's holy shade."

Bulford and Cowbridge are evidently Oxford and Cambridge. God bless the author for the unworldliness and courage that have turned the last pages of this book into an explicit act of faith.

2. *The Catholic World* is giving earnest encouragement to the formation of Catholic Reading Circles in the United States. Some of those interested in the movement have drawn up a list of good stories published by American Catholic publishers. "Uriel," by Mother Raphael (A. T. Drane), which is out of print at home in Burns and Oates's catalogue, is here assigned to the Vatican Library, New York. As this list is confined to American publications and republications, Miss Rosa Mulholland is represented, not by *Marcella Grace*, or any of her well known stories, but by *Hetty Gray*, or *Nobody's Bairn*. With this story two others are ascribed to her which are not hers at all—*Victor's Laurel* and *Kathleen's Motto*. How has this mistake occurred? Our American friends ought not to suppress our Irish author's name altogether—as we had once to complain of Mr. Noonan of Boston—nor to ascribe to her books which are not hers, as seems to have been done in the present instance.

3. It would have been an additional recommendation for an American book commended in our March notices—"Rational Religion," by the Rev. John Conway, Milwaukee—if we had mentioned that the Author was one of the Dunboyne students of Maynooth not many years ago.

4. Another Irish priest, the Rev. Arthur Ryan, President of St.

Patrick's College, Thurles, has given us in a handsome volume of some three hundred pages, "Sermons 1877-1887" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). These thirty discourses are on a great variety of subjects, and they are all animated by a very earnest and practical spirit. They are by no means either cold or commonplace, and they will furnish useful and pleasant spiritual reading in Catholic households. Father Ryan has very few competitors in this field. The posthumous sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell (the "Certain Professor") are almost the only ones we have had of late years from an Irish priest, till this new volume from the President of Thurles. An Irish priestly heart speaks through all. Writing on St. Patrick's Eve, we must again recommend another book by Father Arthur Ryan which we announced last month—"St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland" (Dublin: M. H. Gill). It consists of a Life and a Novena. The former gives in fifty pages a very careful and vivid summary of all that is known or prudently conjectured about the career of our great Apostle. The prayers of the Novena are very fresh and unconventional, and could only have been written by a warm-hearted Irish priest.

5. "Scenes from the Life of St. Benedict, dramatized by a Benedictine Nun" (London: Burns and Oates), is the best piece of literary work of this particular kind that we have seen for a long time. The convent dramas and edifying plays that we have examined seem to us very poor. This Benedictine Nun has reached a higher degree of literary merit. It is a pity when good themes are spoiled by persons who, nevertheless, will have a reward on account of their good intentions. Here, in addition to good intentions, we have considerable capacity for dramatic blank verse.

6. The best collection of hymns that we know is "St. Patrick's Hymn Book" (Dublin: Brown and Nolan). It has been compiled by a Missionary Priest for the use of Associations of the Sacred Heart, Sodalties of Children of Mary, etc. Besides all the best hymns of the usual collections, it has some thirty beautiful hymns that have not before made their way into a popular hymn-book. The extremely low price shows that the publishers reckon on a very wide circulation.

7. How is it that in some small English towns exquisite specimens of typography are produced, which the three capitals can hardly rival? Torquay furnishes the latest example. The dainty book, which Mr. F. H. Hamilton, using Dr. Cruise's great work with full acknowledgment, has devoted to the *Imitation of Christ* and Thomas a Kempis, is printed at Torquay. In every respect it is very elegantly produced, and it is worthy of such care. The fifth edition has just been published by M. H. Gill and Sons, Dublin, and Burns and Oates, London.

M A Y, 1890.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE TRACK.

MISS Matilda's sleep that afternoon was long and deep, for never again did she open her eyes to look upon sister or children, but passed away in silent peace.

From the hour of her sister's death Miss Barbara drooped and pined. She fell into a state of melancholy and depression, grew weak in mind and body, and was an object of constant care and attention.

Madge watched over her with all the love and tenderness of a loving daughter, whilst Dora helped with the housework and looked after the little shop.

But at last, as winter changed into spring, the poor lady caught a severe cold, and in a few short days followed her beloved Matilda to the grave.

Madge mourned deeply for the loss of her kind friends; and yet she could not but rejoice at the freedom that their death had given her. She was now her own mistress; and after many years of patient waiting was at liberty to leave Oldport, and go forth into the world, in search of Anne Dane.

So, without delay, she resolved to give up the cottage and start for London. The sale of the stock that remained in the shop, and the simple furniture of the house, brought her some ten or twelve pounds. This, and the money sent by Madge's anonymous friend, was the sum total of her fortune. But with that amount the girls felt they could make their way to the metropolis, and live with economy till Madge got on as a daily governess, and Dora as a dressmaker's assistant.

All these arrangements took some time to make; but at last they were complete. Everything was sold. The cottage passed into the hands of strangers; and Madge and Dora, having packed up all their belongings, were looking forward eagerly to their much-talked-of journey.

During the days of the sale, and whilst Madge wound up her affairs, the two girls stayed at the house of a respectable woman, who had known them from their childhood. She had a married sister who let lodgings in London, and to her Madge wrote asking if she could give her a couple of rooms in her house.

But when Mrs. Shinner's reply came, the girl was horrified at the sum demanded for the small accommodation she required.. It was more than Miss Matilda had paid for the cottage in which they had all lived comfortably, and she feared she could not afford to spend so much upon her rooms alone.

"Lor' bless you, that's nothing for London," said their hostess. "Just you wait, Miss Madge, till you see how dear everything is. You'll be astonished."

"But there must be cheaper places than this, surely," replied Madge. "I must try and find one, Mrs. Fleet. I must, indeed."

"Well, miss, take my advice and go there first; it's a respectable place. And my sister's an honest woman. You didn't ought to go wanderin' through London, promiscuous like, you an' Miss Dora. You didn't ought to, indeed."

"Perhaps not, Mrs. Fleet," said Madge, sighing. "It is a large rent, but I suppose I'd better take the rooms for the present."

And she wrote off engaging them at once.

"And now, my darling," Madge said to Dora on the morning of their departure from Oldport, "we have two farewell visits to pay. One to the cemetery to place our last flowers upon our friends' grave; the other to Miss Tranmore. Are you nearly ready to start?"

"Yes. I have just finished," answered Dora. And she held up a beautiful wreath of primroses and violets. "Is it not pretty?"

"Lovely, dearest. You have the fingers of a fairy. You could make anything, I believe."

"I wish I could, Madge. And I do hope that Mdme. Garniture, of London, may think as highly of me as you do. Miss Tranmore says she has promised to give me plenty of work if she finds I can do it well."

"I am not uneasy about that, Dora. But I'm afraid the work-room will try you. It is sure to be hot and stuffy. And you are not strong, my pet."

"No. But I think I shall be able to bear the heat of the room,

for the sake of what I shall earn," answered Dora, smiling. "I am longing to make piles of money for you, Madge."

"And I am bent on getting you a fortune before the year is out. Not by work, but by restoring you to your rights. Something tells me I shall soon find Anne Dane."

Dora laughed.

"I am not so sanguine, dear. And if you did find her, it would probably be of no use. We have no proofs, remember."

"That's what Miss Tranmore always says. She declares Anne Dane would never confess or acknowledge you as the lost child, and that I may just as well not look for her."

"And I think she is right. Although, I must say, I'd like to find her, even if it were only to know what she has been doing all these years, and how she was rich enough to send you fifty pounds; also why she sent it, and yet will not write and let you know where she is."

"I know where she is," said Madge quietly. "I have known it all along."

"Madge!" Dora looked at her in astonishment.

"Well, dear, do not open your eyes so wide. We both know. We feel certain that Anne Dane must be with Mr. Atherstone. So in that way we know indirectly where she is."

"Yes, indirectly. But there may be any number of Atherstones in London. Miss Tranmore says it is an enormous place—a wilderness, and that people don't know their next-door neighbours. In fact, she says it's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay to set out to find anyone there, unless you really know where they live and who they are."

"Perhaps so. But I may as well live in London as in Oldport. And I am determined to find Anne Dane. If I could only meet her and confront her with you, and that portrait of your mother, Dora, she would be obliged to recognize you as Sylvia Atherstone. That is the one proof we possess. And I don't think it's a bad one."

"No," said Dora, drawing out the miniature which she always wore round her neck since leaving the orphanage, "I can see myself that I am like it. Dear little mother, you were prettier than I. Your shoulders were straight, your figure well-formed. But still your child is wonderfully like you. What was my father like, Madge?"

"Tall and noble looking, with, oh, such a kind face and sweet gentle eyes," said Madge, with much animation. "I was only a little girl when I saw him, Dora, but I shall never forget him. He was so good to us all—so—so kind to father. Oh, if I could but let him see you, our troubles would soon be at an end, darling."

"I wonder where he is, Madge?"

"Somewhere in the Bush, dear. Father said he enjoyed his free, careless life there so much that nothing would tempt him to go home."

"It seems strange that he should like it so much."

"Not at all, dear. It is a glorious country. If you only saw the flowers, Dora—the exquisite ferns, that only grow in hot-houses here, growing by the roadside; the gorgeous scarlet lilies thirty feet high, the splendid trees, the beautiful birds. Oh, my dear, if you saw all this, you would not wonder that people should love Australia."

"Perhaps not," said Dora thoughtfully. "But if I were a father and had a little daughter in England, I think I would leave even the most beautiful land to see her, and take her in my arms."

"But he may have heard you were drowned."

"So he may. But who then is the child you saw with Anne Dane? I thought you believed she had taken my place—that she was"——

"The real Dora Neil. I sometimes think so. But I may be wrong. I hope I am. I could not bear to think of my sister usurping your place."

"And I would rather think she did, dear. I often wonder what that little girl was like, Madge, whose fate was so curiously mixed up with mine. It would make me very happy to think of her grown up tall and beautiful, enjoying the comforts of my grandfather's house, instead of lying cold and dead at the bottom of that cruel sea."

"You have a tender, loving heart, my pet. But remember that if my sister is really in your place it will make it much harder for me to prove that you are Sylvia Atherstone, and punish Anne Dane."

"Yes. I know that, but except that I should have money to help you, I don't want to be Sylvia Atherstone. I am not fit to be a fine lady, and I am quite happy with you."

"God bless you, my darling. Your love is very precious to me," said Madge, drawing the fair head upon her breast, and kissing the sensitive lips. "Your happiness is the one thing I wish for. But I have a duty to perform, Dora, and do it I will."

"Dear, strong, determined Madge," answered Dora smiling. "But come, dear. Let us go to the cemetery at once. Our hours are passing, and we have much to do."

"Quite true, dear. We have not much time, and I must see Miss Tranmore. I have several things to ask her. So come along. I'll carry this." And taking the wreath, Madge drew Dora's hand within her arm, and they left the house together.

It was a warm day. One of those close, heavy days that sometimes

come upon us in the early spring. The road to the cemetery was long and dusty; and when the girls had laid the wreath upon the grave, Dora felt tired and weary, and begged Madge to go on to the Court without her.

"I saw Miss Tranmore yesterday, dear, and I bade her good-bye. She will not expect to see me again. I do not feel able to walk so far. So I'll wait under this tree till you return."

"I am sorry you cannot come on to the Court, dearest. You might have rested and had some milk in the housekeeper's room. You will be lonely here."

"Not at all. I like solitude, remember. And I—well, I don't care for the housekeeper's room at Tranmore Court. So away you go, Madge. I'll dream of my future greatness till you return." And Dora laughed softly. "Good-bye, Miss Neil."

"Good-bye, dear. I'll not be very long."

And Madge kissed her hand, and started off at a brisk pace.

As her sister disappeared from sight, a cloud passed over Dora's sweet face, and she lay back with a sigh upon the grass.

"It is strange how that old feeling comes back," she murmured, "always tired, tired. Just as I used to be at the orphanage. And I thought—I felt sure, that when I had my Madge to love me and take care of me, it would pass away. But it has not. Oh, God, make me strong. Grant that in our hard struggle for life in London I may not be a burthen on my darling."

And clasping her hands, Dora raised her blue eyes appealingly to heaven.

The air was soft and balmy; not a sound was heard save the sweet singing of the birds, and the burr of a steam plough in a neighbouring field.

"Surely England is a good country to live in, too," thought Dora dreamily, as she gazed out over the beautiful landscape. "And yet my father prefers the wilds of Australia—at least we think he does. He may have come home long ago, for it is wild, in spite of what Madge says about the flowers and the birds. It is wild—very. It is all so strange. Such an odd thing my story. That I, poor little I, should have a father and grandfather, both rich, strong, and powerful, and yet be dependent on Madge for everything I possess. But it shall not be so long. I'll work, and work, and with God's help support myself."

Suddenly the girl sat up and looked anxiously around. The sound of a distant cry, the tramp of horses' feet, the noise of approaching wheels fell upon her ear. On it came, nearer, rapidly nearer, till at last she saw a carriage dashing down the road towards her. It was

some way off still, but, from the mad action of the horses and the swift pace at which they were going, she quickly realized that they were running away.

Dora sprang to her feet, and, running into the field where the plough was at work, called loudly to the men to come and stop the runaway horses.

"You are dreaming, young lady. There is no such a thing about here," said one of the labourers roughly. "Go along and leave us to our work."

"Yes, yes, they are coming down the road. Quick, there is not a moment to lose." And catching his arm she tried to drag him along.

He resisted, and pushed her aside with an oath. Then, as the carriage turned a corner and came into view, she started away with a cry of horror.

"There, see. If you will not stop them, I must." And she sped quickly away.

"Good God! she'll be killed," cried the man. "Go back, miss, go back."

In a few strides he overtook the terrified girl, and thrusting her out of his way, ran on to the road.

As the horses came madly on, the carriage swaying to and fro, its occupants calling loudly for help, the man jumped suddenly from the hedge. The animals swerved a little; their pace became less rapid; and making a violent effort he sprang at their heads, and seized one of them by the bridle. At first he seemed powerless to stop them, and was dragged along in the dust. But he held on bravely; and on his fellow workman coming to his aid, they at last brought the frantic creatures to a standstill.

The coachman, who had dropped the reins and was holding on to his seat like grim death, soon recovered himself, and jumping to the ground, ran to the horses' heads.

Within the carriage were an elderly lady and a young man of about twenty or twenty-one. They were both white and frightened, and their voices shook with emotion as they thanked their deliverers.

"Come up to Ashfield Park this evening, my men," said the lady. "You have behaved nobly. We owe our lives to you. My son and I are grateful, deeply grateful; and we thank you from our hearts. But you—we must give you some reward, some substantial reward, for what you have done for us."

"Thank you, my lady," answered one of the men, bowing and touching his hat respectfully. "We only did our duty."

"Well, you did it nobly, bravely," she replied smiling. "And I am indeed thankful for our escape."

"Yes, Lady Ashfield, I am truly thankful that my comrade and me was able to save you and his lordship," he said. "But had it not been for this little lass, your ladyship, we'd never have seen or heard anything till too late, not with the noise of the plough and the distance from the road."

"Really?" cried the lady, stretching out of the carriage and shaking Dora warmly by the hand. "Thank you, dear, thank you. But you look very white. Were you frightened?"

"Yes," said Dora faintly, and clasping her hands tightly together. "But, but, thank God you are saved. I did very little, I assure you. I was too weak and small to stop the horses, and I only just called and made the men come."

"You showed wonderful presence of mind, dear. Didn't she, Charlie?"

"Yes, mother, she certainly did. But I am afraid," said the young man kindly, "that the effort has been too much for her. She looks ill and faint. If she is not too nervous to trust herself in the carriage with us, after what she has seen, I think we should drive her home. She seems unable to walk, and the horses are quiet now. Aren't they, Smith?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the coachman. "They are right enough now."

"Will you get into the carriage beside my mother?" asked Lord Ashfield, turning to Dora. "And we'll drive you wherever you wish to go."

"Oh, please, I can't," she answered. "I"—

"What? Are you nervous?"

"No. But I am waiting here for my sister, and if she came and found me gone she would be alarmed. I must not go, please. I can sit and rest till she comes. So pray, pray do not mind me."

"But these men would tell her."

"Oh, no, no, I would rather wait. I would indeed."

"Very well. You shall do as you like. But I hope you will come and see my mother to-morrow."

"Yes," said Lady Ashfield, "please do."

"But I cannot. We—Madge and I go to London this afternoon."

"To London?"

"Yes. We are going there to live and work."

"Is Madge your sister?"

"Yes, that is."—Dora blushed as it suddenly flashed across her that after all Madge, her darling Madge, was not her sister. For years, all her life, in fact, she had called her by that sweet name, and

had forgotten that she was not so in reality. But now, with Lord Ashfield's inquiring eyes fixed upon her, she remembered that she was not speaking the truth in saying that she and Madge were sisters.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Lady Ashfield, wondering at the girl's confusion.

"My name." Dora paused, then smiling, she raised her beautiful eyes to the lady's face. "I am called Dorothy Neil."

"Have you been long in Oldport?"

"Not long. I was brought up at B—— orphanage. Madge lived in Oldport with Miss Matilda and Miss Barbara Parry."

"Then you are one of the children saved from the wreck of the *Cimbria* some fourteen years ago?"

"Yes. I was a tiny child at the time."

"The *Cimbria*!" cried Lord Ashfield. "Why, that was the name of the steamer in which Sylvia Atherstone was wrecked."

Dora started and grew white to the lips.

"Yes, the very same," replied his mother. "She and her nurse were fortunately picked up by a passing steamer. This child and her sister were washed ashore at Oldport. I have lived so much abroad that I only heard of them the other day. If I had known sooner, I would certainly have told Sir Eustace. He would surely have helped them, had he been told. The very fact of their having been in the same wreck with his beloved grandchild would have made him love them."

"Yes, I am sure it would," said Lord Ashfield smiling. "For truly he idolizes his beautiful Sylvia."

"Oh, pray tell me," asked Dora in a shaking voice, "do you know her?"

"Sylvia Atherstone? Oh, yes, very well."

"But is she really the Sylvia I mean, my—— The child that came home from Australia?"

"In the *Cimbria*. Yes."

"And," continued Dora eagerly, "was her nurse Anne Dane?"

"Certainly," answered Lady Ashfield smiling. "But you cannot remember either of them. You are just about Sylvia's age."

"I am Sylvia," rose to the girl's lips. But she suddenly reflected how foolish it would be to make such a statement to strangers, who would probably think her mad. So she choked back the words, and said in a low voice:

"Yes, the same exactly. I was sixteen my last birthday."

"You look younger," said Lady Ashfield. "But then Sylvia is tall and"——

"And straight," cried Dora. "I hope, oh, say she is straight, please. I was injured in the wreck. But she"——

"Was more fortunate, dear child. She escaped all injury, and is straight and strong."

"Thank God for that, thank God for that," murmured Dora half to herself. "Straight and beautiful, she is more fit to be a fine lady than a poor, weak little girl like me. And oh," she added aloud, "Madge will be so glad to hear that"——

Then she stopped abruptly, as she remembered how much Madge longed to know where Anne Dane lived, how anxious she was to discover her grandfather, and restore her to his arms.

"Well," said Lady Ashfield, "why do you stop? Madge will, of course, be pleased to hear that Miss Atherstone is well. And Anne also, for I suppose she has not forgotten them."

"No," answered Dora, "she has not. And oh, dear Lady Ashfield, could you tell me where Sylvia and Anne Dane live?"

"Certainly. Sylvia lives with her grandfather."

"And Anne Dane?"

"Is her maid, I believe."

"But where? In what place do they live?" Dora questioned eagerly.

"Generally in the country. I declare you are quite curious about them." And Lady Ashfield laughed. "But, I suppose, that is only natural. So I will give you all the information I can. The Atherstones, and I presume Anne Dane, are abroad now, and do not return for another year and a half. They will be in London then, as Sylvia is to be presented."

"But where are they abroad?" cried the girl. "What is their address? Dear lady, do not think me rude. Forgive me if I ask too many questions. But Madge is longing to see, to know where Anne Dane is."

"Indeed? I suppose she was kind to her on board ship? Well, it is very nice of Madge to be grateful. But I really cannot tell you where she is at present. My son and I left the Atherstones in Paris a month ago. They were going on into Italy. Where, I don't exactly know."

Dora sighed heavily, and murmured sadly.

"Poor Madge! And I thought I should have good news to tell you."

"Well," said Lady Ashfield, "in about a year and a half Madge may have the happiness of meeting her old friend. At the end of that time call at my house in London, 16 Belgrave Street, and I will tell you where the Atherstones are."

"Oh, thank you," cried Dora, smiling brightly, "Madge will be so glad."

"And now, dear, tell me, what is Madge going to do in London?"

"Teach music. She is so clever." The girl's eyes shone with proud delight. "Miss Tranmore says she plays most exquisitely."

"Who taught her?"

"The organist of the church and Miss Tranmore."

"That is very good. I may be able to get her some pupils. So tell Madge to come to see me in London next week. I should like to help her and you all I can."

"Thank you so much. You are too kind, too good."

"Not at all. You saved our lives, remember, by your presence of mind. I wish I could be of real assistance to you. What are you going to do?"

Dora blushed deeply, and tears rushed into her eyes.

"Alas! there is not much I can do," she said sadly. "I learned but little at the orphanage. But I am determined not to be a burden upon Madge. I can sew well. I shall try to be a dressmaker."

"A dressmaker!" cried Lord Ashfield in a tone of horror. "Such a thing is quite impossible. The air of the work room would kill you. And association with the apprentices would be torture for you. You are not fit for such a life."

"It is the only thing I can do," said Dora gravely. "It will be torture I daresay. But it must be done."

"But surely there must be other ways," he cried impetuously. "It is not right that a young lady should lower herself, and mix with common work girls."

Dora laughed merrily.

"I don't think I shall mind that," she said. "The children at the orphanage were not ladies, and I got on very well with them for nearly fourteen years."

"Yes, but then country girls are quite different from those in town. I do not think you should lower yourself in such a manner," he said earnestly. "I don't, indeed."

"I shall not lower myself, Lord Ashfield," replied Dora with much dignity. "My father was a gentleman, my mother a lady. I shall not forget what I owe to their name. But did I refuse to do what lay in my power, in order to help Madge; did I sit idly by, lest I should lower myself by working as a dressmaker, I should feel myself unworthy to be their child."

"Bravely spoken, dear," said Lady Ashfield approvingly. "And you are quite right. No honest work can lower anyone. A lady

born remains so, no matter what her employment is. I always respect and honour a poor lady who works for her own independence, instead of living in idleness at the expense of some hard-working friend."

"Why, mother, you are quite eloquent," cried Lord Ashfield. "And I must confess I stand rebuked. But all the same, I do not think Miss Neil's choice of work a good one. The life will not suit her."

"Well, we must consider what is to be done," she answered. "Come and see me soon, dear child, and I will help you all I can. And now, Ashfield, we must say good-bye to our deliverer. It is late, and we have a long drive before us yet. Good-bye, little Dora, till next week."

And drawing the girl towards her, Lady Ashfield kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-bye, Miss Neil," said Ashfield, raising his hat, and holding Dora's hand for a moment within his own. "I am very grateful to you for your goodness to us this afternoon. I hope we may soon meet again. Do not forget my mother's address, 16 Belgrave Street. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Dora faintly, and as she raised her large earnest eyes to his face they were full of tears. "God must have sent you and Lady Ashfield to me to-day. It will make everything easy for Madge and me, when we have such friends to look after us in London. Good-bye."

Then Lord Ashfield stepped into the carriage beside his mother, and the horses, now perfectly quiet, started at a brisk pace down the road.

"What a sweet face that child has," said Lady Ashfield, looking back and waving her hand to Dora. "She is really quite pretty."

"Pretty!" he cried earnestly. "She is beautiful."

"Beautiful. Oh, no."

"Oh yes, mother, she is beautiful," he insisted. "That simple child has the face of an angel."

CHAPTER X.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Dora's account of the runaway horses, and her conversation with Lady Ashfield and her son, was listened to with much interest by Madge.

That after all these years of waiting they should at last come across people who knew the Atherstones and Anne Dane, was great

happiness for the girl. And the promise of help from a lady of position filled her with hope for her own success in the arduous life she was about to enter upon.

She longed to see Lady Ashfield at once to question her closely about Anne Dane ; to ask more particulars about the supposed Sylvia ; and if she should find it necessary or useful in carrying out the great object she had in view, to take the lady into her confidence. But as she and Dora were obliged to go to London that afternoon, and Lady Ashfield remained a week longer in the country, she was forced to postpone the much desired interview whether she wished it or not.

Miss Tranmore had given Madge a letter of introduction to a Mrs. Prim, who kept a school at Kensington, and required a governess to help her with her pupils. To this lady, therefore, the girl went on her arrival in town, and was immediately engaged at a very moderate salary. For this she was obliged to take a large part in the teaching of the school. She taught music to the older girls, and everything else including the elements of French to the small children.

The hours at Penelope Lodge were nominally from nine to four. But when the bell rang for the scholars to go their way, they handed their finished exercises to Madge, and whilst they rushed off gaily to their homes, the weary governess had to sit down to correct their work, and make up the mark books accordingly. And so the poor girl soon found that she had but little spare time, as for one reason or another she never left the schoolroom till past seven, and it was generally eight o'clock before she got home to Dora and supper.

So the days passed quickly by, and it was with deep regret that she was obliged to delay still longer her visit to Lady Ashfield.

But at last one day, at the end of her first month in the school, she was informed that she might leave early on the following Saturday afternoon. This was pleasant news for Madge, and she resolved to take advantage of her holiday and go to Belgrave Street. So at three o'clock Dora called for her at Penelope Lodge, and the two girls set out together to pay their much-talked-of visit to Lady Ashfield.

They were both in good spirits and much excited. Madge had determined to tell Lady Ashfield the true story of the wreck, and felt certain that in a short time her darling would be rescued from her present wretched life and restored to her proper position.

For much as Madge had suffered in her badly-paid situation, poor Dora had suffered infinitely more. The hours in Mdme. Garniture's dressmaking establishment were long and wearisome, the work monotonous, the rooms hot and stifling, the girls vulgar, coarse and frivolous. And sweet delicate Dorothy pined and grew thin in the unwholesome atmosphere. But she never complained. Her heart

was set on helping Madge, and no matter how tired she felt in the evenings, she had always a smile of welcome for her dear sister on her return from the school. Nevertheless Madge was not deceived by this forced gaiety, and she became more and more anxious to find the Atherstones, and put an end to her darling's troubles as speedily as possible. Through Lady Ashfield she felt sure she could do this. And so she longed most ardently to see and speak to her.

"I hope Lady Ashfield may not have forgotten me," said Dora nervously. "It is so long. It seems almost a lifetime since that day in Oldport."

"It is only a month, dearest," said Madge gently. "You saved her life and her son's by your presence of mind. No one, not even the coldest, most thoughtless person, could forget that in a few short weeks."

"And I am sure she was neither cold nor thoughtless. She had a kind though a proud face. And Lord Ashfield! Oh, Madge, he had such a strong, straightforward look. He would never forget, I am sure. He is too noble for that."

And Dora's pale cheek flushed, and her blue eyes sparkled.

Madge looked at her curiously.

"You seem to have made him your hero, darling—your ideal."

Dora laughed, and her colour deepened.

"Is that wonderful, Madge? He was so good and kind, and looked so splendidly handsome, yet so unconscious. His manner to me, poor little weakly me, was as polite and—and gracious as though he had been speaking to his equal."

"And so he was, dear. He felt what you were. He could not mistake you, for you are a true lady, my pet, in spite of your poor surroundings."

"I don't know about that, Madge. A lady should not feel nervous and frightened when speaking to strangers. A lady should forget herself and her looks, and I can't."

"That is only shyness natural at your age, dearest. I am sure the highest lady in the land has felt that at sixteen."

"But I always remember my deformity," said Dora in a low voice. "I know it is wrong and foolish. But"—

Madge stopped short, and looking Dora's tiny figure up and down with close attention, said gravely:

"My dear child, you are not deformed."

"Oh, Madge!"

"Oh, Dora! I would not deceive you for the world. And what I tell you is true. I think I told you so long ago at Oldport. You are not deformed. You are small; you are thin; slighter than

anyone I ever saw. Your shoulders from weakness are round—one perhaps a trifle, mind I say a trifle higher than the other. But that is not remarkable, and would disappear very soon if you could rest and grow strong. Then your face, my pet, makes up for everything; it is lovely. Your eyes are the purest of blue, your hair like threads of gold."

"Enough, Madge," cried Dora, laughing. "In your anxiety to comfort me you are going too far. But nothing you can say will change my opinion of myself. I have known it,"—sighing—"for many years. But I never felt it so keenly as on that day when Lord Ashfield spoke to me, and I read pity in his eyes."

"What a shame! He is not such a hero after all, then, my darling. It was weak and stupid."

"Hush, Madge, I cannot listen to you. Such words do not describe him. They should never be used when speaking of him."

"Well, dearest, when you are recognized as Miss Atherstone"—

"That would make no difference. I am as near him as Dora Neil as ever I could be. But oh, Madge, when I heard that Sylvia—for she will always be Sylvia to me—was tall and beautiful, I put her next him in my mind, and I thought she will look well by his side. She, if she is as good as she is said to be beautiful, will be worthy to be his wife."

"Dora, you are a dreamer. And in your dreams you have given this young man too high a place. You know nothing of him, and yet you have endowed him with all kinds of virtues that, perhaps, he does not possess. When you meet him again, you will probably find him full of faults, a mere frivolous worldling."

"No," replied the young girl gravely, "that could never be. With such a noble face he could not be that. If we ever meet—But here we are at Belgrave Street. Oh, Madge, have you courage to go in?"

"Certainly. I came to see Lady Ashfield, and if I can manage it I will do so."

And walking boldly up the steps she rang the bell. Several moments passed and not a sound was heard within the house. No one appeared to open the door.

"How strange!" said Madge. "Where can all the servants be?"

"Perhaps the bell did not ring," suggested Dora. "Try again, dear."

Madge did so, and this time more successfully, for almost immediately footsteps were heard coming up the hall. A chain rattled noisily, a bolt was withdrawn, and a dirty looking old woman put out her head.

"Wot does yer want?" she inquired, staring hard at the visitors.

"We want to see Lady Ashfield, please," said Madge.

"Lady Ashfield ain't at 'ome. She"——

"But she would like to see us. She told us to come."

"I tell yer 'er ain't at home. She's in furrin' parts.

"Where?" asked Madge.

"I'm blest if I know. Mrs. Downside, the 'ousekeeper, knows, but she's hout. She sends papers and letters and cards to some outlandish furrin' place. But I'm not much of a scholard. So I don't right remember it. Will you leave a card, miss?"

"Oh, no, it doesn't matter," cried Dora. "We have no cards. But when did Lady Ashfield go abroad?"

"Nearly a month ago. 'Er father took ill, and she went off all of a sudden."

"When will she be back?" said Madge.

"Don't know. Not for many a month, I'm thinkin'. Perhaps more nor a year."

"Oh, Madge, what a pity we did not come here at once, the very day after we arrived in London," cried Dora. "I am so sorry."

"So am I, dear. But we could not help it. I was obliged to go to the school first," said Madge sadly. "It was a certainty. Lady Ashfield's promised help was not. She has probably forgotten all about us."

"I cannot believe that. And Lord Ashfield—he would not, he could not forget."

"But, my dear, he could do nothing for us—at least, perhaps after all he might. Through him, Dora, we might find the Atherstones. Tell me," Madge said, turning to the old woman, "is Lord Ashfield in London?"

"No. 'E's at Oxbridge or on the continong. I don't rightly know," she replied. "But 'e's not in Lunnin, I know that."

"Thank you," said Madge. "Good morning. Come, Dora, there is no more to be done. Let us go home."

"Oh, Madge, I am so disappointed." And, forgetful of time and place, Dora burst into tears.

"Come, darling, you must not weep," said Madge soothingly.

"I, too, am bitterly, keenly disappointed. But we must not give way to despair. We may come across the Atherstones some other way."

"Always those Atherstones, Madge," cried Dora impatiently. "I hate their name. I don't care if I never see them. But"——

"My dear child, you forget how much depends on our finding them. Of what value are these Ashfields except as a means to attain the end we have always had in view? If I thought they could not help me to that, I should never wish to see them, I assure you."

"Madge!"

Dora's voice was full of indignation, and her eyes flashed angrily, as she looked at her sister. Then her lips trembled slightly, and a faint colour rose to her pale cheeks. "But, of course," she added softly, "that is not wonderful. You do not know the Ashfields as I do."

"Well, darling, we must both forget them as fast as we can," said Madge cheerfully. "Come, Dora, dry your eyes, dear, and let us go home to tea."

As the two girls turned away and disappeared into the Grosvenor Road, a hansom dashed up to 16 Belgrave Street, and a young man sprang out and ran up the steps.

The old woman was standing at the door gazing about her, but on seeing the cab stop, she fled into the hall, and began scrubbing her face and hands with her apron.

"'Is ludship, as I live. Goody, Goody, an' Mrs. Downside hout for the day. Wotsoever shall I do?"

"Where is the housekeeper?" asked Lord Ashfield as he entered. "Tell her I want to see her for a moment."

"Please, yer ludship, she's hout," said the old woman, making a low curtsy. "She's gone for the day."

Lord Ashfield walked up and down the hall.

"That is most awkward. I had a message to give her, a most important message from my mother."

"She'll be in by eight or half-past, yer ludship."

"Too late. I cannot wait. My grandfather is dying. I have many things to do this afternoon, and I must go by the evening mail to Paris. I am very sorry not to see Mrs. Downside. It may make a considerable difference to those poor girls," he murmured. "I cannot get that child's lovely, pale, sad face out of my thoughts. She haunts me, and yet I am powerless, utterly powerless. Our gratitude, our seeming forgetfulness, is terrible, and yet.— But they may come. I must give this woman my message. Perhaps she may deliver it properly. And to make quite sure I'll write from Paris. Look here, Mrs."—

"Partridge, my lud."

"Well, Mrs. Partridge, I want you to give a message to Mrs. Downside."

"Yes, my lud."

"You are to give her this packet, and tell her that Lady Ashfield wishes her to give it with her love to two young ladies who may call here any day. My mother does not know their address, and"—

"Is one dark and the other fair, my lud?"

"One is fair, certainly. Fair as a lily."

"She's been, my lud."

"Been? When? Did she leave any address? I might have time."

"She left no address, my lud, an' cried sadly, poor little lady, when she 'eard as 'er ladyship was away. She an' 'er sister 'ad just turned the corner when yer ludship drove hup."

"How provoking! Why didn't you tell me? Why? But, of course, you could not know. Pray excuse my heat. But Lady Ashfield is anxious, most anxious, to hear from those young ladies. So tell Mrs. Downside that when they come again she must be kind to them, and having learned their address, send it on at once to her mistress."

"Yes, my lud. I'll not forget."

"Have these young ladies been here before?"

"I don't know, my lud. I don't open the door but seldom, an' they might 'ave come without my knowin' of it."

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry I missed them. Do not forget my message. By Jove, I must be off. How the time does pass! Good evening, Mrs. Partridge."

And Lord Ashfield jumped into his cab and drove away.

(To be continued).

"LITTLE DORRIT."

DEAR "Little Mother" with the patient face,
 Beneath the shadow of thy prison wall
 Thou hast grown up a blossom fair and small,
 To bloom within the gloomy, barren space.
 Dear loving heart that wovest dreams of grace
 Around the ruins of thy father's fall,
 And his poor failings loving names could call,
 Making homelike his dreary dwelling-place.

I see him come—thy brave and gentle knight—
 Into thy childish life, to make it glad
 With his grave tenderness and gentle ways;
 Ah! little Dorrit, in a while thy days,
 Because of him, were desolate and sad;
 But in the end thy life grew glad and bright.

MARY FURLONG.

THE LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

PART II.

"I am Thy servant, O Lord, and the son of Thy handmaid : Thou hast broken my bonds asunder. To Thee will I offer a sacrifice of praise." Such are the opening words of the Fifth Book of the "Confessions." Emancipated at last, as David from his sin, as the children from the furnace, he must sing a canticle of gratitude to his Deliverer, and lay upon the altar an oblation of praise and prayer. And surely if ever a human oblation could be an atonement to the Most High for sin, it was the noble offering that St. Augustine now made. He laid his heart and intellect on the altar of the Lord. Purity filled the one, faith exalted the other. He had found the Beauty, ever ancient, ever new, after which his soul had thirsted ; and except the inspired melodies of the Psalmist, convert too like Augustine, there is no record of human speech so beautiful, so exalted, so sublime, as those soliloquies and meditations in which he poured forth the ecstasies of his soul towards the great Invisible Being, whom unknown he had worshipped and loved. I do not know if there be any record that the veil of the Unseen was lifted for St. Augustine as for St. Paul and St. John. But I find it difficult to understand that anything less than the vision of the Eternal could have inspired a human heart with such seraphic love as that which clearly burnt in the heart of our saint, and winged with celestial fire every line he wrote, every word he uttered. And, yet somehow, we are attracted more by the oblation of his intellect than by the sacrifice of his heart, and by the stupendous work that intellect accomplished when the light of Divine Faith was shed upon it. The history of the Church is full of examples of mighty minds that were barren and fruitless till the sunshine of Faith fell upon them ; but St. Augustine stands for ever as the most brilliant testimony of the power of purity and faith to bring forth the flowers and fruits of graceful eloquence and solid wisdom which the Church of God treasures even more carefully than his corporal relics, and which an unbelieving world would not willingly let perish. And the singular fact is on record that, although St. Augustine spent the best years of his life in heresy, when his mental powers were fresh and vigorous, there has not been preserved for us one single line that he wrote during that period—not one utterance from forum or platform ; but the riper products of his genius are most jealously guarded. For, after all, what without faith is human wisdom ? Or what is the " tinkling cymbal " of human eloquence compared with the trumpet tones of a voice resonant with Divine power and vibrating with the consciousness of the truth and importance of its utterances ?

And so Augustine, the licentious student, is completely forgotten, and would be unknown were it not for his own most truthful and pathetic "Confessions," as Augustine the orator and professor is completely hidden by the glories that surround his name as a doctor and a saint. For, as an eagle of the mountains, born and reared in a strong cage, is utterly unable to feel or exercise his strength, and beats its wings feebly and is blinded by the faintest ray of light, and begins to love its captive degradation; but once free it feels new strength with every new pulsation of its wings, and soars at last into the empyrean, and plunges fearlessly into the most frightful abyss, and poises itself over the roaring torrent, and looks steadily on the face of the sun itself: so the soul of our saint, imprisoned in the den of vice and irreligion, was utterly unable to exercise its moral and mental energies, but, once emancipated, it rose into the very highest spheres of thought, and plunged into the deepest and darkest problems of existence, and lifted itself into the realms of "light inaccessible," and gazed steadily on the mystery that shrouds the majesty of the Eternal.

Nothing was too great, nothing too small, for this searching intellect. It swept calmly over all those mixed questions that torture the souls of men—time and space, freewill and Divine foresight, the existence of evil and of a benevolent and all-wise Providence, the inspiration of Scripture—all passed in review before him, and he knew what the loftiest intellects had said about them, and then touched and transfigured them by the magic of his own great mind. No one has ever told the world the limits of human knowledge and the infinity of Divine Faith in clearer language than he. Plato told him all about God—told him even of the Word Only-begotten, who reposed from eternity in the bosom of the Father, led him to the very boundary line of the Christian Revelation, but stopped there. There was the gulf that no pagan intellect could bridge over—there was the abyss across which for thirty years he had strained his eyes in vain for a way whereby he could pass or a guide who would take him by the hand and lead him, until at last he saw in Christ the "Word made flesh," and came to the knowledge of God through Him who is the "way, the truth, and the life." And that knowledge once attained, behold everything underwent a transformation in his eyes. The Scriptures, which he had derided for their simplicity, suddenly unfolded their sacred majesty in word and meaning. The philosophy he had adored became the dark, obscure parchment scroll, across which, invisible but to Christian eyes, the name of God was written; and Nature unfolded her thousand charms to him, and with her thousand voices echoed the peaceful exultation that filled his heart. For now, like the great Saint of Assisi in later times, he began to love

his life and the world, whose every aspect and accident revealed the gentle presence of its King. He tells us in the "City of God" that in the colours which blend and mingle on the bosom of the great deep he saw the love of God always considerate for His wayward child; and in the slender filament which binds together the glossy plumage of the dove, he recognised the hand of Omnipotence which has fashioned the soul of the seraphs.

I have passed over by design the valuable services rendered by St. Augustine to the Church in his controversies with the Donatists and Pelagians; for although it must always be remembered that his writings about the Church's dogmas and discipline were and are of supreme importance, I prefer to linger on these wider issues, where he comes directly into contact or conflict with modern thought; for, whereas the whole tendency of modern thought is to dissociate philosophy and religion, it was his constant task, as it is his highest glory, to have united them. And it would be quite impossible to exaggerate his splendid services, not only to the Church, but to religion, in this great department of science. His works are a storehouse of information and reasoning, from which every succeeding generation has borrowed material for attack or defence. One by one the Christian apologists have approached him, and bowing before his lofty genius, have taken from his hands the material from which they have constructed works which make their names memorable amongst men. And these, not only Catholic writers, but such men as Paley, Butler, Chalmers, MacCulloch, who each in turn wrote on Natural Religion and showed the revelation of God, not in Scripture only, but in Nature itself. From St. Ambrose, his master, down to the great statesman who to-day holds a high and unique place not only in politics but in literature, every great illuminative intellect has been indebted to our Saint; and if we had no other answer to that eternal impeachment that our Church is opposed to reason and inquiry, the name of St. Augustine alone ought to be accepted as a sufficient refutation.

We are quite familiar with the derision and scorn which men try to pour on what they are pleased to consider a decaying faith, with neither virile thought, nor fanatical enthusiasm to preserve it. We are grown quite accustomed to the cry "your day is over; your torch is extinguished; behold we light it anew at the fire of reason, and like the athletes in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, we shall pass it on from hand to hand to the end of time." Our answer comes clear and defiant. "Take your tiny lamp of reason, and go search the abysses; make your minds a blank from which all traditionary ideas are blotted out, and go find the truth. We make you a present of all

that human ingenuity has devised to help you in your research—the figments of philosophers, the dreams of visionaries, even the solid discoveries in natural science. Take years of labour and research, not only in your individual meditations but in the dust and mould of the world's libraries. Call aloud to your gods to hearken to your cries and rain down light from high Olympus. And when you are old, and your hair is gray, and your hands are feeble, come to us whom in the day of your strength you derided. That subtle objection of yours, which you launched so airily and confidently against Christianity, behold here it is, anticipated and answered, fifteen centuries ago by St. Augustine; and that brilliant fancy which leaped up like an inspiration, when your brain was dull from much study, and the midnight oil was burning low, why it passed the lips of St. Augustine in one of his long conversations with Monica and Alipius near the sea at Ostia, or in one of those numberless homilies at Hippo, when clustered around his episcopal chair, men wondered at his wisdom and wept. There is something sublime in the spectacle of the great mind stretching far back into the past and appropriating all the wisdom of the East and Greece, and then reaching down the long centuries to our own time, and colouring the thought of men, who cannot fail to admire his commanding genius, although they will not accept his authority for their faith. There is nothing local or contracted about this great mind. He spoke and wrote for the world and unto all time, and perhaps the best proof of the importance that attaches to his writings is, that there is no author, the authenticity of whose works, and the meaning of whose words, is so often called into question: where he can be quoted, there is no longer controversy. He is one of the judges in the higher court, where questions of supreme importance are debated, and issues of the mightiest moment are decided; and from his judgment there is no appeal. One of the fiercest controversies that has ever raged in the Church turned on the assertions of an arch-heretic, who declared that he had read St. Augustine's works ten times and had found his doctrine there; and a sect of heretics has built up one of its so-called fundamental doctrines on a single text from his scriptural comments, where his words are distorted, and his meaning misunderstood. And yet this great mind bows in humble submission to the Church, the Mother and Mistress of all the faithful, and submits his works to her judgment, to be corrected, or even suspended from publication, if she thinks that in any way they can favour error or unbelief. Nay, even the Holy Gospels, which were to him as the bread of life, and which bear on the surface indications of their supernatural origin, he will not accept but from her hands. And she with her great discernment places her hands

upon his works, and gives them to the world with her mighty *imprimatur*. Every succeeding Pontiff who is compelled by the exigencies of his time to note the peculiar and ever-shifting errors that are put before the world disguised under the name of philosophy, points to St. Augustine, and his great pupil and successor in the schools, as the exponents of her philosophical creed. And well she may. For in the supposition that she had not the great eternal promises which are the support of her prerogatives and the credentials of her mighty mission, she might shelter herself behind the works of St. Augustine and Aquinas, and consider her position impregnable. If I were not speaking of a saint whose charity was so wide and deep as his learning, I am afraid I should say with anger to those weaklings in the faith, whose minds are disturbed by every chance conversation with a sceptic, every chance reading of a padded article in a monthly review: "these things too occurred to St. Augustine; he saw through them; he rejected them; where his great mind was at rest, you have no reason to be disquieted."

And now, for one moment, let us go back to one calm scene, immediately after his conversion, when his mother and he poured their souls freely to one another after the long years of spiritual separation. There is a famous picture by Ary Scheffer, familiar to us all in photographs and engravings. It represents that evening at Ostia when St. Monica and St. Augustine quietly talked over one of those sublime problems that always occupied his mind; mother and son are seated together—the mother's hands folded in her lap, and her child's hand clasped between them. On the worn features of the mother, and the well-chiselled, intellectual features of St. Augustine, is peace, deep peace—that peace which the world never gives. But insensible to the beauties of Nature around them, in that country where every landscape is a sublime picture, the eyes of mother and son are fixed on the skies. Behind the blue dome of immensity is that Being, whose love had surrounded them, whose mercy had exalted them, seeing only the tear of the mother, and blind to the iniquities of her child. It is a beautiful picture—a picture that to look at is to pray. But we must not linger over it. We, too, must lift our eyes and hearts to the skies. To Him, who is on high, whose humility has exalted and given Him that name which is above all names, our thoughts must soar, our love be directed, our affection centred, if we hope to enjoy the peace of St. Augustine and Monica here, and to call the former our father and our friend, in the presence of his Master and Friend, in the sinless bliss, the perfect peace, the calm joys of our heavenly Home.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

A VENETIAN BALLADE.

LAGOONS may tempt more pensive eyes,
But give me life on Lido's strand—
The glory of its opal skies,
The tropic lustre of the land,
The wide waste of the waves where, fanned
By balmy breezes, wander free
Bright crimson sails in stately band—
Fair is the broad Venetian Sea.

Like blocks of burnished gold, they rise—
Those hills by fairy vapours manned,
Sweet are their cygnets' melting sighs,
And sweet the shell's song on the sand :
The islets in a beauty bland
Spring from the waters dreamily,
Evoked by some magician's wand—
Fair is the broad Venetian Sea.

And as the saffron sunlight dies,
A silver streak on either hand
In swan-like motion hither hies,
Pale reflex of the moon. I stand
By splendour such as this trepanned
Far from the cares of men, and flee
To Fancy's welcome Vaterland—
Fair is the broad Venetian Sea.

ENVOR.

O clime by glory's arches spanned,
No nobler nook, it seems to me,
Have eyes of poets ever scanned !—
Fair is the broad Venetian Sea.

EUGENE DAVIS.

DR. BLAKE OF DROMORE, AND FATHER O'NEILL OF ROSTREVOR.

AT certain times in one's life it is well to perform an operation similar to what is known in parliamentary jargon as the Massacre of the Innocents; that is, when the Government try to reduce within workable bounds their proposed attempts at legislation by giving up certain measures which they see they have no chance of passing. Our ideas of what it is possible for us to achieve vary a good deal with the various stages on life's journey. It was a very young man, "a marvellous boy," who wrote:—

"The foolish word *Impossible*
At once for aye disdain."

We come after a time to learn that many things are impossible, and to deem it a part of wisdom to aim only at the possible.

These reflections need not go further, for at present they only point to the modifications that editorial plans and purposes must undergo in the course of eighteen years. Whatever our plans and purposes may have been originally, it has turned out that one of the chief functions of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* has been and will be to preserve the memories of Irish men and women who in divers ways may have earned a right to be remembered. Therefore in the official statement published in *The Press Directory* the last words are:—"It makes Irish biography a speciality."

Many materials are at our disposal for biographical sketches which, we are sure, will interest many of our readers for the sake of their subjects; but before drawing upon these resources we deem it a duty to bring to some sort of conclusion* a sketch, of which no fewer than seven instalments have appeared in our pages, the latest of them being as far back as August, 1882 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. 10, page 529). Those who have it in their power to refer back to the beginning of this sketch may find the reasons why out of all the members of the Irish hierarchy this Magazine has chosen to tell the rather uneventful story of Dr. Blake of Dromore.

* See "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" of our present Number for the brief conclusion of one of our stories which was left unfinished in our pages.

That story had been brought down to the time when Dr. Blake, after refounding the Irish College in Rome and building the Church of St. Andrew in Dublin, was appointed Bishop of Dromore. We have already quoted from Dr. Blake's diary in Rome a passage in which, on the 25th of September, 1825, he summarises a letter he had written to a Dromore priest, who had been his fellow-student of old, and who had helped him in his immediate preparation for the functions of the priesthood—the Very Rev. Arthur M'Ardle, Vicar-General of the diocese of Dromore, and parish priest of Loughbrickland. This letter was in reference to the appointment of Dr. Thomas Kelly, whose immediate predecessor was Dr. Hugh O'Kelly. The last sixty years have seen fewer changes in the see of Dromore than the first thirty years of this century which is now rapidly nearing its end. Dr. Matthew Lennan was its bishop in the first year of the century, as he had been for the preceding twenty years. Dr. Edmund Derry's episcopate was almost as long; but Dr. O'Kelly, appointed in 1820, died early in 1825. His successor, Dr. Kelly, then only six years ordained, was not, like him, a native of Dromore, but of Armagh, to which he was transferred in 1832 in succession to Dr. Patrick Curtis. More accurately, he was made coadjutor to the Primate in December, 1828, retaining the bishopric of Dromore till the Primate died in July, 1832. In the following January Dr. Blake was appointed Bishop of Dromore, and consecrated on St. Patrick's Day, 1833.

The seventeenth of March that year was Sunday. If such a ceremony took place nowadays, we should find a full account of it in *The Freeman's Journal* on Monday morning. I have had an opportunity of consulting a library* which has the good fortune to possess an almost complete set of that journal from its first number, more than a hundred years ago. One is shocked to find the Newry consecration described only on the following Friday, and then in half a column taken from *The Newry Telegraph* and coming after a poor column and a-half of advertisements, the last of these advertisements being the announcement of a sermon to be preached the following Sunday in Meath Street for the Free

*The fine library of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, the ecclesiastical seminary of the Archdiocese of Dublin. Father C. P. Meehan has just set a good example by bequeathing all his books to this library.

Schools of St. Catherine's parish, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehead, Professor of Natural and Moral Philosophy in Maynooth College—a name which it will interest some of our readers to find in this unusual context, for they have not heard of him before as a preacher.

Dr. Blake was consecrated by his predecessor in the See of Dromore, Dr. Kelly, then Archbishop of Armagh, assisted by Dr. Edward Kernan, Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Browne, Bishop of Kilmore, and Dr. Crolly, Bishop of Down and Connor, who was soon to be Primate. Dr. Crolly preached (says the reporter) "in his own peculiar and happy style a most appropriate, impressive and eloquent discourse." The new Bishop entertained the Bishops and clergy at Traynor's Hotel—Newry readers will be puzzled by this little bit of antiquarian lore—and, strange to say, the clergy entertained the bishops and their own Bishop in return on the following day.

While putting these notes together, an accident places in our hands an old copy of that Newry newspaper that we have just quoted. *The Newry Telegraph* still lives, though its "Number 1653" was dated September 16, 1828; and, as it only appeared on Tuesday and Friday, it must then have been more than eight hundred weeks old. As Newry was thenceforth to be Dr. Blake's home, we venture to make this an excuse for quoting from the old newspaper the appointment of the first Town Commissioners. At a public meeting convened for the purpose, with Isaac Glenny in the chair, Trevor Corry—historical names these for the only readers who will look at these local details—Trevor Corry proposed a list of 21, which may be given here:—"Denis Maguire, Smithson Corry, Arthur Russell, Thomas Gibson Henry, Matthew D'Arcy, William Hancock, Charles Jennings, John H. Wallace, Patrick M'Parlan, Andrew Halyday, John Caraher, Adam Corry, James Spence, James Lyle, P. C. Byrne, William Carter, Peter Murphy, Rowan M'Naghtan, Constantine Maguire, Samuel Boyd, and John Arthur O'Hagan." Why quote these names, some of which no doubt have interesting associations for those who dwell on the banks of the Clanrye, but not for those who live near the Lee or the Liffey? For the purpose of noting that, though Dr. Blake's cathedral town was the frontier-town of the Black North, here we have, the year before Emancipation, the Commissioners chosen alternately from Catholics and Protestants. The first is a

Catholic, member of parliament for a short time after Catholic Emancipation, the only Catholic M.P. till the present member, Mr. Justin Huntley M'Carthy. Every alternate name is that of a Catholic, ending with the father of a great Irish Catholic lawyer, as the third on the list was the father of another Irish Catholic lawyer, distinguished not at the Irish but the English bar.

From the day Dr. Blake came to Newry he never after left his diocese except on the most urgent business. To be sure Newry was then much further away from Dublin than it is nowadays. "The Post Office Annual Directory for 1833" lies beside me, and it informs us that in those days the Newry "Lark" started from the Londonderry Hotel, 6 Bolton Street, Dublin, at seven o'clock in the morning and reached Newry at four o'clock in the afternoon. In those days the postage of a letter from Dublin to Newry was seven pence—very moderate compared with eleven pence for a Cork letter, sixteen pence to Yarmouth in England, and twenty pence to Kirkwall in Scotland. Compare that with our penny postcard to San Francisco. "And yet we are not happy."

* * *

Thus far I had written concerning the commencement of Dr. Blake's connection with the diocese of Dromore, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, news comes of the death of the Dromore priest who helped him best and whom he valued most. None of his fellow-priests will demur to this description of the Very Rev. Patrick O'Neill, parish priest of Rostrevor, whose devoted curate, the Rev. Andrew Lowry, telegraphs to me on this 17th of April, "Father O'Neill, after a brief illness, died last night."

These biographical notes were partly resumed for the purpose of making use of some letters of Dr. Blake's which Father O'Neill had lent to me. The remainder of this paper shall link together the names of these two saintly men.

Although to one who at the earliest possible age became a member of his lordship's flock in the second year of his episcopate, the venerable Bishop seemed to have already been amongst us from time immemorial when Patrick O'Neill became one of his priests, in fact only a dozen years, half of his term, had gone by since the Consecration Sermon preached by Dr. William Crolly. Father O'Neill (or "Mr. O'Neill," as we used then to say pretty generally in the Black North) was not a native of the Dromore diocese, but of Kilmore. He had made his studies in the Irish

College of Rome. He at once from the beginning of his priesthood gained the reputation of being in a remarkable degree a holy, zealous, and efficient priest ; and the esteem and affection in which he was held increased with every year of the life that has just ended.

His work lay first in Newry for a long term of years, and then in Rostrevor. Between these two divisions of his sacerdotal career, the state of his health induced Dr. Blake to give him a short year's rest, which he spent in Rome. This was the occasion of the following letters, which we find written in a clear, firm, neat, and minute handwriting, which makes it hard to believe that the writer was eighty years old. Amid the good old Bishop's old-fashioned formality his affectionate heart betrays itself :—

“ Violet Hill, Newry,

“ November 14, 1855.

“ REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“ When you were leaving Ireland to proceed towards the Holy City, one of the wishes which I had most at heart was that God would protect you on your way thither. That wish, through the Divine Goodness, has been accomplished ; glory and everlasting thanksgiving be to His holy name. Another wish I entertained was that your stay in Rome would be conducive to the strengthening of your constitution and to your advancement in whatever might render you still more useful to the great purposes of our sacred ministry, and still more deserving of the Divine protection ; and I now look forward with hope for the realization of that cherished sentiment. Your escape from the imminent dangers of shipwreck and death I regard as a special favour from God. I have had reason to be well acquainted with the perils of a voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. Twice I have been exposed to them, when land carriage was more expensive and uncommodious than it is now ; and twice I was within a hair's breadth of being drowned. The sea there has always been remarkable for its numerous and dangerous rocks and storms, and for the accidents which were apt to occur in it, the dread of which when I was returning from Rome in the years 1829 and '46, induced me to prefer the Genoa road and the Simplon to the passage by sea, and I recommend the same precaution to you.

“ I perceive from your letter of the 10th Sept. that you were then in Tivoli, enjoying, I suppose, the delightful charms of that place, and renovated in spirits by the friendly hospitality of the always amiable and kind Dr. Kirby. From the 9th to the 22nd of September you had scarcely time to grow fat upon the figs and grapes, which, notwithstanding the general failure of the vintage, were still not exhausted ; but if health has been improved, I dare say your only regret on account of the blight is because, as you remark, the people have become somewhat discontented by it. You have not mentioned whether you intended after the Retreat to become a member of one of the classes which were to commence on the 4th of November. I would wish to know that, and if the answer be in the affirmative, I would like to know what course of studies you mean to pursue. Considering the shortness of the time between this and the first of May, I think you might

make better use of it, by conversing with Dr. Kirby and other learned theologians and preachers on the subjects they consider most interesting, and by collecting such books as are most esteemed by them on account of their matter, style, and practical utility.

"I have not as yet received the renewal of my Episcopal faculties, ordinary and extraordinary, for which I supplicated the Holy See in my letter to his Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, dated the 27th of last September. As the period at which those I have now will very soon expire, I am anxious to receive the renewal as soon as possible—whilst I am writing, perhaps it is on its way; but, if not, I beg, through your services, to have them forwarded to me as soon as possible.

"Our old friend and parishioner, Mr. Charles Jennings, departed from this life at 5 o'clock on last Sunday morning, and was buried this day. I officiated at his funeral exequies, but I was unable on account of the rheumatism in my limbs to accompany his remains to the grave. His widow and sons and daughters are all here, and I hope will, by their united efforts, contribute to the future happiness of each other.

"Our two convents are going on prosperously, no complaint of bad health in either, but both are very desirous of your speedy return. The Sisters of Mercy will after a few days receive a postulant.

"The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy and all your old friends here, clerical and laity, are as well as when you left them, and are constant in their attachment and best wishes for you.

"Hoping very soon to receive another letter from you, I will now conclude by requesting that you will, in the most reverential and affectionate terms, present my very humble but kindest respects to the Venerable Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and my most affectionate regards to our very dear friend, Dr. Kirby, and to any others who may honour me by their kind enquiries.

"Farewell, my dear and rev. friend, let us pray for each other. Be assured that I am faithfully and affectionately,

"Ever yours,

"M. BLAKE.

"P S.—Please to inform me :—Do letters with an envelope pay double postage at the Roman post office? Here they do not.—M.B."

"Violet Hill, Newry, Ireland,

"April 14, 1856.

"REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,

"Before I was dressed this morning, my domestic brought me your affectionate letter, dated the 5th inst., because he knew it would give me pleasure to receive it, and great indeed has been my satisfaction in reading it, on account of the interesting information it contains of the progressive discoveries and improvements of the metropolis of the Catholic world, and the gratifying intelligence it communicates of your own state of health, and that of our venerated friend, the Very Rev. Dr. Kirby. The gratification would be complete had you mentioned in your letter how soon I may have the happiness of welcoming you home.

"In return for the very satisfactory account you have favoured me with, I feel great pleasure, because I am sure it will give you joy, in assuring you that God has been pleased to bless the labours you underwent here in founding the Convent of Mercy with so many marks of His divine favour and approbation as I would have

considered in the beginning almost incredible. Miss Russell's profession on the Tuesday after Dominica in Albis, and the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy's instructions and influence, have added powerfully to the zeal and exertions of the Rev. Mother Superiress of that community. Within the last two or three weeks postulants have been received into it, and on this day two postulants have applied to me.

"We lamented, at the commencement, that we would want subjects for its duties; our difficulty now is to have cells enough for their reception, and commodious schools, and, above all, a decent and neat, if not a fully becoming chapel, for the sisters and inmates. To provide a little more room for the sacred offices and duties of a religious community, the rev. mother has converted one of the parlours into a chapel of aid, and has endeavoured to do the best she can for the other local wants of the institution. In the meanwhile, a weekly subscription has been kept up; but I fear it will require too much time to make it sufficiently productive for the wants of the place. Infirmities prevent me from the active exertions I would be inclined to make for so useful an institution; and I am loth to suggest to Dr. Leahy anything but what he may find it convenient to execute. His good will I am fully sensible of, and I therefore leave him to his own discretion and judgment. But what I have said will enable you to understand that we need additional cordial help.

"You remember, I suppose, that when you were on the eve of your departure from Ireland, I gave notice to our clerical brethren of Newry that the appointments I then made were only provisional, and I have taken care since to repeat that notice, so that as soon as you return you will be exactly, as to office, rights, privileges, and emoluments, as you were before those appointments were made.

"I feel most grateful to the venerable superiors of our Irish College in Rome for the kind consideration they paid to my recommendation in your favour. I know not what had been done with regard to the person on whose behalf Dr. James Brown interested himself, and therefore am desirous of knowing from you any particulars you may be able to communicate. I have now in my little seminary four or five very promising candidates, one of whom is a brother of the Rev. Mr. McGivern, who studied in Rome, and is now a valuable curate in the parish of Ballynahinch, under Rev. Daniel Sharkey. As I have mentioned Rev. Mr. McGivern with praise, and do very much esteem him, it may not be amiss in order to preserve good temper and to prevent cavillings amongst our clergy, that the title of Doctor, though a right to it may have been legitimately obtained in the most approved manner, be not assumed by the individual who has obtained it until he is either a bona-fide professor or author, or dignified by his station in the church over his compeers. I have learned from practical observation and remarks the expediency of adopting this suggestion, but I state it only as a matter of private opinion, and would not attempt to offer it as resting upon any authority.

"I would have followed your example in contributing towards the erecting of the magnificent column now in progress in Rome as a public testimonial of the pre-eminent honour due the Immaculate and ever to be venerated Mother of God, but the extreme poverty of the majority of our people rendered it impossible for them, while provisions were so dear and property taxes enforced, to contribute as formerly to the proper support of their clergy. But better times are, I hope, before us; and though, as you know, I have reduced my income by one-half of its former amount, yet I am disposed to contribute towards the column, and also towards our College in Rome after a little while.

"I beg you will in the most respectful terms present the assurance of my very

humble and most heartfelt respectful respects to our venerable protector, the Most Eminent Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and most respectful and affectionate esteem to the Very Rev. Dr. Kirby and any others who still honour me by their remembrance.

"I need not repeat it, but still I am often charged to assure you of the constant and cordial esteem of your old friends here, clergy and laymen.

"I now pray God to bless and protect and bring you safe home to us again, and I remain,

"Rev. and dear friend,

"Ever yours most faithfully,

"M. BLAKE.

"The Rev. Patrick O'Neill."

"Violet Hill, Newry,
May 30th, 1856.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I assure you I would feel great regret in declining to grant any favour which you would be anxious to receive from me, because I appreciate very highly your past services in the parish of Newry; but if you will consult your own sound and faithful memory, you will perceive that I cannot accede to the request contained in your letter of the 19th instant, without appearing to fall off from my estimate of your acknowledged worth. You will remember that in obtaining my consent to your visit to Rome for the benefit of your health and the recreation of your mind, you promised to return in May; and, relying on your word, and the solicitude you habitually felt for the welfare of this diocese, I refused to make any permanent appointment for the discharge of the duties we owed to our Newry flock until the termination of the period mentioned by yourself. In consequence of that provisional arrangement, many things for which I should be anxious, have since remained in abeyance, our improvements have been somewhat suspended, your clerical brethren of this parish, though full of esteem for you, have felt themselves somewhat disappointed, especially within the last few weeks, and neither they nor I were prepared for your request to have leave of absence until September. Your state of health being now renovated, makes you perfectly able to resume your meritorious functions, and I need not observe to you that in this diocese we have no overflowing of missionary help of any kind, and, least of all, of such help as we should most desire.

"I daresay it will surprise you to learn from me that I intend to go to Dublin next week, in order to purchase vestments and other articles necessary or useful for the divine service in Newry. I am not entirely free from the grasp of my old tormentor the rheumatism. My limbs are still affected by it, and I am unable to dress or undress myself, or to walk without two sticks; but the main vital organs are still sound in me, and though I am very weak, my spirits are sufficiently buoyant and cheerful. I would scarcely feel the weight of 82 years spent in labour and difficulties but for the never-ceasing accompaniment of rheumatism.

"My stay in Dublin must be short, for the visitations of the diocese have been already announced, and only yesterday, the Octave of Corpus Christi, I administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 365 well prepared children, and I preached to them and a large congregation in our cathedral of Newry. His lordship, Dr. Leahy, my partner in labours, will commence his apostolic exertions on next

Sunday. Thus, you perceive, we are all on the alert; the signal has been given; the trumpet calling us to action has sounded. *To the field of action then without delay!* Hasten to stimulate, as you have done before, your venerable associates by your example. A life of ease would not become you. Surely I need not add one word more.

"Our young students in this seminary are progressing admirably in their studies and in ecclesiastical discipline. They almost all are unable to meet the expense of a journey to our college in Rome; there is only one amongst them who informs me that his parents could afford to send him. Will you be so [good as to] give me your opinion whether I should send him or not. I pray you also to present my most respectful affectionate wishes to the venerable president, Dr. Kirby, and any other friends who still honour me in Rome with their remembrance.

"Believe me to be ever faithfully,

"Rev. and dear sir,

"Your servant in Christ,

"MICHAEL BLAKE.

"The Rev. Patrick O'Neill."

"Violet Hill, Newry,

"June 30th, 1856.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"Your kind and interesting letter of the 15th inst. gave me reason to think that before that letter would have reached me and an answer from me would be returned, you would have left the Holy City and would arrive, or be on your way to Paris. Your last letter, dated the 22nd inst., which I received this morning, leaves me doubtful whether I should direct my letter to Rome or to the French capital, but I have no doubt that in one or other of these cities you will receive it. The announcement of your speedy return to Ireland gave me sincere pleasure, and I believe has been hailed with similar feeling by all your clerical and lay friends here and in Dublin. Our circumstances in Newry were in some respects left in an unsettled state by the arrangement I made shortly before you quitted Newry, and to some questions that have been asked me, I thought it expedient to give undecisive answers. But you may be assured that I will always act in a friendly manner towards you, for you have always deserved my esteem, and it will always afford me comfort to befriend you.

"I sincerely regret that the young gentleman whom our venerable friend, Dr. James Browne, sent to the Irish College in Rome has been prevented by ill health from continuing his studies there, although by retiring from the place he there occupied he has left a vacancy for one of my students. Your letter of the 22nd did not come to me by him, but by the French mail. I feel grateful, however, to him for his offer to be the bearer of it, and I pray God for his speedy recovery. At this season of the year I believe you would not advise me to send a candidate into the climate of Italy, but when you are here with me we shall confer on that and other matters. I approve very much of your intention to provide useful books and whatever else you may have future occasion for here. In Ireland it is only by a sort of chance we can find them, and they are usually very dear, while on the continent they can be easily procured. What works would be most desirable for you I dare say you know better than myself; but while I rejoice that such standard works as the Dogmatic and Theological works of Petavius and Bellarmine

are about to be reprinted by the sure and celebrated press of the Propaganda, my mind is saddened by the thought that some powerful and effective efforts are not made for redeeming the character of our treatises on Moral Divinity from the charges of laxity. We have, it is true, the elaborate institutes of that prodigy of theological learning, Benedict XIV., besides his celebrated Instructions de Synodo Diocesana, but at our conferences, or even in our schools, the precious food of these is not very familiar to us. If you can by enquiry or observation be enabled to select some unexceptionable moral theology on the various branches of that science, composed by some divine like Petavius or Bellarmine, in becoming style, sound matter, *reduced logically from the pure principles of the Catholic Church*, you would greatly oblige all our venerable clergy by making it known to us. At present our conferences do little good for want of some work of such a character, and until we have such a one, the *Cummingses and other bigots of this description*, and the infidels of the day, will treat our holy religion with scorn and contempt.

"Hoping to see you soon, I remain most sincerely,

"Kind and dear sir,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"M. BLAKE.

"The Rev. Patrick O'Neill.

"P.S.—I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, but the character of His Eminence has been long known to me and always admired by me. I congratulate with all the nations of the earth on the felicity of having so great and so good a personage appointed by the wise and ever-provident mind of our most Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., for our protector and our guide.

"I would feel much honoured and gratified by having my most respectful though unworthy homage presented to His Eminence.

"M. BLAKE."

In these letters the old Bishop mentions not only his coadjutor but his coadjutor's future coadjutor; for time has gone on, and many years have passed since then, and the young Doctor M'Givern of those days, who was counselled to hold in abeyance his degree of Doctor of Divinity, is now Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore. It has been noted as a proof of the sagacity of "J. K. L.," the famous Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin*, that in one of his last letters he singled out a young priest called Paul Cullen as a fit successor in his See. And here we have Dr. Blake singling out for commendation the young priest who was to be his successor at one remove.

* Is it not atrocious that within the last three or four weeks, at a Protestant meeting in Dublin, some Reverend Mr. Rambaut should have had the brazen audacity to say that Dr. Doyle died a Protestant? Father James Maher, Cardinal Cullen's uncle, has left a minute account of the edifying death of his bishop and of the fervour and humility with which he received the last sacraments of the Church. If it had not been reported in the newspapers without contradiction, we should not have considered even a Reverend Mr. Rambaut capable of such a piece of silly mendacity.

We have given these letters of Dr. Blake out of their proper place, because after being in our hands for several years we had just given them to the printer when the person whom they concerned passed away from the mortal state in which such things could interest him. Why not have finished Dr. Blake's story, such as it is, when there was at least one reader who would be interested in its most trivial detail? But such disappointments, small or great, are constantly occurring in human things; and among grey-headed people there is many a regret (only more bitter and more enduring) corresponding with that "Child's First Grief" which we used to admire before the critics had taught us that Mrs. Hemans had only a thin vein of inspiration:—

" Ah, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more! "

This would be a very perfect rule of charity—namely, if we could manage to act and feel towards each of those around us as if he or she were to be taken away from us at once, and perhaps as suddenly as Father O'Neill was taken away from the thousands who loved him and depended on him.

For that "brief illness" which the telegram of his death mentioned occupied only the afternoon hours of one day. However, before reaching the end, let us go back to the beginning, and give the dates of Father O'Neill's life more minutely, as his death at this precise moment has chanced to link him more closely with the holy prelate with whom he was closely linked in life, and as, since his name came into these pages, we have seen his body laid in the earth before the altar at which he had offered the Holy Sacrifice some nine thousand times, the last time being on the very day of his death.

Patrick O'Neill was born near Ballyjamesduff, in the County of Cavan, on the 10th of June, 1820. He first went to a country school in the neighbourhood, and afterwards at Oldcastle, in County Meath, where one of his class-fellows was the present Bishop of Meath, Dr. Thomas Nulty. About his twentieth year he entered the Irish College at Rome. If even for poor Byron Rome was "the city of the soul," what was the Eternal City for this pious, warm-hearted Irish youth? On the completion of a full course of theological studies, he was ordained priest on the 13th of April, 1846, so that his last mass on the day of his death may very pro-

bably have been precisely on the forty-fourth anniversary of his first mass, which is often preceded by a day or two of special preparation after Ordination.

We do not know the circumstances which secured for the diocese of Dromore the lifelong service of the young Kilmore priest. Though not a *filius* but only an affiliate, an adopted son of the diocese, he soon became *Dromorensibus Dromorensior*. If each diocese has a special guardian angel of its own, the Angel of Dromore must have rejoiced exceedingly on that June day in 1846 when Father O'Neill, fresh from Rome, took up his abode in the "parochial house"—the name *presbytery* is not used there, perhaps on account of its presbyterian sound. Two years later, he was appointed Administrator of Newry, which anxious and laborious position he filled for sixteen years with consummate ability, prudence and zeal, in the constant exercise of the highest priestly qualities.

The "old Bishop," Dr. Blake, had meanwhile shared with another the too heavy burden of his cross, as Our Lord with Simon of Cyrene. Of Dr. John Pius Leahy much will have to be said when the prohibition, *Ne laudes hominem in vita sua*, is removed. But he, too, would attribute to Father O'Neill a large share in the good works of his episcopate. Indeed in the beginning of that episcopate he bore the following testimony on the occasion of that prolonged visit to Rome to which Dr. Blake's letters also referred:—

"Newry, September 17th, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. O'NEILL,

"I gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded by your approaching departure for Rome to give expression to the esteem in which I hold your many virtues, and to the gratitude I feel for the invaluable assistance I have received from you since my appointment to the episcopacy. Your exemplary conduct, your genuine piety, and your untiring zeal, while they powerfully contributed to promote the honour of God and the salvation of hundreds, have also secured for you the reverence and affection of the Catholics of this extensive parish. To you they owe the introduction of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy, and it must ever prove to you a source of the purest gratification to reflect that the incalculable good you have there effected will continue to fructify long after you shall have been removed to the reward of your labours. You are now about to visit that great city where the blood shed by its many martyrs will no doubt inflame your zeal into a still more glowing ardour, and where the vast acquirements of so many eminent divines will communicate to your mind a still larger treasure of ecclesiastical knowledge. I hope you will soon return to the scene of your toils, refreshed and animated for new exertions, and I beg of God, through the merits of our Divine Saviour and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, that He will preserve and

increase in you the grace He himself has given, guarding you from danger by infusing into your soul a spirit of sincere humility, a consciousness of your own insufficiency to think even of what is good, and an unceasing recourse for light and strength to Him without whom we are mere fools with all our wisdom, and cowards with all our courage.

"I am, my dear Mr. O'Neill,

"Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"J. P. LEAHY,

"Coadjutor of Dromore."

If it were in my power to rearrange these hurried and confused notes, I should separate those whom God joined, and treat apart of the priest and the bishop. More has still to be said of Dr. Blake and of Father O'Neill; and, as the proper order of topics cannot be observed, it may not be quite amiss even to increase the disorder by ending for the present with a letter addressed to Dr. Blake when Father O'Neill was only a child of seven years of age, and yet inaugurating an ecclesiastical career which has not yet reached its term. Monsignor Meagher, Canon Fricker's predecessor in Rathmines, thus introduces to the founder of the Irish College at Rome Father Matthew Collier, now the venerable P.P. of St. Agatha's, North William Street, Dublin, living beloved and venerated amongst us still, although spoken of in the following terms so long ago as two years before Catholic Emancipation:—

"Dublin, May 10th, 1827.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"It is with no ordinary pleasure I have learned that a young gentleman, Mr. M. Collier, has been selected out of my seminary by His Grace the Archbishop to become one of the earliest members of the national college which you have so fortunately succeeded in establishing at Rome. I feel the more gratified at this selection as I have enjoyed every means of becoming intimately acquainted with his character, while the result has been a conviction of his singular merit. He has been for nearly three years under my care, and it is with a sentiment far superior to that of mere recommendation that I can aver I never discovered in his conduct one single trait that did not contribute to mark him out as a child of benediction. It could not be otherwise, reared as he has been under the eye of the saint of our days, Fr. Henry Young. The only disadvantage with which he had to struggle is, I trust, now removed—namely, a delicacy of constitution arising from a tendency to outgrow his strength. This has often obliged him to relax his application to study, and though I am confident he will be found competent to commence his course of philosophy should it be deemed expedient to make him embark at once in the study of the sciences, yet as he conceives an ardent wish to complete his knowledge of the classics, particularly of the Greek, in which he was beginning to make rapid progress, he wishes that I should entreat of you to allow him, if possible, to prosecute these studies for a short time longer.

"As I cannot forget the hearty wishes which you were pleased to express for

the success of the project of education which I formed on your departure from Dublin, perhaps it may not be deemed intrusive to inform you that it still goes on to prosper. The seminary contains about ninety children, and is daily on the increase. My plan is to secure patronage by exerting every energy to promote the literary improvement of the children, and to lead them to God by habituating them betimes to a punctual discharge of every religious duty, by endeavouring to make them, if possible, in love with the happiness and amiableness of virtue, and by dispelling what young minds are but too apt to consider as the gloomy discipline of religion. I have had many difficulties to encounter, but my hopes are still sanguine that Divine Providence will enable me at length to establish on a permanent footing, a system of education for the middle ranks of society, which may prove an introduction not only to a literary but to a devout life. I am almost ashamed, sir, to have thus intruded on your valuable time by a mention of my affairs, but it presents me with an opportunity of begging that you will recommend at the shrine of the Apostles that our good God may enable me to water this little mustardseed, and that He will Himself for His glory give it an abundant increase.

"I would venture to extend the length of this already overgrown letter by an account of some of these most extraordinary events which are passing here, but that Mr. Collier will satisfy you more amply on these heads. You will rejoice to hear that the religious of George's Hill continue in number and efficacy the same as when you saw them; all except poor Mother Knowd, who has suffered of late much from rheumatism. Ere I conclude, sir, may I entreat that you will have the goodness, whenever opportunity offers, to remember me in the kindest terms to Rev. Mr. Shea, to my dear friend and fellow-student, Monsignor Vanicelli of St. Peter's, and to my revered friend, Signor Tornatori of the Missions. To each of these gentlemen I would have felt it a duty to write did not severe indisposition prevent me at present. Praying that our Lord may be pleased to grant you every blessing,

"I remain, rev. and dear sir,

"Your obedient humble servant in C. J.,

"WM. MRAGHER."

In giving this letter and the others we have not strayed from our subject: for the link between Father Collier and Father O'Neill is Dr. Blake, first as President and then as Bishop. To Dr. Blake we shall return, with a few more words also about the good priest whose sudden death has changed the current of our thoughts more perhaps than we ought to have allowed it to do. But for the present we must end by expressing our conviction that Erin, the land of the Soggarth Aroon, has never given birth to a priestlier priest or a more Irish-hearted Irishman than the beloved pastor for whom Rostrevor and Killowen are now in mourning.

THE CHILDREN'S BALLAD ROSARY.

[The intention of the writer of these verses is to give the divine facts commemorated in the Rosary in a form which may aid in imprinting them upon the minds of the young at a time of life when the memory is strong and more tenacious of verse than of prose. He has endeavoured to make the narrative as simple in point of expression, and to adhere as closely to the actual words of the Gospel, as was compatible with a rhythmical composition.]

THE FIVE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

I.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

Our holy mother, Mary,
A virgin pure was she ;
Espoused unto St. Joseph
In the land of Galilee.

Now God sent down to Mary
His angel Gabriel.
“Hail, full of grace,” the angel said,
“The Lord with thee doth dwell.

“And blessed art thou, Mary,
Amongst all womankind,”—
But Mary at the angel's word
Was troubled in her mind.

“Oh, be not troubled, Mary,
And let thy fears be done :
Behold thou hast found grace with God,
And thou shalt bear a son.

“It is the name of Jesus
That thou shalt name him by ;
He shall be great, and shall be called
The Son of the Most High.

“And God a throne will give him—
King David's throne of yore—
And of his kingdom there shall be
No end for evermore.”

“How can it be,” said Mary,
“And I a spotless maid?”—
“The Holy Ghost will come to thee,
God's power will overshadow.

“Thy holy one shall therefore be
The Son of God. Behold
Elizabeth, thy cousin,
Though now in years grown old,

“Shall also be a mother
Ere many months ye see,
Because no word to God on high
Impossible can be.”

“Behold,” said humble Mary,
“The handmaid of the Lord.
And let it unto me be done
According to thy word.”

The angel parted from her,
And in that day and hour
The Son of God took human flesh
By his almighty power.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

II.—THE VISITATION.

Now in those days did Mary
Arise, her steps to bend
Through Judah's hills to visit
Elizabeth, her friend.

In haste she made her journey
Along the mountain road,
And entered where Elizabeth
And Zachary abode.

Elizabeth beheld her,
And rising at the sight,
Filled with the Holy Ghost she spake
In wonder and delight.

“Oh, blessed amongst women,”
She cried aloud, “art thou ;
And blessed is the holy fruit
Whom thou art bearing now.

And how can such a marvel
Of condescension be,
That thus the Mother of my Lord
Should come to visit me?

"For as thy salutation came
Upon mine ear to sound,
I felt within my bosom
For joy mine infant bound.

"And blessed art thou, Mary,
Because thou didst believe :
For all that God foretold to thee
Fulfilment shall receive."

"My soul doth magnify the Lord"—
So Mary raised her voice—
"In him my God and Saviour,
My spirit doth rejoice ;

"Since on his lowly handmaid
His eye hath deigned to rest :
Behold, all generations
Henceforth shall call me blessed.

"The mighty One and Holy .
Great things to me hath done ;
To them that fear him age by age
His mercy shall be won."

And Mary there resided
Until three months were gone,
When Saint Elizabeth brought forth
The holy Baptist John.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

III.—THE NATIVITY.

The Emperor Augustus
Had issued his decree
That all the people of the land
Enrolled by name should be.

Now Joseph was descended
From David's royal race,
And David's city, Bethlehem,
Was his appointed place.

From Nazareth to Bethlehem,
In winter's bitter cold,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
He came to be enrolled.

And save in one poor stable,
No shelter could they find,
And Mary there brought forth her Son,
The Saviour of mankind.

In swaddling clothes she wrapped him,
And laid him in the stall—
A manger was the cradle
Of the King and Lord of all.

Now in that region shepherds
Were keeping watch by night,
When suddenly around them shone
A glory heavenly bright.

An angel stood beside them.
And bade them not to fear,
"For tidings of great joy," he said,
"Are what I bring you here.

"This night is born your Saviour
At Royal David's town :
In swaddling clothes you'll find him
Laid in a manger down."

An army of the host of heaven
Was with the angel then.
"Glory to God on high," they sang,
"And peace on earth to men."

In Bethlehem the shepherds
Beheld their infant Lord ;
With Mary and with Joseph
Devoutly they adored.

With praise and glory unto God
They did from thence depart ;
But Mary pondering all these words
Preserved them in her heart.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,|
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

IV.—THE PRESENTATION.

Now Mary after forty days,
As Moses doth award,
Brought Jesus to the Temple
To present him to the Lord ;

And, as the law commanded,
A sacrifice to bring,
Two pigeons or two turtle doves,
Their humble offering.

And while unto Jerusalem
In joy they took their way,
On Mary's breast, or in the arms
Of Joseph, Jesus lay.

Now in the city Simeon dwelt,
A man devout and just ;
For Israel's consolation
He looked with humble trust.

That morning to the Temple,
By the Spirit he was led ;
He took the infant in his arms,
Gave praise to God, and said :

" Now dost thou let thy servant
Depart in peace, O Lord,
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen
According to thy word.

" Thy people's glory and a light
On every land to shine."
Then spake he unto Mary :
" Behold this child of thine

" Is for the fall of many
And for the rising set,
And for a sign that is to be
With contradiction met.

" And through thine own soul, Mary,
A piercing sword shall go,
That thoughts from many hearts revealed
Compassionate may flow."

And Anna, too, a prophetess
Of eighty years, was there,
Who served the Temple night and day
In fasting and in prayer.

She also made confession
Of the Lord unto his face,
And spoke of him to all who hoped
Redemption for their race.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

V.—THE FINDING OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

In Nazareth, a city
Of distant Galilee,
Dwelt Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
The Holy Family.

And ever, as the solemn day
Of Paschal time was near,
They went unto Jerusalem
To worship year by year.

And when the years of Jesus
Had now to twelve increased,
According to the custom
They went unto the feast.

And when the days were ended,
They turned their home to find,
But Jesus in the city
Remained alone behind.

They deemed that he was with them,
And journeyed for a day,
When missing him their hearts were filled
With sorrow and dismay.

Among their friends and kinsfolk
They sought for him in vain ;
And then unto Jerusalem
Returned in anxious pain.

And when three days were over,
Their Jesus then they saw
Conversing in the Temple
With the doctors of the law.

Hearing them and questioning
And giving his replies ;
And all who heard him marvelled
At his words divinely wise.

His parents also wondered,
And Mary said: "My son,
To us who sought thee sorrowing,
Say why thou thus hast done?"

Returning with them he fulfilled
A child's obedient part.
But Mary treasured all these words
And kept them in her heart.

And Jesus answered sweetly:
"Why did ye seek for me?
And knew ye not my Father's work
My task on earth must be?"

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost,
For ever, Three in One.**

O.

FATHER PAT.

"**I** WISHT yer riverence 'ud spake to my little boy. Me heart's broke with him, so it is, an' I can't get any good of him at all."

"What has he been doing?"

"Och, I declare I'm ashamed to tell ye, sir, but he's always at it, an' he doesn't mind me a bit, though I do be tellin' him the earth 'll maybe open some day an' swalley him up for his impidence."

"Dear, dear, this is a sad case. Where is the little rogue?" And Father Shehan swung himself off his big bony horse, and passing the bridle over a neighbouring post, stood looking at Widow Brophy in affected perplexity.

"I'd be loth to trouble yer riverence, but if ye'd step as far as the lane beyant," jerking her thumb over her shoulder, "ye'd see him at it."

She led the way, an odd little squat figure of a woman, the frill of her white cap flapping in the breeze, and her bare feet paddling sturdily along the muddy road. Father Shehan followed her, smiling to himself, and presently they came in sight of the delinquent. A brown-faced, white-headed, bare-legged boy, standing perfectly still opposite the green bank to the right of the lane. A little cross made of two peeled sticks tied together was stuck upright in the moss, in front of which stood a broken jam pot, while a tattered prayer book lay open before him. A large newspaper with a hole in the middle, through which he had passed his curly head, supplemented his ordinary attire; a rope was tied

* The Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries will follow in our June and July Numbers.

round his waist, and a ragged ribbon hung from his arm. Behind him, squatting devoutly on their heels, with little brown paws demurely folded, and lips rapidly moving, were some half dozen smaller urchins, while one, with newspaper decorations somewhat similar to young Brophy's, knelt in front. They were all as orderly and quiet as possible, and Father Shehan was at first somewhat at a loss to discover the cause of Mrs. Brophy's indignation. But presently Pat turned gravely round, extended his arms, and broke the silence with a vigorous "*Dominus vobiscum!*"

"*Et cum spir' tu tuo,*" went the urchin at his side in life-like imitation of his elders at the hill-side chapel.

The mystery was explained now: Pat was saying mass!

"Did ye ever see the like o' that, Father?" whispered Mrs. Brophy in deeply scandalized tones; then making a sudden dart at her luckless offspring, she tore off his *vestments* and flung them to the winds, and with her bony hand well twisted into his ragged collar—the better to administer an occasional shake—she hauled him up for judgment.

"Gently, Mrs. Brophy, gently," said the priest. "Don't be frightened, my poor lad. I'm not going to scold you. That is a very curious game of yours—are you pretending to be a priest?"

"Aye, yer riverence."

"Ah, ye young villain," began his mother, but Father Shehan checked her.

"Hush, now, hush, my good woman. Tell me, Pat, do you think it is right to make fun of holy things?"

"I wasn't makin' fun, sir," whimpered Pat, touched to the quick. "I was just thinkin' I raly *was* a priest, an', an' sayin mass as well as I could."

"Well, well, don't cry, that's a good boy. Maybe you really will be saying mass some day. Who knows? But you must be a very good boy—and you must not think you are a priest yet. You will have to be ordained, you know, before you can say mass. Now, run off and find some other game."

Pat grinned gratefully through his tears, wrenched himself from his mother's grasp, and, surrounded by his ragged followers, disappeared over the hedge.

"I wish we *could* make a priest of him," said Father Shehan as he retraced his steps, "he is a good lad."

"Why thin he is, yer riverence, he is," agreed the mother

with the delightful inconsistency of her kind. "He is, indeed, very good. An' why wouldn't he be good? Sure I bait him well. Troth ye'd hear him bawlin' at the cross-roads many a time. But is it *him* a priest? Ah now, that's the way ye do be goin' on; ye like to be makin' fun of us all, yer riverence, so ye do. The likes of him a priest? Well now!"

She burst out laughing very good humouredly, for in spite of her assumption of severity, there was not, as she would have said herself, "a betther-natured crathur" anywhere than Mrs. Brophy.

"Stranger things have come to pass," said Father Shehan. "But I fear there is not much hope in this case. To make him a priest you must give him an education, and to give him an education you must find money. And as neither you nor I know where to look for that, it's a poor look out."

"Troth it is, yer riverence. God bless ye, ye always say somethin' plisant to us anyway. Good evenin', yer riverence, safe home!"

Long after the priest was out of sight Mrs. Brophy stood at the door with a plaasant smile on her face. Only for the education, which would cost money, on'y for that her Pat was fit to be a priest. Didn't his reverence say so? It was a great thought. Her little white-headed Pat, in spite of the tricks and "mischeevousness" in which he indulged to the full as much as any other lad of his age, even he might one day stand before the altar, his hands have clasped the chalice, his voice called down the Redeemer from on high. Tears of rapture filled her eyes at the mere thought of a priest: A priest of God! To the simple faith of this good poor woman there was no greater height of blessedness or grandeur.

"Oh, mother, if I could on'y be a rale priest!" Pat had sighed many a time. And she had bidden him "g'long out o' that an' not dar' say such a thing!" But now it was a different matter. Only for the money Father Shehan had said the thing was possible. Only for the money! Just what she had not got. Ah, if a mother's heart's blood would have done as well!

But one never knows what strange things come to pass in this queer world! Father Shehan had distinctly said that he could not find the funds needful for Pat's education for the priesthood, and yet, through his instrumentality, the boy was enabled to follow his vocation.

Lo and behold! Father Shehan had a friend who lived in Liverpool, a very rich man, who was also very pious and charitable. Of this good gentleman the worthy priest suddenly bethought himself one day when Mrs. Brophy spoke of the intense wish which her boy still had, and the manner in which he was accustomed to "moither" her respecting it. To the rich Liverpool friend the poor Irish priest accordingly wrote, with the result that the former agreed to undertake the cost of Pat's education, merely stipulating that the lad was to be brought up at St. Edward's College, and to devote his services when ordained to the Liverpool diocese.

The rapture, the gratitude of both son and mother, cannot be described. The long separation which must ensue, the life of self-denial which lay before the one, of perpetual poverty to which the other was now doomed—for Pat was her only son, and she had formerly looked forward to the days when he would be able to help and work for her—all was accepted not only with resignation, but with joy. Was not Pat to be a priest?

The day after his departure Mrs. Brophy, donning her cloak and big bonnet, with its violet ribbons and neat border, forcing her feet, moreover, into the knitted stockings and stout boots, which regard for her bunions caused her to reserve chiefly for Sundays, Mrs. Brophy, I say, went to call on Father Shehan and to make a request.

She wanted "a bades," a rosary which was to be kept till such time as Pat, endowed with full authority, would be able to bless it for her.

Father Shehan laughingly produced a large, brown, serviceable one, which the widow reverently kissed and then tucked away in her bosom.

"Now, whinever I feel a bit lonesome, I'll be havin' a look at this," she said, nodding confidentially to her pastor. "I'll take out me holy bades, an' I'll rattle thim an' kiss thim, and say to meself 'cheer up, Biddy Brophy, yer own little boy 'll be blessin' them for ye some day, with the help o' God.'"

"Well done, Biddy! I hope you won't be often lonesome," said the priest with a smile, in which there was a good deal of compassion, for there were tears on her tanned cheeks though she spoke gaily. It was to God that this good, brave little woman had given her all—but it was her *all* nevertheless.

"Isn't it well for me?" said Biddy. "Bedad I do be thinkin' I'm dhramin' sometimes!"

And with her old-fashioned courtsey-bob the widow withdrew, but as she walked down the road the priest remarked that she held her apron to her face.

One day, a month or two afterwards, Father Shehan met her on the road, and stopped to speak to her.

"Yer riverence, you're the very wan I wanted to see," she said. "D'ye know what I do be thinkin'? Will I have to be callin' Pat *Father*, or *yer riverence*, whin he's a priest? Troth, that'll be a quare thing!"

"I think, Biddy, in this instance it won't be necessary to be so respectful. You may venture safely to call him by his name."

"Ah, but he'll be a *rale* priest, ye know, yer riverence, as good a wan as y'are yerself," cried the mother, a little jealous of her boy's dignity, which the last remark appeared to set at nought.

"Musha, it wouldn't sound right for me to be callin' him *Pat*! Pat, an' him a priest! I'll tell ye what"—struck by a sudden thought—"yer riverence, I'll call him *Father Pat*. That'll be it, *Father Pat*!"

"Yes, that will do very nicely, indeed," said the priest, composing his features to a becoming gravity, though there was something as comical as touching in the widow's sudden respect for the imp whose person but a short time before she had been wont to beat with scant ceremony. "At this moment, Mrs. Brophy"—consulting his watch—"it is probably recreation time at St. Edward's, and Father Pat is very likely exercising these fine sturdy legs of his at cricket or football, and trying the strength of his healthy young lungs by many a good shout. But it is well to look forward."

"Ah, father, sure where would I be if I didn't look forward? It isn't what me little boy is doin' now that I care to be thinkin' about, but what he's goin' to do, glory be to God!"

It was indeed chiefly the thought of the good times to come that kept Mrs. Brophy alive during the many long hard years which intervened.

"Bad times," hunger, loneliness, rapidly advancing age on one side, and on the other her blessed hope, her vivid faith—and Pat's letters. Oh, those letters! every one of them from the first scrawl in round hand to the more formed characters, in which he an-

nounced his promotion to deaconship, beginning with the hope that she was quite well as he was at present, and ending with the formula that he would say no more that time—such items as they further contained being of the baldest and simplest description—were ever documents so treasured before? So tenderly kissed, so often wept on, so triumphantly cited as miracles of composition! Mrs. Brophy was a happy woman for weeks after the arrival of these letters, and was apt to produce them a dozen times a day in a somewhat limp and crushed condition from under her little plaid shawl for the edification of sympathetic neighbours.

"I hard from Father Pat to-day," she would say long before her son could claim that title, while to the young and such as she wished particularly to impress she would allude to him distantly as "his riverence."

What was Biddy's joy when he at last wrote that he was really to be ordained at a not distant date, and named the day on which he was to say his first mass? How she cried for happiness, and clapped her hands, and rocked backwards and forwards! How proudly she got out "the bades" and rattled them, and kissed them, and hugged herself at the thought of the wonderful blessing which her "little boy" would so soon impart to them.

"If you could only hear his first mass, Biddy," said Father Shehan, when she went to rejoice him with the tidings.

"Ah, father, jewel, don't be makin' me too covetious. Sure that's what I do be sthrivin' to put out o' me head. I know I can't be there, but the thought makes me go wild sometimes. If it was anywhere in ould Ireland I'd thramp till the two feet dropped off me, but I'd be there on'y the say, yer riverence, the say is too much for me entirely! I can't git over *that*. Saint Pether himself 'ud be hard set to walk that far."

Here she laughed her jolly good-humoured laugh, wrinkling up her eyes and wagging her head in keen enjoyment of her own sally, but suddenly broke off with a sniff and a back-handed wipe of her eyes.

"Laws, Father, it 'ud make me too happy!"

"Do you really mean that you would walk all the way to Dublin if you had money enough to pay for your passage to Liverpool?"

"Heth I would, an' twice as far, your riverence. Wouldn't I stage it? If I had the price o' me ticket, there'd be no houldin'

me back. I can step out wid the best whin I like, an' sure anyone 'ud give me a bit an' a sup whin I tould them I was goin' to see me little fellow say his first mass."

After this, strange to say, "the price" of Biddy's ticket was forthcoming. Poor as Father Shehan was, he managed to produce the few shillings needful to frank her from the North Wall to Clarence Dock. Her faith in the charity and piety of her country folk was rewarded, the "bit an the sup," and even the "shake-down" in a corner, more willingly found as often as she needed it, and in due time, tired, dusty, and desperately sea-sick, she arrived in Liverpool.

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Biddy, delighted to find herself once more on dry land. Then she chucked her black velvet bonnet forward, shook out the folds of her big cloak, clutched her bundle, and set out undauntedly for Everton, pausing almost at every street corner to enquire her way.

"Lonneys! isn't England the dirty place!" she said to herself, as she tramped along through the grimy Liverpool slums. But as she drew near her destination wonder and disgust were alike forgotten in the thought of the intense happiness which was actually within her grasp. She was to see Pat, upon whose face she had not looked once during all these years, and to see him a priest! To be present at his first mass, to ask his blessing—ah to think that her little boy would be able to give her "the priest's blessin'!"—and last, but not least, she would give him her beads to bless. She had not told him of her intention to be present on this great occasion, partly because, as she told Father Shehan, "it was betther not to be distractin' him to much," and partly because she thought his joy at seeing her would be heightened by his surprise. No wonder that Widow Brophy walked as though treading on air, instead of greasy pavements.

It was touching to see her kneeling in the church, with eager eyes fixed on the sacristy door and *the* rosary clutched fast between her fingers, but it was still more touching to watch her face when that door opened and her son at last came forth. So that was Pat! "Bless us an' save us," would she ever have know him? And yet he had very much the same face as the little bare-legged child who had first "celebrated" under the hedge, a face as innocent and almost as boyish, if not quite so brown; but he had certainly grown a good deal, and his Latin was of a different

quality, and there was moreover about him that which the mother's eyes had been so quick to see, the dignity of the priest, the recollectedness of one used to familiar converse with his God. Who shall describe the glory of that first mass for both son and mother? Who indeed could venture to penetrate into the sacred privacy of that son's feelings as he stood thus before the altar, his face pale, his voice quivering, his young hands trembling as they busied themselves about their hallowed task! But the mother! groaning from very rapture of heart, beating her happy breast, praying with so much fervour that the whole congregation might hear her, weeping till her glad eyes were almost too dim to discern the white-robed figure of her son—surely we can all picture her to ourselves.

When the young priest was unvesting after mass, there came a little tap at the sacristy door, a little, modest, tremulous tap, and on being invited to enter a strangely familiar figure met his gaze:

"Father Pat," said Biddy, in a choked voice, and dropping a shakey curtsy, "I've come to ax your riverence if ye'll bless me bades for me, an' an' will you give me yer bless——"

She tried to fall on her knees, but the mother instinct was too strong for her, and with a sudden sob she flung her arms round his neck.

"Me boy!" she cried, "sure it's me that must bless ye first!"

M. E. FRANCIS.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Some people will never begin anything, they are so much afraid of being unable to end it. And, no doubt, this view derives its support from Connolly's Folly and other such names current in all countries, and still more from what our Divine Redeemer himself says about the man who wished to build a tower and could not finish it. However, the present writer is profoundly convinced that no undertaking, big or little, can ever be brought to an end unless it is first brought to a beginning. In this world of beginnings what matters it that certain tasks should be left incomplete at death, provided that death finds the work of life itself in a fair approximation to completeness?

In another part of this Number, we resume, in the hope of bringing to some sort of conclusion, a biographical sketch which has long been left unfinished. Circumstances which need not be explained hindered the author of "The Walking Trees" from bringing that brilliant phantasy to its full completeness in our pages, where the last statement about Leo in the middle of our fourth volume is given in the sensational form: "Hurrah! hurrah! he is off with the Forked Lightning." Probably his subsequent adventures were then intended to be recorded at greater length; but, when the tale reappeared as a handsome illustrated volume, this winding-up process is condensed into the following paragraphs:—

* * *

How it was that the forked lightning flung him straight down to earth again without breaking his bones, and more wonderful still, shot him right through the closed nursery window without smashing a pane, Leo never could quite understand; but certain it is that he felt himself suddenly pitched into his bed with a terrible shock, and had scarcely time to get his head up again to see the fiery heels of the lightning vanishing out of the window.

A thunderstorm was raging all round his father's house, and the little boy, though he was very sorry his adventures were over, could not but feel glad enough to be lying at that moment snug and safe in his bed.

His head was aching, and the next day Leo was found to have a slight attack of fever: no wonder, you will say, after all his extraordinary experiences and exertions!

When he was getting better, and his dear papa used to come and sit by his bed and put grapes into his mouth, Leo related all that had happened to him in the clouds.

He told his papa the whole story of his wanderings; but Nurse and Patty he would not take into his confidence. They would be sure to laugh, he said, and perhaps would refuse to believe him.

Papa did not laugh, but smiled pleasantly and patted his boy's little hands.

"Put it all out of your head for the present, Leo," he said, "and make haste to get strong. And when you are able to run and walk with me in the fields again, then you and I will talk this curious matter over."

* * *

A San Francisco subscriber puts a question to us which perhaps some of our readers will enable us to answer:—

"Who was 'Thomas Kitchin, Geographer and Hydrographer to His Majesty?' I have picked up an excellent map of Ireland with no date but the

above name in one corner. It is evidently very ancient, for the names are not (many of them at least) in present use. I cannot find this Thomas Kitchin in any Biographical Dictionary."

* * *

The *Catholic News* of New York continues to give trouble to several inoffensive individuals by addressing this Magazine every month as "THE IRISH MONTHLY, LONDON, ENGLAND." Time is running out so fast that we prefer not to receive this journal at all. A "newsy journal" is the more dangerous as a distraction; and one is bound to avoid distractions and to keep one's self as far as possible in the proximate occasion of doing one's duty. But, if this journal insists on visiting us, let it remember that the capital of Ireland is Dublin.

* * *

Aubrey de Vere gives this finely critical estimate of Robert Browning's peculiar genius:—

Gone from us! that strong singer of late days—
Sweet singer should be strong—who, tarrying here,
Chose still rough music for his themes austere,
Hard-headed, aye, but tender-hearted lays,
Carefully careless, garden half, half maze.
His thoughts he sang, deep thoughts to thinkers dear,
Now flashing under gleam of smile or tear,
Now veiled in language like a breezy haze
Chance-pierced by sunbeams from the lake it covers.
He sang man's ways—not heights of sage or Saint,
Not highways broad, not haunts endeared to lovers;
He sang life's byways, sang its angles quaint,
Its Runic lore inscribed on stave or stone;
Song's short-hand strain—its key oft his alone.

* * *

Browning himself, when asked by Mr. Edmond Gosse to select from his works four poems of moderate length which might be taken as representing him fairly, answered thus:—

19 Warwick Crescent, W., March 15, '85.

My dear Gosse,—“Four Poems, of moderate length, which represent their author fairly”:—if I knew what “moderation” exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say—at a venture—

Lyrical: “Saul” or “Abt Vogler.”

Narrative: “A Forgiveness.”

Dramatic: “Caliban on Setebos.”

Idyllic (in the Greek sense): “Clive.”

Which means that, being restricted to *four* dips in the lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples—so far as these go—for there is somewhat behind still!

Ever truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

A Sister of Mercy from the west of Ireland sends a curious testimony to the linguistic skill of the late Father John O'Carroll, S.J., which deserves to be joined with those that we quoted from Professor Max Muller and other experts, none of whom, we trust, will die in a poorhouse like our new witness:—

"We were much interested in the short memoir of Father O'Carroll. He gave us two Retreats in Tuam and one here. While here, he had a poor old man engaged to walk with and talk Irish to him, and he won the old fellow's heart completely. The poor man spent his last two years in the workhouse and died there; and he used often to talk about 'Father John' in a rapture. 'He was a great warrant to talk Irish,' he said."

* * *

Have you ever read Lord Byron's description of the Battle of Albuera in French prose? If so, you will understand the marvellous change wrought in thoughts when expressed in their proper metrical form; and you will make large allowances for the following tribute paid in Irish verse to the same Father O'Carroll. It appeared in a recent number of *The Gaelic Journal*. Would that our readers and our printers and our editor were competent to reproduce and appreciate the original! The first words of this literal translation show that this Irish Jesuit, with Celtic name and heart and tongue, is already dead more than a year:—

"Suddenly in March, the month of transition, the hour struck for our dear Father John. The assigned term was come; full were his days of the best deeds; no delay in the way did he make, and earned as reward of his labour an eternal crown. Well ordered was his life. I bid him a hundred farewells. When death called him, he was on the watch, though it came unaware like a thief. Our strong one is taken from us. Not in upbraiding are we of Thee, O God!—to Thee does every one belong—but he was so friendly, wise, upright, gentle, he shall not be snatched away from us without sorrow to us. Pure was his heart; dignified and lofty were his aims. In Erin his like is not now to be found."

* * *

Let me, without any permission, give an extract from a private letter from one who has done a great deal of the most solid work for Catholic literature, and who, if he liked, could do much for it also in the department to which his remarks refer:—

"Did you ever read the Tale of Tintern by the late Father Caswall? If not, ask your Father Librarian to get it at once. Burns and Oates, only two shillings, I think. It is one of the most charming poems in the language as a poem, and quite unique as being about Our Lady. If you get it at once, it will inspire you with a beautiful article for May. They will, of course, send you the second edition; but it is a curious fact that the first edition was written in ten syllable lines, the second in eight syllables. But, though it is entirely rewritten, not one word is said by the author regarding the change. The second edition is greatly improved."

THE DALADA MALIGAWA.

ONE of the principal sights in Ceylon is the Dalada Maligawa, or Great Temple of the Sacred Tooth, which is the most celebrated Buddhist Temple of the East. This temple is in Kandy, which town is continually thronged with pilgrims from India, China, Thibet, etc., who come to pay their respects to the Dalada. The Maligawa is a large octagon in shape, and consists of the library, priests' apartments, the shrine chamber, and a larger room where the people perform their devotions. In the library are some wonderful books, the Pitakas or supposed teachings of Gandama, the veritable Buddha. These are mostly written on thin strips of wood, bound together in piles by silken strings; some have magnificent covers of gold or silver studded with precious stones, and one book consists of sheets of silver for leaves, with the writing painted in the ancient Pali character, which has been unused for thousands of years. In the outer sanctuary there are figures of Buddha standing, sitting, and reclining. Two sitting figures, about a foot high, are cut out of pure crystal, the intrinsic value of which must be enormous. The smooth-shaven, yellow-robed Buddhist priest who was our cicerone, after showing us these figures, coolly held out a plate for our subscription. I never fully realized till I saw these images what the saying "As clear as crystal" meant. The candle held behind them showed them to be perfectly transparent, every line and feature being accurately distinct.

The shrine-chamber where the Dalada or tooth is kept, is very small. As it is considered a great concession to show even the shrine to any but the faithful, we were greatly honoured at being allowed to see it, and, of course, dropped another rupee into the plate. The relic is kept under seven well-shaped cases, which fit one inside the other, the outer case being about five feet in height; this one is silver gilt, the others are beautifully wrought in gold, ornamented with precious stones, and the central part of one is a huge emerald. The size of the tooth ought to convince any sane person that it never came out of a human head, but rather a caput-asini; but the poor benighted Sinhalese has implicit faith in his priests, and never would he dare doubt their word for an instant.

The temple is kept in anything but a clean state, and the whole atmosphere is impregnated with the odour of rank incense, cocoa-nut oil, and the heavily-perfumed flowers surrounding the shrine.

It is strange that in the multitude of superstitions of which Buddhism consists, that there should linger many traces of early Apostolic lessons. Such, for example, as a belief in a kind of Purgatory where souls will undergo a certain amount of punishment before attaining the Nirvana or blessed state of oblivion. But how sad that riches are so profusely used in the decoration of idol worship, when temples of the true God are so often bare and unadorned. However, our missionaries are making rapid progress in the lovely isle of Ceylon, and we may surely hope that in the future—distant perhaps, yet certain—all the inhabitants of ancient Taprobane will believe, not in a false idol, but in Him who redeemed us by the cross, Christ Jesus Our Lord.

M. STENSON.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "The Poems of William Leighton" (London: Elliot Stock) appear in a complete edition which is very elegantly produced. The author was born at Dundee in 1841, and died at Liverpool in his 28th year. His poems have already been published in various forms, and this edition ends with a dozen pages of closely printed criticisms, of course of a favourable kind, from a hundred journals, some of which have considerable literary reputation. Yet the book seems to us to betray hardly any inspiration, but only a fair amount of good taste and culture. "The Leaf of Woodruff" and "Baby Died To-day" are Mr. Leighton's best.

2. "The Development of Old English Thought," by Brother Azarias of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (New York: Appleton and Co.), is in a third edition, though the preface to the second is dated as recently as October 20, 1889. Brother Azarias is an Irishman, a native of Tipperary, a member of the French Congregation of Christian Brothers, and, if we mistake not, president of Manhattan College. He is a valued contributor to the chief Catholic magazines, a man of wide and accurate reading, and master of a clear and vigorous style. The present volume weaves together very agreeably the results of the studies devoted of late years to the Anglo-Saxon

literature. Brother Azarias is laudably particular in specifying the authorities that he follows, yet his erudition is anything but cumbrous, and his disquisitions flow on pleasantly, just as if each chapter were not the substance of sundry volumes. The work is addressed to the general public: otherwise two months would not have sufficed to exhaust the second edition.

3. Lady Martin's excellent translation of the French Life of Don Bosco, founder of the Salesian Society, has very soon reached a second edition, and we are sure that many other editions will be required. It is a fresh and interesting piece of biography, an addition of permanent interest to our biographical stores. Our Irish translator has performed her duty admirably; and the publishers have produced the book in as pleasantly readable a shape as could be desired.

4. We are a little puzzled by the pious pamphlet entitled "Hail Jesus; or, Acts upon the Life and Passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ, by the late Venerable F. Augustine Baker" (London: Burns and Oates). Who is this Father Baker? If a modern, why called "Venerable." If the ancient author of "Sancta Sophia," why call him "the late," as if he had died last year? It is sometimes hard to tell when one is so long dead as to be no longer "the late"; but that is not the case with regard to this collection of pious affections, which ought to have been accompanied by some note concerning its authorship, etc.

5. Many of our readers will be interested for the preacher's sake in "The Church of Christ, her Mission and her Sacrifice: two Sermons preached by the Rev. Patrick Dillon, D.D., St. James's, Newark, New Jersey" (New York: Michael Walsh, 21 Park Row). But these sermons are well worth reading for their own sake. They are "dedicated to the Very Rev. John Bartley, Provincial of the Irish Carmelites of Ancient Observance, by a Former Pupil," and they were both preached in the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular, New York, in which Irish Carmelite Fathers have laboured for only two years. The first sermon on the Mission of the Catholic Church was delivered on the occasion of the dedication of this church last December; and the other on the great Christian Sacrifice was preached as recently as February 23rd in the present year, when Bishop Conroy consecrated the altar. Both of them display to advantage Dr. Dillon's learning and eloquence.

6. Mrs. Charles Martin on the title-page of her new work, "The Life of St. Justin" (London: Burns and Oates) is described as "author of *The Life of St. Jerome*, etc." It was fitting to connect this sketch with her previous essay in ecclesiastical biography, but it is

well to remember how many excellent contributions to the lighter departments of literature are modestly veiled under that *etcetera*. St. Justin's mass and office have only recently been extended to the whole Church by Leo XIII., and there is a certain timeliness in Mrs. Martin's endeavour to make his career and character better known. She has used with skill and care the materials placed at her disposal; but these materials are, of course, not so abundant or interesting as in the case of St. Jerome. The present work is indeed much shorter. The publishers have given an attractive appearance to this useful and edifying account of the great Christian Apologist, who, as Mrs. Martin shows in her preface, has a message for the world even at the present stage of the world's intellectual and religious life.

7. "Marie and Paul," by "Our Little Woman" (London: Burns and Oates) has no year of publication marked on its title-page, and it certainly has no right to hide itself or to parade itself among a batch of new books, for it has been in existence for some years. This is a justification of those reviewers who refuse to notice an undated book. The binding of this slight sketch of fifty small pages is pretty, and the tone is pious. There is some confusion in the naming of the persons concerned. Are they French or English? Is "Marie" pronounced as well as spelled in French fashion? If so, "Paul" ought to rhyme with *dull*. Ominous word, but rather appropriate in the present context.

8. The 4th of May is the day appointed in the Carthusian Order for the feast of their English Martyrs. The publication, therefore, is timely of a translation of Dom Maurice Cheney's contemporary Latin "History of the Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians in England, who, refusing to take part in schism and to separate themselves from the unity of the Catholic Church, were cruelly martyred" (London: Burns and Oates). It is produced in the elegant but somewhat inappropriate form of a large and thin quarto, such as Mr. John Oldcastle's memorial of Cardinal Newman.

9. Messrs. Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, have published a good translation of the Life of Father Charles Sire, S.J., which is very emphatically recommended by the Provincial of the Jesuits in New York and by Cardinal Gibbons. The French Jesuit was born in 1828 and was buried at sea in 1864, on his way home from a missionary life in the island of Bourbon. His life is written by one of his three Sulpitian brothers, but of course the materials have been chiefly furnished by his religious brethren of the Society. Very minute and edifying accounts are given of his discharge of the various duties of a Jesuit, in colleges especially, with many extracts

from his spiritual papers. This "simple biography" is far beyond the average in worth and extent.

10. The same publishers have bought out the sixteenth volume ("Sermons for Sundays") of the Centenary Edition of the works of S. Alphonsus Liguori, which his American sons are editing with very great care.

11. In a second edition and in a very pretty cover we welcome again "A Shrine and a Story," by the author of *Tyborne* (London: Burns and Oates). It relates chiefly to St. Joseph's, Portland Row, Dublin; but the pages bristle with interesting names—Dr. Blake of Dromore, Father Henry Young, Ellen Kerr, and (to mention one amongst the living) Mr. James Murphy, who has laboured so long for this Home for virtuous single females. Mother Magdalen Taylor gives many interesting extracts from Lady Georgiana Fullerton's letters. Yet, for many, the most interesting of these pages will be those devoted to the holy and amiable memory of the unknown Irish-woman, Ellen Kerr.

12. "The Church of My Baptism," by Francis King (London: Burns and Oates), is a very clever and full explanation of the reasons why the writer returned to the One Church. Its Unity is a sufficiently distinctive attribute. The same publishers have sent us Mr. William Garrat's very full account of the Holy House of Loreto, which is illustrated by several maps and pictures. A very exquisite little book for May is Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "Our Lady's Month" (London: R. Washbourne). A useful addition to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society is "To Calvary: a New Method of making the Stations of the Cross," translated by L. M. Kenny from the French of Father Abt, S.J. Finally we can only mention a pamphlet on the "Vagus Treatment of Cholera" by Dr. Alexander Harkin of Belfast (London: Renshaw), and, to end our May notices more appropriately, two hymns to the Blessed Virgin, with music by Mr. J. J. Johnson of Dublin.

13. Although coming very late, our May Number must mention "The Month of Mary, according to the spirit of St. Francis of Sales," by Don Gaspar Gilli, translated and abridged from the Italian by a Sister of the Institute of Charity, and published with his wonted taste skill and care by Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, Although abridged by the translator, it runs to 250 pages, and is certainly one of the best and most solid of the many books bearing similar names. All concerned in its English presentation have done their part well. And so have the Rev. Albert Barry, C. SS. R., and his printers with regard to the Venerable Sarnelli's exquisitely devotional little treatise on the Holy Rosary. It will help many to perform much better their favourite daily exercise of filial piety.

JUNE, 1890.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ANXIOUS DAYS.

HAVING learned that Lady Ashfield had left England for an indefinite period, Madge resolved to put her out of her thoughts, and forget, if possible, the bright hopes that her promises to Dora, on the day of the accident, had raised in her mind.

She was busy at the school; and during the long hours spent at the piano, or hammering history and grammar into some twelve or fourteen lazy girls, she had little time to wonder or speculate over Lady Ashfield's absence or return to town.

But Dora's work was not so absorbing. And from morning till night she thought of nothing but her next meeting with the kind lady who had promised so earnestly to help her and Madge in London. So each evening, as she returned from the dressmaker's, where she spent her day, unless the weather were very bad, she would walk round by Belgrave Street, and, standing on the opposite side of the road, gaze up at the windows.

"When she comes back," she would say to herself, "the shutters will be open, the blinds pulled up. Then Madge and I will ring the bell, and ask to see dear Lady Ashfield. Until then I shall never go nearer the house than this."

And so Mrs. Downside never saw the girls, and Lord Ashfield's packet lay forgotten in a drawer.

Day after day, week after week, Dora suffered the same keen disappointment. The house remained shut up. Lady Ashfield did not return.

This wearing anxiety, this feverish longing for something to

happen, was very trying to a girl of Dora's sensitive nature. It made her restless and unsettled, and her work became a trouble to her. But she did her best to shake off the feeling of disgust and struggled bravely on.

At last, however, the heavy atmosphere of the workroom, the long hours and close work, began to tell upon her health. She grew irregular in her attendance at Mdme. Garniture's establishment, and before the end of the second year she was obliged to stay at home altogether. This was a terrible grief to her. She was now unable to earn any money, and so became quite dependent on her sister. And Madge's salary was so small. Barely enough to support one, it was now called upon to do double duty, and provide both girls with the necessaries of life.

"Lady Ashfield may come home soon, Madge—she is sure to come soon," cried Dora feverishly one evening, when her sister had come back from the school a little earlier than usual. "It is now nearly two years since she went away. If she were in London, she might give me some work to do. I am better now. I could sew here and help you. We have no money left. Oh, Madge, what shall we do to pay our rent?"

"Darling, do not fret," said Madge, putting her arm round the girl and kissing her lovingly. "Something will surely turn up." She smiled. "Don't you remember how dear Miss Matilda used always say that? So don't cry, pet. Our landlord has promised to wait. That in itself is a boon."

"Horrid old man! I wish we had stayed with Mrs. Skinner. She was so kind and"—

"But, my love, you know her terms were impossible."

"I know, I know. If only Lady Ashfield would come home."

"Dora, I do not believe in Lady Ashfield. My only hope, my constant prayer is that I may soon come across the Atherstones in some way or another."

"Well, we have both a different plan for getting out of our present difficulties," said Dora with a faint smile. "Neither is likely to succeed, I fear. But oh, my darling, if I could only work and help, I would not find it so hard, so very hard to wait."

And two large tears rolled slowly down the girl's pale cheek.

"Now, I tell you what I will do, Dora. I'll go off to Mdme. Garniture," cried Madge, "and ask her to give you some work to do at home. Why did I never think of this before? I suppose because I fancied you were too ill to do anything. But I will go this moment. And when my darling feels her fingers busy, she may become more reconciled to her fate."

Dora's face grew bright. A sweet smile played about the corners of her mouth as she nestled up to Madge, and laid her head upon her shoulder.

"Dear little sister," she whispered, "if only I had work to do, you should never hear me grumble. Your idea is a good one. And oh, I hope, I pray, that Mdme. Garniture may grant your request. I think she will. She was always very kind."

"Yes. I think she will. And now I must be off. I have no time to spare."

Then kissing Dora tenderly, Madge sprang to her feet, and putting on her hat and jacket, turned to leave the room.

"Madge," called Dora softly, "it is rather windy and cold, but if you wouldn't mind you might go round by Belgrave Street. It is just possible that Lady Ashfield may have returned. We have neither of us been there for many months."

"Very well, dearest. I shall certainly go round that way. I don't mind the wind in the least." And lowering her veil Madge went quickly downstairs.

As the door closed behind her sister, Dora flung herself back upon the little hard sofa, on which she now spent much of her time. Her cheeks were flushed. She was nervous and excited.

"Something tells me they will soon return," she murmured, "and then—and then how happy I shall be. I am sure to get nice, fresh, dainty work from Lady Ashfield and some of her friends. A visit now and again from her. Music lessons for Madge. Well-paid lessons, perhaps, three or four a week. The ladies at Penelope Lodge must not refuse her time in which to give them, of course not. And that will mean much more money. My work and Madge's lessons. Oh, we shall grow quite rich. And my darling shall have some new dresses—some silk ones, too—a pretty brown silk with coffee lace, and some jewels—bright gold earrings, and a brooch at her collar. Ah! how nice she will look, my bonnie Madge. And I—well it doesn't much matter about me. But I think a blue cashmere might suit my complexion." Dora laughed softly. "What castles in the air! Very much in the air, I'm afraid. I'm like the child in the song:—

"The wee bonnie bairn
Sits pokin' in the aze,
Glowerin' at the fire
With his well-round face.
Laughin' at the puffin' lowe.
What sees he there?
Ah the bonnie bairn
Is biggin' castles in the air."

Dora's voice was not powerful. But it was sweet, round and full. She sang with much expression, and there was something very touching and sympathetic in her manner of singing. This was one of her greatest pleasures. And many a weary hour it had helped her to while away as she lay alone in the poor little lodging, longing to work, and yet not able to go out to do so.

As the last words of her song died away the door was rudely opened, and a small, grey-headed man entered the room. He had a sharp, thin face, a hooked nose, and a pair of fierce, cruel eyes. He walked up close to the sofa on which the girl lay and glared at her angrily.

"A fine young lady, to be sure," he hissed from between his teeth. "Lying all day upon my couch, instead of working hard to pay me my rent."

Dora started up in alarm.

"Oh, please, Mr. Brimage. Please do not be angry. I—I cannot work. I am so weak and"—

"But you can sing. I heard you just now. Go out and sing round the squares. You'll get money fast enough there, I'll bet."

"Oh, I could not do that," cried Dora in horror. "Indeed, I could not."

"Bosh!" he answered contemptuously. "Beggars can't be choosers. Girls like you have no business to be proud. Better to sing than to starve."

"Yes. But, pray have a little patience, Mr. Brimage," she said imploringly. "Madge has gone to look for work for me and"—

"Work for you? A fine lot of work you'll do. Now, I tell you what it is, my girl, if you and that sister of yours cannot pay me by to-morrow, out you go."

Dora burst into tears, and sinking back upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands.

"To-morrow! It is impossible," she sobbed. "We have no money. We"—

"Go out and get it then. Bend your proud spirit, or take the consequences. I have had a good offer for these apartments, and if you do not pay, why, you must go. Good evening."

And he went away, shutting the door with a bang that shook the house.

Dora raised her head and stared blankly round her. Her eyes rested on the dingy carpet, on which it was no longer possible to trace any pattern; on the faded curtains, the rickety chairs and table, the shabby cloth.

"It is poor, more than poor," she murmured. "But it is a home. And if we are turned out, where shall we go?"

She wrung her hands in despair and groaned aloud.

"Oh, Madge, Madge, how can I tell you such a thing? My poor darling, 'tis I who have brought you to this. Oh, why was I not drowned the night of the wreck? Why did I live to be a burden? But no, it shall not be." She jumped up. "That man suggested a way. I will sing in the streets. Oh, mother," and taking out the miniature that she always wore, she gazed lovingly at the sweet face, "to think that your child should come to this! But it must be done. I'd die for Madge. And now, if I have only strength to do it, I'll sing for her."

Dora put on her hat, buttoned her jacket up tight to her throat, and put on a thick veil.

"Few know me in London. So after all," she thought, "what does it matter? If I can manage it, it will be a good thing. But," she clung to the table, "how strange I feel."

And growing suddenly faint and giddy, she sank upon a chair.

"My God, help us, two lonely, unhappy girls."

The door opened again, and Mr. Brimage stood smiling upon the threshold.

Dora shivered and turned away.

"Come, now, don't look so vexed to see me. I'm worth bein' friendly to, I can tell you. I bring you good news."

"Good news?" gasped Dora.

"Yes. The best you could hear to-day, I'm thinkin'. Your rent's been paid."

The girl grew white to the lips, and trembled in every limb.

"Do not torture me so," she cried. "It may amuse you, but it is a matter of life and death to me. I am going to sing in the streets, and if I get any money you shall have it to-morrow. But leave me now. I must rest before I go out."

"Hear the girl. Can't you understand? I have been paid, more than paid, for I have received a whole quarter in advance."

Dora stared at him wildly.

"Paid? Our rent paid? Am I dreaming? or, are you really Mr. Brimage?"

"I am really Mr. Brimage, without a doubt, my dear," he answered laughing. "And I am here to tell you that a friend has turned up to help you in your distress."

"A friend?"

"Yes. An' one you'd be glad to see. For he's a fine young fellow with the air of a prince. A man any girl might be proud to meet."

"Then it was not Mdme. Garniture, or Mrs. Prim from Penelope Lodge?"

Mr. Brimage laughed loudly.

"I should think not. Those good ladies are not so generous. But he told me not to mention his name."

"He—we know no one. That is, at least"——

Dora flushed hotly, and her heart began to beat fast, her lips to tremble.

"Well, I think you'll hear from him soon. He seemed greatly pleased to learn where you lived. He an' his mother had been wantin' to know for a long time. But I fancy, for all you make such a fuss, you know very well who he is."

"Yes," said Dora simply, "I know now. It was Lord Ashfield."

"That was the very man. But, mind you, I did not tell you his name. Good night."

And Mr. Brimage made a low bow and left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

PUT TO THE TEST.

As Madge went thoughtfully through the streets, her heart sad, her mind filled with the all-absorbing problem of Dora and her future, she suddenly found herself face to face with Madame Garniture.

"Ah, Miss Neil, there you are," cried the dressmaker. "I've been wondering greatly about your little sister. What has become of her of late?"

"She has been ill and weak, Mdme. Garniture. Quite unable to go to work."

"Poor child. I am sorry. She was the best and most punctual of my workers. But she'll soon be well enough to come back to us, I hope."

"I fear not. The hot room is too much for her. But I was just going to you to ask you a favour. Could you give her some work to do at home? She is well enough for that, and I am sure you could trust her."

"Of course. She makes button-holes beautifully. I'll send her some bodies to finish to-morrow."

"Thank you, thank you. She is so anxious to earn money. This will give her fresh life. God bless you, Mdme. Garniture."

And Madge's eyes were full of tears as she shook the good woman's hand.

"Well, now, I am sorry you did not come to me before, dear. I

often thought of little Dora, for the child pleased me greatly. But I am so busy. I never could find time to go and see her."

"No, of course not. No one could expect you to pay visits."

"Perhaps not. But still I should have sent. However, I'll look after her now. And I tell you what, I'm going to dress a beautiful young lady for the Drawingroom on Thursday. Her maid is young and inexperienced, so I must arrange her train. Ask your sister if she'll come with me. I may want her to hold pins and things for me and it will amuse her."

"Yes. I am sure it would. Thank you so much."

"Very well, then, I'll call for her in a cab about eleven o'clock. Meanwhile, as this is only Tuesday, I'll send her some work."

"You are very good and kind. I don't know how to thank you."

"Nonsense, dear. I don't want any thanks. Good-bye. I'm in an awful hurry. Glad I met you. Ta, ta."

And with a smile and a wave of the hand, the kind-hearted dress-maker turned a corner and disappeared.

"What good news for my darling," thought Madge joyfully. "I could hug you, Mdme. Garniture, for your kindness. And now, before going home, I must take a peep at Belgrave Street, just to satisfy my pet that Lady Ashfield has not yet returned."

But when Madge stood opposite the house and looked up at the windows, she uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"At last! Yes, surely, Lady Ashfield must be at home. This change must mean that she has returned."

The once dingy exterior had been freshly painted. Daffodils and daisies filled the window-boxes, and the whole house was brilliantly lighted. The blinds in the dining-room had not been pulled down, and the table, beautifully decorated with choice flowers and rich silver, was plainly visible from the street.

"How delightful to sit at such a table," sighed Madge. "Heigho! the wealthy have many things to make life pleasant. How happy we should be now, if only my sweet Dora had not been robbed. But there, a truce to such dreams. I must try if I cannot see Lady Ashfield to-night. And then who knows what may happen?"

And full of hope Madge rang the bell. In an instant the hall door flew open, and two men in powdered hair stood silently waiting for her to speak.

"Can I see Lady Ashfield?" she asked nervously. "I think she would see me if you told her my name. Miss Neil."

"Yes," answered one of the men promptly. "Her ladyship will see you, I know. Will you kindly walk this way?"

Madge did as desired, and having followed the man across a

richly-carpeted hall and down a long corridor, was ushered into a small but exquisitely furnished room. There was no one there; and placing a chair near the fire and inviting her to be seated, the footman murmured that he would tell her ladyship, and withdrew.

Left alone, Madge stood still gazing round her in delight. Never before had she seen such a room. The colours were soft and harmonious. The furniture, which was of richly-carved ebony, toned admirably with the gorgeous embroideries that were thrown about over chairs and sofas. The cabinets were full of rare china; the walls covered with Japanese curios and pieces of old tapestry. The whole air of the place was restful. It was a room to dream, read, think in, and Madge fell into a kind of trance as she drank in the many beauties of her surroundings.

But her dream was of short duration. For presently the rustling of silken garments was heard, and Lady Ashfield swept into the room. She was dressed in a rich dinner dress of a deep dark red, with flashing diamonds in her hair and round her neck. She was tall and dignified looking, and as she came forward to greet her visitor, her face was lighted up with a gracious smile of welcome.

"My dear Miss Neil, I am so glad to see you at last. My son and I had almost despaired of ever finding you out."

"You have been away for so long, Lady Ashfield."

"True. But why did you not come and see the housekeeper? She had the names of several friends of mine who would have taken music lessons from you. They promised me they would."

"I am so sorry. But when we called nearly two years ago, we could get but little information. The old woman at the door knew nothing of your movements."

"It was unfortunate, altogether," said Lady Ashfield kindly. "For my son and I were determined to help you and watch over you. But my father's long illness and death put everything else out of my head. And now tell me how is our friend, sweet little Dora?"

"Alas! She is far from well, Lady Ashfield," replied Madge sadly. "She has suffered much during the last two years, and her health is not good even now. She rarely leaves the house."

"Poor child. I am extremely grieved to hear such a bad account of her. I will go to see her soon. And how have you been doing, Miss Neil? Are you getting on well?"

"Not well. I work in a school all day. But the salary is small. It is not nearly sufficient for the support of two people, and lately Dora has earned nothing, poor darling."

"Would you have time to give lessons if I could get some for you?"

"I think so. Mrs. Prim promised to give me two hours a week, if I succeeded in getting other employment."

"Then I shall ask my friends and let you know at once. I have not been long in town, and do not know where everybody is."

"Thank you, Lady Ashfield, you are very good."

"Not at all. I wish I could have helped you long ago. But is there anything else I can do for you? Would you like a little immediate assistance? My purse is at your disposal."

Madge flushed hotly.

"Thank you. But I would rather not take money. I"—

"Do not be proud, dear. Remember, little Dora is to be my special care. That child, by her energy and presence of mind, saved not only my life, but the life of my only son; therefore you must let me help her, save her from further trouble and privation."

"You shall do so, if necessary, Lady Ashfield. And believe me, I am truly grateful for the offer. But pray let your kindness take the form of getting us work."

"Certainly. But Dora cannot work."

"Yes. She is clever with her needle."

"A poor way to make a living," said Lady Ashfield, shrugging her shoulders. "However, I will see what can be done. And now is that all you will allow me to do for you?"

"No. There is something else. I want you to do me a great favour. Will you?"

"My dear, of course. You have only to ask, and, if possible, I shall grant your request. What is it?"

Madge drew a long breath and clasped her hands tightly together.

"You know the Atherstones, Lady Ashfield?" she asked in a voice full of emotion. "And see them frequently?"

Lady Ashfield looked at her in surprise.

"Certainly. I know them intimately. Sir Eustace dines with me to-night."

"And Sylvia Atherstone. You know her?"

"Yes. Ever since she was a tiny child. She is the most beautiful girl and the richest heiress in London. She will make quite a sensation when she is presented next Thursday."

"And you know Anne Dane?" pursued Madge, her eyes fixed earnestly on the lady's face.

Lady Ashfield laughed and rose to poke the fire.

"Yes. I know Anne Dane also. She is a valuable old servant, who having rendered a great service to the family years ago, is allowed to do exactly what she pleases, which means tormenting them all, and keeping the other domestics in a state of indignation and jealousy. Oh, yes, I know Anne Dane."

"Anne Dane," said Madge in a clear, firm voice, "is a swindler and a cheat."

Lady Ashfield started.

"My dear Miss Neil, that is strong—I may say violent language."

"Not half strong or violent enough," cried Madge, springing to her feet, her cheeks crimson with excitement. "For she has deceived her generous master, Sir Eustace Atherstone, and done a cruel, cruel wrong to an innocent child."

"What do you mean?"

"This, Lady Ashfield. On the night of the wreck of the *Cimbria* Anne Dane was put into a boat with a child in her arms. From thence she was rescued, I don't know how, and went to London, not with Sylvia Atherstone, but with my sister, Dora Neil."

Lady Ashfield stared at the girl in astonishment.

"Then you mean to say"——

"That this beautiful girl, this so-called Sylvia, is a usurper; that she has no right to her name, wealth, or position, and that the real Sylvia is the sweet, delicate child who saved you and your son."

"You are—you must be either dreaming or mad."

"I am neither. What I tell you is true, absolutely true. The fair, gentle girl you know as Dora Neil is really Sylvia Atherstone."

"What proof," asked Lady Ashfield coldly, "have you of this?"

Madge cast down her eyes, her colour went and came.

"Alas! none."

Lady Ashfield gave a sigh of relief.

"I thought so."

"But if I could see Anne Dane for a moment," cried the girl vehemently. "If I could bring her face to face"——

"My dear young lady, you talk nonsense. Without proof, and strong proof, no one would ever believe such a story. Take my advice, and put this silly fancy out of your head. It can only do harm to you, Dora, and even, perhaps, in a small way to Miss Atherstone."

"Silly fancy," gasped Madge, clasping her hands and raising her eyes appealingly to Lady Ashfield's face. "Oh, it is no fancy. It is truth, pure, simple truth."

"But, even supposing it were true," replied Lady Ashfield, wondering at the girl's apparent honesty and extreme earnestness, "you say you have no proof, and"——

"We have the portrait of Sylvia's mother, a miniature hung round her neck by her father as he bade her good-bye on board that ill-fated vessel, the *Cimbria*. She's so like that."

"But no one here ever saw Mrs. Atherstone. She was an Australian. He married her out there, and"——

"But Mr. Atherstone himself, he would know."

"Mr. Atherstone is still in Australia. Your miniature could not prove anything."

"Then, I must see Anne Dane. Let me come upon her unexpectedly, and in the presence of witnesses, produce Dora and the miniature, and she will be surprised, terrified, and will surely acknowledge the wicked fraud she has been carrying on for so many years."

"My dear Miss Neil, pray calm yourself. I do not—I cannot believe your story. You are labouring under some strange, some wild delusion."

Madge bent her head upon her hands and uttered a deep groan.

"Oh God," she murmured, "help me to reveal the truth, to restore this poor child to her home and friends." Then looking up imploringly, her eyes full of tears. "Lady Ashfield, pray, pray help me. You can, you"—

"I am quite willing to help you."

Madge sprang forward with a cry of joy.

Lady Ashfield held up her hand.

"Do not misunderstand me, please, Miss Neil. I am ready and willing to do what I can to help you to earn money, and support yourself and your sister. But I do not, I tell you honestly, believe your story. And if I did, nothing would ever induce me to help you in any way to accomplish the end you have in view. Not for the world would I be the means of plunging my dear old friend, Sir Eustace, into such a sea of trouble as the very suggestion of such a thing would bring upon him."

"Will you give me Anne Dane's address?"

"Certainly not. That would surely assist you and cause much misery. No, no, Miss Neil, leave Anne Dane in peace, and forget this foolish notion. You have an honest face, and seem much in earnest. So I cannot believe you have willingly invented this story of the wreck. But I feel sure that you are suffering from a delusion, an hallucination, which has probably grown stronger as the years have gone on. But"—

Madge choked back her tears, and drawing her slight figure up to its fullest height, said coldly:

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Lady Ashfield. But I must ask you to say no more. You do not believe my story. You treat me as a mad woman, and, therefore, I beg that you will not take any further trouble for me. You cannot, it would be impossible for you to recommend a liar or a lunatic to your friends. So pray forget that I exist. I regret that I should have taken up so much of your valuable time. And I will now wish you good evening."

And with burning cheeks, her head held proudly erect, Madge walked quickly from the room.

"What strange infatuation!" cried Lady Ashfield, as the door closed upon her visitor. "The girl's mind must have suffered severely from the shock of the wreck. But I trust that this silly nonsense may never reach Sylvia's ears, nor Sir Eustace's. What pain, what trouble it would cause, false though it be. Intense misery, I am sure. But, dear me, how late it is! And I have not quite finished my dressing. I really feel much upset by this strange scene. I must try and compose myself before my guests arrive."

And sighing heavily, Lady Ashfield left her boudoir and hurried upstairs to complete her toilet.

(To be continued).

A LIFE'S STRENGTH.

COURAGE and faith and patience! Keynotes these
To the full music of a perfect life:

Courage to bear and brave the wasting strife
Of our fleet years, nor crave inglorious ease
In a hard world of toil by lands and seas;

Faith in ourselves to win the wars we wage
'Gainst self and sin, knowing no mind can gauge
The final peace that crowns earth's victories.

And best of these is patience, shining bright
On the high roll of virtues. God hath graven
This o'er the winding stair that leads to Heaven,
To guide us upward to the Hills of Light.

Would we be strong to win success at length,
In courage, faith, and patience there is strength.

TERESA C. BOYLAN.

THE TWO CIVILISATIONS.

PART I.

THERE is a poet in America named Walt Whitman, considered inspired by his friends, half insane by his enemies, and he has written a certain chaunt, called "*Salut au monde*," in which he takes a most comprehensive, and at the same time, minute view of the world, and all its wonders of men, and salutes all at the same time as his brothers. I often wonder what he would feel, could he stand on the quays of Queenstown and see the floating cities that glide day after day into our port, and as silently depart, each with its freight of humanity gathered from every part of the civilised and even uncivilised world. To any reflective mind it is a strange and suggestive sight. What the mind of the poet conceived is brought directly under our eyes. Men of all nations under heaven are gathered together in those huge black vessels that steal into our harbours every morning, and as silently steal away at mid-day, or in the evening; and many of those visitors of ours represent not only their own individuality, but are the originators of ideas which are revolutionising the world—the high priests of new philosophical systems—the centres towards which thousands, ay, even millions, are looking, very often in vain, for inspiration and light. In fact, if we had time or taste for these things, our transatlantic steamers would give us a perfect panorama of all the leaders of thought in every department of science, art, philosophy, and even religion.

I will, therefore, take you, dear reader, in imagination on the deck of one of these ocean steamers; and on a little group of men we will make a brief meditation.

We move up in the tender and attach ourselves to the mighty ship which rises dark and gloomy from the waters, its black mass only broken by the small circular lights that speak suggestively of the terrible buffeting and drenching the good ship will have to bear before she anchors at her destination. And suddenly a sight breaks upon us which we cannot soon forget. For, as we touch the vessel, its dark profile is broken by the light of a thousand human faces, on each of which is written that strange, anxious look which you notice in persons who are leaving accustomed modes of life,

and embarking on new, and perhaps perilous enterprises. And what a medley! What strange pranks Mother Nature plays with "the human face divine!" What mighty ingenuity she shows in moulding and casting the countenances of men, so that there is no mistaking one individual for another! Lean and hungry Italian faces, from which centuries of poverty have beaten out the grand old Roman type of feature; calm and heavy Teutonic faces that speak of easy lives and plenty of lager beer; the high and angular Norwegian face that has been buffeted and withered by the storms which sweep up the fiords and gulfs of their rugged coasts; here the face of an Armenian, who stood a month ago on the most sacred soil that feet ever pressed; and here the olive features and white burnous of the Arab, who was baked a few weeks ago under the pyramids, and is now shivering in the cold east wind that is churning the waters into yellow foam. And here side by side are the two races, whom a strange destiny has linked together but whom Fate has kept sundered apart as widely as pole from pole—the tall and muscular Saxon, and the little, active, nervous form of the black-eyed and black-haired Celt. And here, too, are their descendants—the mixed race of Americans, who have inherited all the thoughtfulness of the Saxon and all the brightness of the Celt, and whose pale features and eager eyes speak the national character—bright, alert, and speculative.

But we are moving. You can see the ridges fall away in white foam from the keen prow of the ship, as the screw churns and tosses the waters on the stern. "Cast off" comes from the bridge high over our heads; and whilst the noble vessel moves forward in silent dignity on her course, the little tender sheers off at an angle to make the circuit homewards. And now I become suddenly aware that whilst I am soliloquizing, I am in the midst of many tragedies, and probably, excepting the captain and the crew, the most unconcerned spectator on board. All around are very sad faces, filled with a yearning look towards the land they are leaving. Even the blue-black eyes of the merry Celt are filmed and clouded as they look for the last time, perhaps, on the green hills and purple mountains of Inisfail. Here is a lady whose society training in the most rigid conventionalism cannot withal prevent her hands from trembling, and her eyes from growing red with weeping. And here is a stalwart athlete trying to look supremely indifferent, but I notice some strange moisture gathering under his

eyelids; and I know, if I spoke to him, his voice would quiver and break in his effort to reply. But it is no time now for useless regrets. The vessel of their fortunes and hopes is already far upon the waters. The grim shadows of Carlisle fort frown upon her; and now she glides before the sunny walls of the lighthouse, and now she turns her broadside to the bay. She is looking straight to the west, walking the waters towards the Empire Republic, the mother of many nations. A thousand hearts are pulsing beneath her flag—each with its marvellous history of the past, its rich, beautiful dreams of the future. The stars are not more lonely in their orbits than these human hearts—each with its secrets sealed to all eyes but God's. The great wings of mighty storms are winnowing and sweeping the Atlantic before them. Billows are rolling towards them from far latitudes. Yet not a single soul has a fear of reaching the promised land in safety. This little world—this microcosm on the waters—what is it but a type of humanity and the world? Or what is the world and humanity but a ship in the ocean of space?

However, it is not multitudes but individuals we have come to see—not races, but marked types and representatives of races—not the *hoi polloi* who fret their little hour upon the stage and sink into obscure graves, but the *anakes andron*—the kings of men, they who are stirring the great heart of the world with impulses that issue in healthy reform or unhealthy revolution. And fortunately there are a few of these chosen minds here amongst our passengers. Men who, from the dark recesses of laboratories and museums have strengthened a hundredfold the hands of their fellow-men, have annihilated distance on the globe, and tamed the terrible agents that stand at the back of untamed Nature. Men, who from platforms, have thundered forth the ancient, but ever new, principle of a common humanity, and the right of every child of Adam to a place on this planet, with air enough to breathe, and room enough to swing his arms in—men who, by their words, have touched the great heart of the world, and made hoarse voices cheer, and brawny hands to strike approval, and tough hearts to vibrate with new emotions of revealed strength and power, and a possible happiness that may be far off and yet shall be reached—poets and sages, patriots and dilettanti, political, scientific, and social revolutionists are here—and we shall just look at them, and then let them speak for themselves.

This age of ours is an age of revolutions. There is not a single branch, even of a single science, that has not been studied and investigated, with the result that our most carefully-formed ideas even on scientific subjects have been obliged to undergo a complete transformation. Another peculiarity is that there are specialists in every branch of science, art, and literature; and that certain branches of science and art become the fashion at certain periods, and exclude all others in the public mind as effectually as a new fashion in dress excludes those that are considered antiquated. And, again, as Solomon said, "there is nothing new under the sun," so there is scarcely a fashion in art or a discovery in science that was not quite familiar to the ancient Hellenists, who, under the warm sky of Greece and by the pleasant waters of the Mediterranean, were making daily pleasure of things which in our days are the exclusive property of the highest circles of wealth and intelligence—for example, if there were one thing the ancient Greeks worshipped more than another, it was the Beautiful. What they called the *to Kalon* was the Divinity, whom they worshipped with all the passionate adoration of natures into which the Sun God had stricken his fire. The Beautiful in Nature—the Beautiful in mind and soul—the firmament glittering with stars, the meadows glittering with flowers, the wide levels of the sea glittering under the sunshafts—the dark eyes of men and women glittering under darker eyebrows; all these to these children of Nature were feasted on and worshipped as types and symbols of some rarer Beauty, unseen but yet to be revealed. These wonderful old Greeks have passed away; but here in the midst of our nineteenth century civilisation is an apostle of æstheticism, and æsthetics or the science of the Beautiful is once more the fashion of men. You see over there leaning against the bulwarks of the vessel is a tall and dark young gentleman, with a huge sunflower in his button-hole. He is gazing on the setting sun as if this were his last evening upon earth, and his eyes are dazzled with the lane of light that stretches to the horizon. He is the son of a Dublin oculist, and of a lady who sang the fiercest and loveliest battle-odes of that sad, that glorious period in Irish history which we call '48. He is, without doubt, the best ridiculed young man that has come before this cynical age. He is now going to be dreadfully disappointed with the Atlantic, and his mission is to evangelise the Americans with two lectures on art that shall be repeated again

and again, until the world grows tired even of laughing at him, and his adopted country takes him back to her bosom. Yet, although his mission shall be a failure, we must not suppose that there is not a deep substratum of truth underlying a vast super-structure of absurdity; and by and by you shall hear another who has for fifty years preached much the same doctrines with far different success, and who, with many eccentricities, has won for himself a homage that is rarely given to a living celebrity.

The next department in the ascending scale is social science; and here, walking arm in arm along the lee side of the ship, are two men whose ideas in some things are identical, and on others widely different, and who have said many things that have stirred many hearts. One is from San Francisco, and he used to be called a prophet by his admirers: the other is from the County Mayo, and during the greater part of his life he has been styled a rebel and a felon; in physique they are not unlike. Dark and determined men, with deep eyes flashing under bushy eyebrows, but the right sleeve of the one hangs tenantless—the arm was left some years ago in the steel meshes of an English factory. The education of the one was matured under the bright dazzling sun of California; the education of the other was finished in a convict's dress out on the bleak wastes of Dartmoor, and in the blinding quarries of Portland. He has seen some terrible things, and has studied the strange riddle of humanity deep down in awful depths of suffering. Of him it might be said what the people of Verona used say of Dante:

“Eccovi l'uom ch'è stato all' Inferno.”

And hence men listen to him as they listen to no other, for they know how true is that saying of Goethe's:

“Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye unseen powers.”

But lest it should be tedious to paint for you portraits of all the different representatives of human thought who paced the deck this spring afternoon, it will suffice to say that there was scarcely a single fantasy of modern thought, sensible or whimsical, reasonable or extravagant, that had not a disciple here. Followers of Herbert

Spencer, who has reproduced in our time the ancient Athenian worship of the "unknown God"—followers of Frederic Harrison, who disagrees with Herbert Spencer, and takes great trouble to tell the world that Agnosticism is very different thing from Positivism—a very considerable number of believers in the "evolution theory" and the Simian origin of man—a large gathering of latter-day infidels who are trying to resuscitate the ancient theories of Epicurus and Democritus—a few ladies who belong to the new sect of Theosophists, and talk glibly about what they call "esoteric Buddhism"—and moving here and there young intellectual Americans, fresh from the German universities, and holding all European philosophers very cheap compared with the humanitarianism and pantheism of their beloved master, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And, if you ask me what could have brought such representative men together, I will ask you to believe that they were *en route* for Montreal, where the last Session of the British Association was held.

It is growing chill, and we descend to the saloon. Just as we enter, a voice, with a foreign accent, exclaims in conclusion of some interesting conversation: "Vorwärts! Vorwärts! This is the watchword of our century. Does not your own poet-laureate proclaim it to you—even to you, conservative Englishmen, immovable as the pyramids, insensible as their granite:

'Yet in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
This, the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the outer day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'*

"Yes," said a deep, melodious voice that came floating down along the table. "Yes! forward is the cry—but whither?"

All looked up in amazement, and saw a venerable man, whose high forehead, clad in the honours of seventy summers, betokened the very highest powers of thought. There was a hush for a moment. Then came a bustling and a shuffling of the feet, and a harsh, strident voice, pitched to the highest intonation, spoke. It was Mr. Verdun, scientist, Fellow of the Royal Society, London.

"How can you ask such a question?" he exclaimed. "Whither should we go, but where the finger of science is pointing? With all the wonders we have shown you, why will you not

* Locksley Hall.

believe us? We have as yet only touched the fringe of Nature's garment, and behold what she has revealed to us, what we have revealed to you. We have captured the lightnings, and compelled them to carry our messages around the earth; we have weighed the sun, we have put the ponderous planets in the scales—we have shown you in the meteoric stones the fragments of former satellites that swung their huge bulk round the earth; we have taken the suns of other systems, whose distance is so great that it paralyses the imagination, and told you the very materials of which they are composed; we have walked among the nebula of the milky way, and put the very rings of Saturn upon our fingers. We have torn open the bosom of the earth and shown you in stony manuscripts the handwriting of Nature in the days of the mammoth and leviathan; and as the service of man is the only service we acknowledge, we have bade the 'little god of this planet' to rest from labour, for Nature shall be compelled to work for him. For him we harness its most dreadful powers, and bid them take him from place to place with a speed that outstrips the hurricane; for him we have paved a pathway on the mighty waters, and he laughs at the waves that thunder harmlessly over his head, and he spares his soft fingers in labours that are unworthy of him, and hands of iron and teeth of steel rend and tear and weave again garments of royal purple and tapestries that might hang before the windows of Heaven. And as all things are the same to us, for all is but matter in the end, we have divided and subdivided your creation until we have reduced it to an atom that can only be seen in a microscope, and then we have built up the same creation again even to its crowning glory—the mind of man. But you—you to whom we have revealed these things—you for whose advantage we have toiled and laboured—whose silly minds we have emancipated from antiquated superstitions about morality and virtue—you whom we have delivered from the debasing pursuits of arts and music and poetry"—

"Stop!" said the old man with a vehemence that startled us all, "stop this blasphemy against things you do not and cannot understand. It is true you, men of science, have revealed certain secrets of Nature, but how? By laying sacrilegious hands on her awful face! You have cut and delved, and maimed and sacrificed Nature and her children, until her beautiful face is scarred and blotted by you, and the hideous ugliness has fallen upon the souls

of the children of men. Wordsworth spoke with contempt of old of those 'who would peep and botanise on their mother's graves'; but you, from an advanced platform of scientific iniquity, would not only sacrifice to your sinful curiosity the poor beast that licks your hand in his agony, but you would even exhume your father's remains for the sake of an experiment. And after all, what have you done? Does the sun give more light or heat to our earth since you discovered that he is a furnace of liquid fire, flinging out tongues of flame to every part of the system which he rules? Are the planets more brilliant since you discovered that in reality they are as dull as the earth itself? Is mankind better or happier since you drove him from the green fields and the blue skies to the cloudy and choking city, which by a kind of infernal chemistry drags the strength from his limbs, and the blood from his veins? Is childhood more pure and joyful since you brought it into your factories and bade it stretch forth its soft and tiny hands to grasp and control mighty limbs of steel and iron, and chased the roses from its cheeks, and the laughter from its lips, and the light from its eyes, and the music from its life, and the tender love of God from its heart? Yes, you can analyse Nature in your test-tubes, you can spy at her in your microscopes, but can you see her with your own eyes, or receive her into your hearts? You can tell us what she makes her wonders of, and how she makes them, and how long she takes about it. But you cannot tell us what these wonders are like when they are made. When God said 'Let there be light, and there was light, and God saw that it was good,' was he thinking, as he saw thus, of the exact velocity it travelled at, or the exact laws it travelled by, which you, wise men, are at infinite pains to discover? Or was he thinking of something else, which you take no pains to discover at all, of how it clothed the wings of the morning with silver, and the features of the evening with gold? Is water, think you, a nobler thing to the modern chemist, who can tell you exactly what gases it is made of, and nothing more: or to the painter, who could not tell you at all what it is made of, but who did know and could tell you what it is made—what it is made by the sunshine and the cloud-shadow and the storm-wind—who knew how it paused by the stainless mountain troutpool, a living crystal over streams of flickering amber, and how it broke itself turbid with its choirs of turbulent thunder when the rocks card it into foam, and the tempest sifts it into spray? Ah, masters

of modern science," he continued, "you can tell us what pure water is made of, but, thanks to your drains and mills, you cannot tell us where to find it. You can, no doubt, explain to us all about the sunsets; but the smoke of your towns and factories has made it impossible for us to see one.* Here to-day is a beauteous landscape, with its luxurious colourings, its broad rich meadows, carpeted with wild flowers, its ivies and mosses draping its wells and waterfalls, its clusters of violets in the shade. Here in its clefts and in its dingles, in blanched heights and woody hollows, above all by its floretted banks, and the foam-cripsed wavelets of its streams, the traveller finds his joy and peace. But here comes your scientific engineer and an army of navvies, and with a snuff-box full of dynamite blows all this loveliness into Erebus and diabolic night for ever. And close in their wake, into the very heart and depth of all this beauty, and mercilessly bending with every bend of it, with noise and shrieking and howling, your railway drags its close-clinging damnation. The rocks are not big enough to be tunnelled—they must be blasted away; the brook is not wide enough to be bridged—it is covered in, and is thenceforward a drain; and the only scenery left for you in the once delicious valley is alternation of embankments of clay with pools of slime. All this is bad enough for us; but what is to become of our children? What favours of high destiny has your civilisation to promise her children who have been reared in mephitic fume and not in the mountain breeze; who have for playground heaps of ashes, instead of banks of flowers; whose Christmas holidays brought them no memory, whose Easter sun no hope; and from whose existence of the present and the future commerce has filched the earth, and science blotted out the sky?"†

A deep silence followed the outburst of indignant eloquence. The scientist fidgeted and tossed about in his chair, and somehow everyone felt that science was a kind of criminal that, under pretence of doing a great deal of good, had in reality affected an infinity of evil. But the stream of the conversation had tended so much towards the lines within which Mr. George is working out his theories, that everyone looked to him to say something on the important subject they were discussing.

(To be continued.)

* "The New Republic," by W. H. Mallock.

† Ruskin.

THE CHILDREN'S BALLAD ROSARY.

PART II.

THE FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

I.—THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Our Saviour dwelt in Nazareth
Till thirty years had flown ;
Three years from thence until his death
He made his mission known.
With miracles and works of might
His word on earth he spread,
To dumb and blind gave speech and sight,
And raised to life the dead.
Before he suffered he displayed
The depth of love divine :
His flesh and blood our food he made
In form of bread and wine.
That last and holiest supper done,
He rose and bent his way,
With his apostles, all save one,
To where the garden lay.
The three he took within the place
Were Peter, James, and John,
He bade them watch a little space,
And passed yet farther on.
But then did fear and heaviness
His human soul invade ;
In deadly sorrow and distress
He bent to earth and prayed.
“ My Father, pass this cup from me,
Almighty power is thine ;
My Father, if it may not be,
Thy will be done, not mine.”
There fell upon his mortal frame
An agony profound ;
His sweat like drops of blood became,
Fast falling to the ground.

He thrice to his apostles went
And found them sleeping there,
And thrice his steps returning bent,
And prayed the self same prayer.
But lo! within the garden pressed
The traitor and his band;
"Sleep now," he said, "and take your rest,
Behold my hour at hand."
By Judas with a kiss betrayed,
He was a captive led,
While his disciples, sore dismayed,
Deserted him and fled.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

II.—THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

The Jews' High Priest was Caiaphas,
Our Saviour's deadliest foe;
Within his court did Jesus pass
That night of wondrous woe.
Reviled and mocked in hate and scorn,
Condemned to death by all,
They led him forth at early morn
To Pontius Pilate's hall.
The priests and scribes accusing stood,
And all around the cry
Rose from the Jewish multitude
That Jesus Christ should die.
And Pilate knew him innocent,
But feared his life to save;
So unto bitter chastisement
Our spotless Lord he gave.
The soldiers seized upon him there
At Pilate's dread commands,
They stripped him of his raiment bare
And bound his holy hands.

And little need there was to urge
 Their cruelty of mind :
 They raised the awful Roman scourge
 With iron points entwined.

His hands were to the pillar tied,
 His head bent meekly low ;
 And as their ruthless task they plied
 His blood began to flow.

And how his blood flowed down afresh
 With every stripe that fell
 Upon his pure and tender flesh,
 No tongue of man may tell.

But yet the gentle Lamb of God
 Nor uttered word nor cry ;
 For us, beneath the torturing rod,
 He suffered silently.

And when that hour of guilt was o'er,
 And they had worked their will,
 They clothed him in his garb once more
 For torment darker still.

May we within our hearts enshrine
 The cause for which he bled :
 For all our sins, for yours and mine,
 The blood of God was shed.

*Glory to God the Father,
 And his eternal Son,
 And glory to the Holy Ghost
 For ever, Three in One.*

III.—THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

The soldiers now devised in scorn
 To gather and entwine
 A crown of sharp and prickly thorn,
 The thorn of Palestine.

The crown upon his head was laid,
 And pierced his forehead through,
 Where every point an entrance made
 The blood sprang forth like dew.

They made his seat a rugged stone,
The while they pressed it down—
Such was our Saviour's royal throne,
And such his kingly crown.

A purple robe they round him cast,
And, in his fettered hand,
An ignominious reed they placed
For sceptre of the land.

In mockery all before him bent
"Hail, king of Jews"! they said;
From forth his hands the reed they rent
And smote the thorn-crowned head,

And spat upon the heavenly face
Which seraphs yearn to see,
That all contempt and all disgrace
His lot on earth might be.

Once more to Pontius Pilate brought,
A spectacle of woes,
Such depth of suffering, Pilate thought,
Might satisfy his foes.

The thorny crown, the purple vest,
The bleeding visage wan,
Were sights he deemed the stoniest breast
Might melt to look upon.

He led him to the palace gate
And said "behold the Man!"
He little knew their flood of hate
How deep and dark it ran.

The Jews beheld him bruised and bound,
And from their lips the cry
Of "crucify him" rose around,
All echoing "crucify!"

"Be witness then that I am free
From blood unjustly shed;"
"His blood on us," they answered, "be,
And on our children's head."

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

IV.—THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

Though Pilate well their malice knew,
Yet he in fear decreed
That Christ, the holy and the true,
Upon the cross should bleed.

They lead him forth from out the throng,
And on his shoulders lay
The heavy cross to bear along
The steep and toilsome way.

Beneath his burthen meekly bent
A little space he passed,
Till, faint and faltering as he went,
He sank to earth at last.

The Roman soldiers, looking round
For one its weight to share,
Simon the Cyrenean found,
Who came in pity there.

Him after Jesus they compelled
To bear the weary load :
So was the cross of Christ upheld
Throughout the dolorous road.

While following on their steps behind
There came a mingled crowd,
With women who, in grief of mind,
Bewailed and wept aloud.

But Jesus, turning unto them,
Foretold the days to be :
“ Weep, daughters of Jerusalem,
But do not weep for me.

“ A time will come to weep and mourn,
When ye shall reckon blest
The woman who has never borne
Nor suckled child at breast.

“ ‘ Ye hills and mountains, cover us,’
That day shall be the cry,
For, in the green tree doing thus,
What shall be in the dry ! ”

And thence his path of pain he trod
Until they reached the place,
The mount of Calvary, where God
Redeemed the human race.

The cross upon the earth was laid,
And thither Jesus drew.
"Forgive them, Father," thus he prayed,
"They know not what they do."

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

V.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Our Saviour yearned to make complete
His sacrifice of love,
When through his sacred hands and feet
The piercing nails they drove.

The cross of Christ was raised on high,
While, placed on either side,
Two malefactors, doomed to die,
With him were crucified.

The one who filled a hardened part
Blasphemed him where he hung ;
The other spoke with melted heart
And penitential tongue.

"Lord, in thy kingdom of the blest,
May I remembered be !"
"Amen, thy soul this day shall rest
In Paradise with me."

Beside the cross his mother stood
And looked in anguish on,
And with her, by the sacred wood,
His loved disciple, John.

"Behold thy son," said Jesus then
To Mary standing near,
And looked on John and spake again,
"Behold thy mother here."

And John received her as his own,
And Mary was assigned
For mother, not to John alone,
But unto all mankind.

With awful desolation now
His human soul was tried ;
“ Why, O my God, my God, hast thou
Forsaken me ? ” he cried.

Meanwhile on earth no sunlight shone,
The heavens were overcast,
And gloom prevailed from noonday on
Until three hours had past.

“ I thirst.” As thus he spake once more,
Amid the dark eclipse,
A sponge with vinegar they bore
Unto his dying lips.

And Jesus, tasting, bent his head
And willed his earthly end.
“ Father, into thy hands,” he said,
“ My spirit I commend.”

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

A GLANCE AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS (?)*

I.

OVER thirty years ago I saw, in Dublin, in an obscure alley not very far from Sackville (now O'Connell) street, a queer looking edifice on the door of which was painted: CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS. Though entirely ignorant of everything concerning these recently sanctified people, it struck me as a great piece of boldness that their sect should have "a smoke of its own" in the fair metropolis of my country. I knew there had been no Irish heresiarch, and that consequently the "saints" must have been established and propagated by foreigners. The name was a good one. It was cleverly chosen—a taking name, in fact. Persons shaky in other forms of Protestantism ought to be able to find a secure haven among "saints," a refuge from the unrest and instability which periodically crop out in the crews and passengers of every barque not moored to the Rock of Peter. And what more could seekers after higher things desire than to be admitted among the "saints," former and latter?

The period when the sign of a new religion offended my Catholic instinct was, though I knew it not, the golden age of the latter-day saints. They were scarcely settled in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, a thousand miles from civilisation, or, as they themselves said, "a thousand miles from everywhere." Their high priest, Brigham Young, "prophet, seer, and revelator," was governor of the territory of Utah, whose authority, supreme and absolute in spiritual and temporal things, it was hardly less

* The distinguished writer of this paper ought to have put forward more plainly the fact that she has been in Utah and has seen what she describes. Some circumstances mentioned in her private letter might have usefully been embodied in the article. "It seems I am the only Catholic that has ever touched the subject, and I am, perhaps, inordinately proud that there are no Irish among these *miserables*. These shocking people interest me greatly. Please join me in praying for their conversion. The Bishop, Dr. Laurence Scanlan, is a Tipperary man; the priests, nuns, teachers, miners, smelters, etc., are now mostly Irish. Polygamy—if it can be proved, which is difficult—is now punished by imprisonment. So, as a friend writes to me, 'the car of progress will now rattle over the rocks of Utah.'" Another part of this letter speaks of some Mexican converts. "Nearly all are Irish, strange to say: for Irish immigration has not turned south as much as we would like." So the Irish Nun has even travelled farther than the Irish Emigrant.

"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

than death to question. No railroads, no telegraph, no soldiers, disturbed the solitude of the holy city. Under the guidance of Young, the Mormons were making the desert blossom like the rose. They, an insignificant handful of ignorant creatures, were taught to regard the United States of America as a poor, mean power, which they could whip any day they felt inclined to make the exertion. It was their intention utterly to rout that heathen confederation, and they were often told in Sunday harangues that the heads of the same would soon be seen begging their bread at the gates of Zion, Salt Lake City.

II.

Brigham Young, who for thirty years wore the triple crown of king, priest, and prophet in the new Zion, the headquarters, the Rome of the Mormons, was born in New England in 1801. A glazier by trade, he was a Methodist and a Baptist by turns till 1832, when he embraced Mormonism. His personal magnetism and keen practical sense were of immense use to Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, who made him one of the newly-organised quorum of the Twelve Apostles in 1834. Brigham now began "to preach in tongues to the saints," and though neither saints nor sinners understood him, the manner in which he transacted all business committed to him proved his superiority, and his promotion to the higher grades was rapid. In 1840 he preached the new gospel in England. He would compass sea and land to make a proselyte, and success rewarded his exertions. It is said that he often afterwards spoke of the "gullibility" of the English. Although not very clear as to what he believed himself, he was able to give them satisfying reasons for the faith they understood to be in him, and many left all that was dear to them to follow his lead in later times.

Though entirely uneducated—he spent but thirteen days of his life in school—intercourse with the world had polished his manners, which could be very pleasing when he wished. His personality was not to be despised. A rather handsome, though sinister-looking face, and a tall, commanding figure, attracted his audience before he opened his mouth to utter the unknown sounds which were understood to be the gift of tongues. When he spoke "American," his "inspiration" showed to better advantage, and

he seldom failed to "bring many to the truth," as he pretended to understand it.

Fraud, dishonesty, and worse crimes distinguished the saints everywhere, and they were driven out of Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri, places they had "opened to the preaching of the gospel." Joseph Smith was shot, and the next in rank, Sidney Rigdon, assumed his office. Brigham, however, soon removed Sidney's candlestick, denounced his revelations as from the devil, cut off himself and his followers, cursed him, and finally "delivered him over to Satan to be buffeted for a thousand years." Even his opponents admired his stern intrepidity. He was elected President by an overwhelming majority. The minority he at once cut off, root and branch. Everything flourished directed by his strong will, and the improving *status* of the saints soon showed that there was an able and firm hand at the helm.

Brigham now determined to found an empire in the Rocky Mountains, then Mexican territory, and though nothing could be more difficult than to bring his disciples to this, he accomplished it. Many who crossed the Mississippi in the hope of one day "worshipping under their own vine and figtree, when none should make them afraid," won only nameless graves in the great American desert. But he administered the affairs of the survivors with skill and energy, and bent them all to his designs by his dogged pertinacity and resistless influence. He made himself feared, loved and venerated by the people whom he cajoled, fed, scolded and praised; but, above all, they learned to dread his iron hand. When the crops failed and famine stared them in the face, he told them they were cursed for their unfaithfulness; but he found them food.

In 1854, when Brigham's term of office expired, President Pierce sent Colonel Steptoe to relieve him. But Brigham would not be relieved. "I am and shall be governor of Utah," said he, "and no other man shall replace me till the Almighty says:—'Brigham, you need not be governor any longer.'" And *de facto* he was governor as long as he lived, and, in one way or another, he broke every power sent out to oppose him.

Brigham was invariably courteous to strangers, and quite willing to gratify the curiosity of which he was the object, so long as it was respectful. When gentlemen of the press visited his city, he showered attentions upon them. They were at once taken hold of by his sycophants, and shown the bright side of the loathsome

system of which he was the head. Though himself illiterate, he showed the highest appreciation of the literary personages who visited his capital, and was obsequiously polite to them. Hence the glowing accounts that often appeared of a rather insignificant region. Writers were surrounded by the Mormon officials and never allowed to see for themselves. They "wrote up" the holy city rather from a Mormon standpoint than from their own unbiassed researches. The Mormons were prohibited under the gravest penalties from taking the Gentiles into their confidence on any subject whatever.

III.

In the Lion House and the Beehive House, two handsome residences connected by a range of business offices, lived and worked the redoubtable Governor Young. The former was devoted chiefly to his nineteen consorts and their numerous children; the latter might be called his official residence. The women derived no social prominence from being the so-called wives of the great man. They all dined at his table in the Lion House, each mother being surrounded by her own progeny, while Brigham and his latest favourite occupied a separate table at the head of the diningroom. Neither were they allowed to live in idleness; each had her appointed tasks, and all were servants without wages. Save one German and one Englishwoman, the legal wife and the "plural wives" were all natives of America, several of them being of New England. These unfortunate women were scarcely ever mentioned in Utah. Their wants were supplied with great frugality. Though Brigham soon became one of the wealthiest men in the world, having a "faculty" for turning the most unlikely things into gold, he was close-fisted and even stingy to the last. There was not a servant on his premises. His consorts and daughters did the menial work of his extensive household, while his sons-in-law and sons were expected to busy themselves in farming, herding, branding cattle, and mechanical work. The versatile "seer, prophet, and revelator" held the makings of his wives' gowns, and measured them out very sparingly. In early days sun-bonnets and cotton dresses were their uniform, and the Czar of all the Mormons signalized himself by devising a still uglier garb—a high hat with a narrow brim, a shapeless sacque of antelope skin, and a short, tight skirt of linsey. This, the famous

"Deseret Costume," he made all the women "saints" wear, but even his power was not able to perpetuate so hideous a *toilette*, and after a few seasons it gradually dropped out, and only his senior spiritual bride, Eliza Snow, who gloried in having been the first polygamous wife of Joe Smith, appeared in the Deseret Costume.

Considering that Brigham was always a *de facto* king in Salt Lake City, and had even been anointed king, it is a little singular that his consorts had no social standing, but remained cooks, housekeepers, seamstresses to the end, with little variety save from the drudgery of the kitchen to that of the laundry. Vice spread through all the ramifications of this fanaticism, but the worst of its degradations were imposed on women; to them only a bare support was given in lieu of the virtue and liberty they had been compelled to barter. It was considered wonderful that the royal Brigham took off his hat to some Sisters of Mercy who visited his city in 1870 on business of their community. He never uncovered his head to the women of the Beehive. Judging by Mormon prints and pictures, he even wore his hat at meals, when all his consorts and families were present. Indeed, he was accustomed to declare that his superior did not exist on earth, and therefore there was no one in whose honour he could be expected to remove his hat. Sometimes he could not well remove it, for during a season in which he was unusually given to vanity, his hair of a morning was done up in curling papers and hairpins. The lady on whom he had bestowed the latest reversion of his hand prepared him to appear before his callers at his daily levée in all the bravery of well-oiled ringlets. Towards the close of his life he dressed in the latest fashion.

IV.

The sons of Brigham Young, like the sons of royalty in general, were celebrated for what is vulgarly called rowdyism—whiskey, fast horses, furious driving; besides which they were all polygamists. His daughters, who were said to be the boldest maidens in the holy city, were early "married into polygamy," with his fullest approbation. Though his consorts lived in retirement and with great economy as to furniture, food, and apparel, his descendants were accused of taking on airs on account of their blood royal. Indeed Brigham was not at all satisfied with the doings of

his children, though his family was the best regulated in Utah, "a pattern to the saints." He had a sort of phonetic way of quoting Scripture, and would render a well-known text, "according to his experience": "Train up a child, and away they go." Though he was a declared enemy to education, one of his consorts was school-mistress to the children of the rest, and as they grew older, he gave them other advantages, even sending some of them to college. But his liberality in this respect never extended beyond his own children.

The greatest virtue a Mormon can possess is to pay his "tithing" promptly. The church was the universal merchant, and through "Zion's co-operative stores" and their brandy, the first Presidency organized all commerce to their own advantage. While the heads of the church revelled in luxury, the people had but a bare subsistence. Despite Brigham's perpetual preaching of industry, there were some drones in the hive, and not a few were supported by their wives. But profits of all kinds fell into his hands. One of his wives, so-called, who escaped from him in 1874, in the legal proceedings she instituted against him, declared that he was worth eight million dollars, and had a monthly income of forty thousand dollars besides. Events since have proved that she correctly estimated his goods and chattels, yet he denied that his income exceeded six thousand dollars a month—an immense sum at that time in Utah, especially for a man who had no rent and little taxes to pay.

To-day, thanks to Gentile enterprise, the Mormon capital is an exceedingly beautiful city, especially when viewed from a distance, and in spring and summer. Trees, gardens, cornfields, patches of vivid green, starred with golden rod and sunflowers, bright sky, sparkling waters, contrast finely with the sombre grey and brown of the surrounding mountains. The temple built of white granite approaches completion; it has already cost millions. The Assembly House, used in cold weather for Sunday meetings, is a fair, graceful building. The tabernacle is grotesquely ugly; even the saints themselves irreverently compare it to a huge gofer or land turtle. It seats eight to ten thousand people, and, as the walls are almost all doors, it could in case of accident be emptied in three minutes. There is no sign of religion in it. Its grey walls are bare and unsightly. Lions couchant and a beehive are the only adornments of this temple of fanaticism.

Mormonism is a materialistic religion : one of the hymns begs some not well-defined deity to

“ Celestialize and purify
This earth for perfect Mormons.”

Their aspirations begin and end in earth. The most desolate spot in the whole world is, I think, the Mormon graveyard. No sign of faith, hope, or love ; no solemn trees, no green turf, no soaring cross, no emblematic dove. In family “lots” wives lie at the foot of the husband in the order of their decease. The mortality in early days was immense, especially among children. It was said that the deceased children of Brigham would fill a fair sized graveyard. Yet some fifty survived him.

v.

The finest dwelling house in Utah is the mansion known as the Amelia Palace, built by Brigham in his latter years for his favourite, Amelia Folsom, a native of Massachusetts. It is erected on a beautiful lawn, surrounded by trees and gardens, and would be a splendid residence in any city in the world. Here Brigham died August 29, 1877, to the grief and wonderment of many of his disciples, who thought their prophet would never see death. His widows roamed the streets disconsolate, weeping into immense towels, and shrieking in every variety of tone : “The Prophet is dead !” Every one of them save the contumacious Ann Eliza, who, instigated by some Gentile barbarians, had instituted proceedings against him, was a widow “well left.” Each had a house and lot. Amelia was and is quite wealthy.

As to religion, I fear the wretched high priest died as he had lived. Yet a descendant of his told a Catholic lady at the time that he frequently muttered on the last day of his sinful life : “I never had a wife but one, and that was my first.” He had ample opportunities of knowing the truth which would have freed him from his unruly passions ; but avarice and sensuality and ambition were strong in his craven soul to the very last, so far as can be ascertained. As early as 1866 a priest ventured to reside in the holy city—a Father Kelly, sent thither by the Archbishop of San Francisco, in whose diocese the new Jerusalem then was. Everything was done to drive him from this difficult mission. The saints

whittled about his poor hut day and night.* A coffin was laid at his door, and he was told he would soon be put in a state to occupy it. Nothing of this kind was ever done but by the instigation of the prophet; if he did not commit many a murder with his own hands, it is certain that he inspired, suggested, or even commanded many a one. The priest boldly appealed to him for protection. He was astonished (!) that any had behaved so inhospitably to the interesting stranger, whom he immediately covered with the *aegis* of his protection, and the priest was henceforth unmolested. Brigham expressed the greatest friendship for him, asked him many questions, professed himself "almost persuaded" to become a Catholic, but virtually concluded every conference in the words of another who preferred the honours of this world to the glory of the next: "I will hear thee again concerning this matter."

Brigham expressed a strong desire for Irish disciples. He considered the class of Irish likely to be induced to emigrate excellent farmers, and was most anxious to have them settle in his territory in large numbers. His missionaries were not at all successful in the Emerald Isle. Indeed the Irish have always been conspicuous among the Mormons only by their absence. Brigham told an Irish lady that he always did what he set his heart on, and that he would live to see plenty of Irish in Zion. So he did, but not in the way he expected. It was not Irish bishops, priests, religious, and laity, who were all Catholics, that he courted, but this was the only Irish immigration he ever saw. When Father Kelly said mass in a hovel in the den of vice that Salt Lake City then was, his congregation consisted of a few Irish soldiers from the neighbouring camp, and some miners and smelters. Fervently they besought the good God, through the intercession of the purest of Virgins, the maid without a stain, to plant His holy Church in this fair land, and create a chaste generation in this modern Gomorrha. Soon after the railroads opened up this unexplored region to the Gentiles, and Mormonism, which cannot bear the

* An obnoxious stranger was frequently "whittled out of town." Mormon men and boys would surround his house in perfect silence. Each had a knife and a stick of wood. When the unfortunate Gentile appeared, they all began to slice off pieces of wood, bringing their knives as near to his face as possible. They followed him everywhere, but never actually touched him. To see huge knives flashing continually about his head and face was more than the bravest man could stand. Few could bear it for a day. When these persons left, they were said to have been "whittled out of town."

light of day, was no longer cloistered. The spread of Catholic principles more than any other means would cure the loathsome ulcer on the breast of a great nation. From the first the Catholic Church has been respected by the Mormon, who sees little difference between his own "celestial ordinance" of simultaneous polygamy and the progressive polygamy sanctioned wherever divorce holds sway. Nor is it easy to persuade him that he has not as much right to interpret the bible in favour of his peculiar institution as the non-Catholic has to interpret it in favour of monogamy.

The sagacious Brigham, a man of unusual administrative ability and great natural gifts, saw this, and he often seemed on the verge of conversion. He admitted that he tried hard and in vain to convert the first priest he met in Utah. But he often averred that this priest could have converted him had he remained long enough and tried hard enough. It is certain that he showed more respect to Catholic clergy and religious than to any other persons, even royal princes. And when, to the wonder of America, Sisters of Mercy settled in Zion, the patriarch declared himself their protector, would stop his carriage if he met them in the street, and graciously inquire how they were doing. He even invited them, should they be in need of spiritual advice or direction, to come to him, assuring them they would always find him ready and willing to instruct and direct them.

But, indeed, the astute Brigham had quite enough to do to give advice and direction in his own household. Bitter quarrels, intense animosity, indescribable scenes of violence, results of a vicious system that brought the worst passions to the surface, were not unusual in his wide domestic circle. Sometimes he was obliged to threaten to drive all his consorts away, and "go to heaven alone." More often he consoled them with empty promises. The older ones, known as "mothers in Israel," he promised to rejuvenate in the resurrection; with the younger ones he used diplomacy, and to all in general he declared that they must bear their miseries cheerfully, for "he would not have whining women about him."

Verily, the most wretched women on earth were in this happy valley by Jordan's stream. To see them pour out of the huge, ugly tabernacle of a bright Sunday afternoon was to look upon a sea of faces from which all love and graciousness seemed banished, and on which sin and sorrow and unsanctified suffering had left

indelible traces. They were of every age and of almost every country. It is true that they were to a great extent of the lowest and most degraded classes. But there were among them, too, women of education and so-called refinement, who had been lured into this seething vortex by the deceitful tongues of Mormon missionaries. Why did not these leave? Because they could not. There was neither ingress nor egress save through the terrible Mokanna; if they did leave, they would lose their way of living, such as it was; and, worst of all to a woman's heart, they would never again see their unfortunate children. Poor creatures, they regarded their fate as the inevitable to which they must, per force, reconcile themselves. And, in the midst of the tortures of their hideous condition, they would say, with a sort of blasphemous resignation: We are made to suffer; we must go on suffering; we must bear our awful cross; we must live our religion. God wills it.

Every English-speaking country was represented among the Mormons, as I have said, except Ireland. This was a great grief to Brigham Young. He was willing to give the Irish "a refuge from famine and danger." He looked for them in Ireland; he sought them earnestly among the Irish settlers in England, Scotland, Wales, America; he sent his most eloquent apostles into the highways and by-ways of the world to compel them, so to say, to come to his banquet, but not one of them came. Surely this is a grand thing for the island of genuine saints. That they should be faithful in their own country, where they are so shielded, is not surprising in the light of their past record; but we must thank God specially for their fidelity in other lands, where wealth and social position, and in several cases intellectual ability, succumbed.

They are now in Utah in large numbers, and they have contributed their share to the victories won over the Mormons within the past year by the other settlers—victories which have broken the power of the Saints and are the beginning of the end of their hideous caricature of a theocracy. May they ever preserve intact the faith once delivered to the saints. May they remain in the future what they have been in the past, the chaste generation whose memory is immortal. Under the protection of the Mother of Mercy, may they continue to bring up their children in the fear and love of God and the practice of holiness. And, appreciating the freedom of which they were of old deprived in their own fair

land, may they ever preserve to themselves and to others that higher and more blessed freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.

M. A. C.

HOME SICKNESS.

SOMETIMES in the evenings,
When the mountains are grey,
I muse on mine own country
That's far, far away :
There are white palaces
By a jasper sea ;
And I trow mine own country
Is the best land for me.

Green are the fields thereof,
Spangled with gold ;
Glad goeth many a one
Stricken of old ;
Old friends and lovers
Dead long ago,
Meeting and greeting,
Whiter than snow.

Yonder the sky's yellow,
And rosy and green,
With drift of angels' feathers
And gold harps between ;
And I think if I might travel
Where the gates open wide,
I should see mine own country
Lie smiling inside.

Come ye, all my belovèd,
Rise up by cock-crow !
For our own country calls us,
And we have far to go :
And were any left in exile
That bitter pain to dree,
O, even mine own country
Would be exile to me !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DR. BLAKE OF DROMORE, AND FATHER O'NEILL OF ROSTREVOR.

PART II.

A FEW more words about the holy priest, whose memory we have linked with that of his first Bishop; and then we shall bring to some sort of conclusion the biographical sketch, of which this in reality is not the second part but the ninth, and which even many years ago, in order that another might not do so for us, we ourselves compared already to Pope's "needless Alexandrine, which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

We had accompanied Father O'Neill to Rome on the second of his visits: for he made three pilgrimages to the Eternal City—the first stretching over all the years of his student life, the second extending through the greater part of a year, and the third confined to a few weeks when his second bishop, Dr. Leahy, chose him as his companion when visiting the *limina Apostolorum*. It was towards the end of his second visit that he seems to have made an earnest attempt at carrying out an idea which, no doubt, he had cherished years before, and which he certainly still cherished very earnestly several years later, as we shall see. This was to do what St. Francis Jerome had done, while already doing, like Father O'Neill, the work of an eminently holy priest, in what we call "the world"—to leave his first field of labour and to enter the Society of Jesus. He seems to have broached the subject first to the Coadjutor Bishop; perhaps he feared to do so with Dr. Blake—and well he might! We venture to give, almost in full, the reply of his venerable friend:—

"Newry, April 7th, 1856.

"MY DEAR MR. O'NEILL,

"Your letter dated on Easter Monday has caused me no little anxiety. Placed as I am in the midst of difficulties which will be terribly increased should I happen to survive Dr. Blake, I always calculated on your advice and assistance to bring me through, knowing your sincerity and zeal and experience, and it will be to me a bitter disappointment if you now leave me. At the same time, I hope I would not be so selfish and cruel as to retain you, if your abandonment of this mission were necessary for your salvation. But is it necessary? You are alarmed by the dangers which surround a secular priest, and the multiplicity of affairs which tend to withdraw his attention from regulating his interior. Now if any one is fit to discharge the duties of the ministry, is it not one like you who is alive to the perils

of the mission, and who feels that the interest of his own soul must not be neglected while attending to the welfare of others? If every priest who has such sentiments were to retire into the cloister, seeking his own safety in flight from the combat, what would become of the people? No doubt a religious order is a school of perfection, and in the abstract it is better to embrace it than remain in the world, but you must admit that there are circumstances which render it a less perfect state for many individuals. What might be best in countries like Italy, where there is a superabundance of clergymen, is in my opinion far from being the most pleasing to God in dioceses like this, where the people have not by any means enough of clergymen to attend to their spiritual wants. And let me ask of you, my dear friend, what is to prevent you sanctifying yourself while labouring here for the salvation of souls? Can you not give in the early part of the day three quarters of an hour or a full hour to meditation? Can you not intermingle aspirations frequently with your external duties? Can you not examine carefully your conscience, especially on your peculiar tendencies, every day, and begin each morning with renewed fervour in the service of God? You celebrate mass daily, you read your office, you go frequently to confession: why then should you think that with all those helps you cannot sanctify yourself?

"I know your occupations were extremely laborious. Indeed I feel that the first curate in Newry has far too much work placed upon him. But if I am to survive Dr. Blake, one of the very first measures I should adopt would be to exempt the first curate from attending sick-calls, and to bring an additional priest into Newry. Meanwhile, if you return, I will continue to attend to the confessions of the Nuns, and thereby relieve you from what must have occupied one of the days in the week.

"If you cannot make up your mind to abandon the idea of joining a religious body, at all events defer it for a few years until the Sisters of Mercy have got over their difficulties. You know the ways of Dr. Blake, and can manage him far better than either I or those poor Sisters can. I have some projects in view which may be of the greatest service to this diocese, and in which you may be able to give me essential aid, if the time should come for carrying them into execution.

Sister M. Aquin Russell made her profession on Wednesday in Easter week. The school-room was fitted up as a chapel for the occasion. Dr. Blake presided. Dr. Furlong was to have preached, but on the Sunday a letter was received from him stating that he was very ill, and that his physician would not allow him to undertake the task. I was therefore obliged to supply his place.

"I am, my dear Mr. O'Neill,

"Yours very affectionately,

"✠ J. P. LEAHY."

The "Dr. Furlong" named in the last paragraph was, I am sure, not the Maynooth Professor who about that time became Bishop of Ferns—not Dr. Thomas Furlong, but Father Moses Furlong, of the Order of Charity, which in this country is best known through Father Gentili, who lies in Glasnevin, and through Father Lockhart, who still works in London. The reason why this irrelevant paragraph has not been suppressed with some others that follow it is in order that our Magazine may contain the name of

one who has already been alluded to twice at least. The young Sister of Mercy whose profession is recorded was afterwards the subject of "an Obituary in Mosaio," which may be found at page 114 of our fifth volume (1877), and which links with a holy and amiable memory sundry passages of prose and verse from more than one pen, the daintiest being "My Saint," which has since reappeared among Miss Mulholland's *Vagrant Verses*.

Dr. Leahy's earnest expostulation had at least the effect of inducing Father O'Neill to defer the execution of his design, for the bishop's next letter, dated "Newry, May 7th, 1856," begins thus: "Your last letter afforded me the greatest pleasure, and I have every confidence that you will lose nothing before God by your consenting to remain at a post where you can contribute in so many ways to the furtherance of religion." He goes on to say that, if he should survive Dr. Blake—he has survived him for thirty years—"it will be of essential consequence for me to have you near me, as I can without any reserve open my whole mind to you, and discuss plans with you before broaching them to others. Newry is, of course, the fittest place for you. As to your remaining in Rome until next spring, I have no objection, provided you can arrange it with Dr. Blake. But he seems impatient for your return. However, by throwing yourself on his goodnature, he may, perhaps, consent."

The old bishop's "goodnature" did not, it would seem, prove equal to this strain, for Dr. Leahy in a subsequent letter alludes to one in which Dr. Blake had "invited" the pilgrim to return—the verb "invited" being probably a very mild euphemism in this context. And so Father O'Neill came back to his old post in Newry. He continued, however, to cherish for years the same aspirations; and Dr. Leahy, himself a devoted son of St. Dominick, might grudge but could not absolutely refuse to St. Ignatius even the most valued of his clergy. Father O'Neill preserved carefully two brief letters received from Father Joseph Lentaigne, who was at the time Provincial of the Irish Jesuits:—

" St. Francis Xavier's,

" Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin,

" April 26, 1858.

" MY DEAR MR. O'NEILL,

" I have no difficulty in receiving you for this Province (Ireland) except the opposition of your Bishop. With his consent I shall be most happy that you should at once join us. Try what you can do, so as not to cause displeasure on his Lord-

ship's part. * * * You are aware that a novitiate of two years is required, and that whoever joins us must be prepared to apply himself to whatever duties may be appointed for him, missionary work or college employment. When you think that you can put your pious purpose into execution, I shall be happy to hear from you again ; and I remain, in union with your prayers,

" Ever most sincerely yours in Christ,

" J. LENTAIGNE, S.J."

One is surprised to note that the following letter is separated from the preceding by considerably more than a year :—

" Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin,
30th September, 1859.

" MY DEAR MR. O'NEILL,

" I am very glad that you have obtained Doctor Leahy's consent. I am very much against any further delay, as new causes for postponement are sure to arise every six months, unless by a decisive act we free ourselves from them altogether. I cannot therefore advise a delay beyond 17th December.

Excuse these hurried lines, as I wish to overtake the post ; and believe me, my dear Mr. O'Neill,

" Most sincerely yours in Christ,

" J. LENTAIGNE, S.J."

We do not know what finally saved the diocese of Dromore from what would certainly have been a grievous misfortune for it, however other portions of God's Church might have profited thereby. We are inclined to suspect that the real difficulty may have lain in a passage which we have omitted from the first of Father Lentaigne's letters, and which regarded the mother of our good priest. The Church, herself a mother, has always carefully recognized certain real exigencies of parents as modifying the vocations of children.

The last date that we have reached preceded only by a few months the death of the venerable Dr. Blake, who died in April, 1860. Before returning to our main subject, we may follow to the end this other simple story which has come to be told through its being associated with the episcopal career of Michael Blake of Dromore.

Father O'Neill did not gain the territorial title we have conferred upon him in the heading of these pages till November, 1864, when he succeeded the Rev. Bernard Mooney as Parish Priest of Kilbroney—for such is the ecclesiastical designation of the parish which comprises, with Rostrevor and Killowen, several other districts less known than these which have won a place in literature from frequent allusions in the poems of Thomas Caulfield Irwin,

Daniel Crilly, M.P., and others. One of these others, in describing "a picnic at Rostrevor," in verse as homely as the theme, says of this beautiful village that—

It lies 'twixt the sea and the mountain,
 Or rather the bay and the hill,
 Which cool the warm breath of the summer,
 And take from the winter its chill.
 It nestles 'mid oak-trees and beeches
 That stretch their green arms o'er the street,
 Whose breadth, to its length nearly equal,
 Expands where the four roadways meet.
 As you wind by the bay's breezy margin,
 Rostrevor you mark from afar;
 Betrayed by its spire of Our Lady's,
 And joyful you cry : " Here we are !"—
 Betrayed by its spire gleaming brightly
 High o'er its embowering trees :
 As the breath of the sea is detected
 In this bracing and life-giving breeze.
 That white granite spire of Our Lady's
 On the oaks and the beeches looks down,
 And it cries up to heaven for a blessing
 On the simple Arcadian town.
 A blessing in sooth is the convent
 That hides in the shadow serene
 Of that beautiful Church of Our Lady,
 Of Mary our Mother and Queen.
 The convent and church crown the village
 Which clusters in peace at their feet ;
 A stream from the hills saunters past it,
 Reluctant to leave scene so sweet.

The church and convent here referred to will for many a year attest the zeal and piety of Father O'Neill. The church, indeed, was the work of his predecessor, good Father Bernard Mooney, its dedication sermon being the first occasion on which the people of Dromore listened to a voice that they at once learned to love. The new Coadjutor had been consecrated by the Primate, Dr. Joseph Dixon, on Rosary Sunday, October 1, 1854; and on the 17th of that month, on the appropriate feast of the Dedication of all the Churches of Ireland, the great preacher from the south appeared for the first time in a northern pulpit. That was ten years before the builder of that beautiful church went to his reward, and left God's temple to be tended with untiring devotion by Father O'Neill. That church became a chief part of his

existence during the quarter of a century that followed. To the very last, on his walks, he never tired of discovering from all impossible points glimpses of the beautiful spire rising up out of its bower of trees and standing white against the wooded mountain behind. Every detail of the worthy adornment of that church, and everything that regarded the divine service, was attended to with loving exactitude. Under the holy shadow of that church of Our Lady he built a convent and schools for the Sisters of Mercy—a branch of the Newry convent which he had founded. His work also was the Church of the Sacred Heart in Killowen,* which, as the church merely of a rural district of a parish containing already the noble church we have referred to, is, we think, unrivalled. His latest work was the erection of an excellent school for the boys of Rostrevor on the best possible site—this and all the rest paid for to the last farthing by the unwearying exertions of this good priest, on whom God had bestowed that benediction—*complevit labores ejus*.

No wonder that his grateful people seized on the opportunity presented by the silver jubilee, not of his priesthood but of his pastorate, for letting him see how they felt towards him. This domestic festival was celebrated with affectionate enthusiasm at the beginning of this year. "Thank God!"—he exclaimed in replying to one of the addresses presented—"thank God, the union between priests and people is as strong to-day in old Ireland as in the days of persecution, when on the mountain side of Slieve Bawn, just in your view, and under the shadow of that old stone,† your sainted forefathers assembled to hear Mass." The most touching testimony that the occasion called forth was the following letter from his venerated Diocesan:—

"Violet Hill, Newry,

"Christmas Day, 1889,

"MY DEAR FATHER O'NEILL,

"Among the many regrets which are the natural portion of a feeble old age like mine, there is one specially present to my mind to-day, and that is my inability to be with you in Rostrevor, and to share the joy with which your good people, as I

* This takes the place of the very unarchitectural yet venerable church (still left standing as a relic of old times) which was the scene of the Yelverton Marriage some thirty years ago.

† The famous *Clough more*, which bears the impress of giant fingers, said to be those of Finnacool, who hurled it across the bay from Carlingford mountain beyond.

understand, are preparing to celebrate the silver jubilee of your pastorate amongst them.

"We have known each other for many years—so many, indeed, that my thoughts carry me back only with an effort to the first time of our acquaintance. Many things that have happened since then have lost their hold upon my failing memory; many persons whom I have known are now, to me, mere names; but not so with you, my dear Father O'Neill, and with all you have been to me.

"I do not and never can forget what I owe to you through all those years—what a source of strength and comfort you were to me when I came a stranger to this diocese to take upon me duties altogether new, and responsibilities which I dreaded; and what pleasure I have always enjoyed in the mutual regard which has existed between us, not merely as bishop and priest, but as friend and friend.

"May God bless you ever with His choicest graces, and grant you health and length of days to labour in the future, as well as in the past, for the interest of His glory.

"Pray for me, as I shall always pray for you.

"Ever, my dear Father O'Neill,

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

✠ JOHN PIUS LEAHY.

"Length of days to labour in the future!" One of the addresses of the school children prayed that his silver might turn to gold, that, after another quarter of a century among them, they might celebrate his golden jubilee. Twenty five years more—and he had only three months! Not without sufficient warning—he needed none—God took him to Himself in the manner that he had prayed for. "After all, it is no blessing to live too long," he had said to a friend a few weeks before; and to another he confessed that, if it were God's will, his prayer was not to die of a lingering ailment. The angel Death, coming as it did, might have come with a suddenness awful and saddening to his friends; but no, everything was arranged sweetly and consolingly. With his characteristic spirit and courage, though not in his usual health, Father O'Neill had insisted on taking his part in the Diocesan synod held in Newry on Tuesday, April 15th, 1890. The next morning he arose at six o'clock, the hour of rising that he had, through all his priesthood, observed with the unswerving regularity which habit had transformed into a second nature. Though he had made his ordinary weekly confession on the previous Sunday, he prepared for the celebration of Mass, after his never omitted hour of meditation, by again receiving sacramental absolution, and then he stood for the last time, not knowing that it was so, before the altar on which he had offered up the holy sacrifice some nine thousand times. During the forenoon he enrolled in the League of the Cross two or

three young men who were leaving for America, giving them earnest advice at considerable length. It was remembered the next day that he had spent a longer time than usual at his prayers in the transept of his beloved church, in the spot where he recited a large portion of the Divine office every day about noon—the spot beneath which his remains are now reposing, near the confessional in which he had administered the Sacrament of God's mercy assiduously and with such firm yet tender zeal. A little later he rode out past the old graveyard of Kilbroney; but he was observed returning before many minutes had passed. His death was upon him; but happily it did not strike him down on the spot. He lingered till near midnight in great pain, which, with his usual self-restraint, he would not relieve by a single moan. The immediate cause of death was rheumatism reaching at last the heart. The dying priest retained his full consciousness and calmness to the end, encouraging his afflicted friend and coadjutor to strengthen him for his journey by the last sacraments of the Church. And then in the early morning the sad news went round—"Poor Father O'Neill is dead!" On the following Saturday, after the beautiful Requiem Office and Mass and last funeral rites, the holy remains were laid, as we have already mentioned, in the left transept under the very spot where he had been noticed praying for a long time on the day of his death. The opposite transept is lighted by the fine stained-glass window presented by Lord O'Hagan in memory of his mother, who is buried in the adjacent graveyard of Kilbroney; and the corresponding window over Father O'Neill's grave may in like manner be made a memorial of him.

Let us give a few of the touching words spoken by the Very Rev. J. C. Lyons, O.P., Prior of St. Catherine's, Newry, at the funeral obsequies, at which not only the Dromore priests assisted, but Down and Connor, Kildare, Armagh, and Dublin, were also represented.

"His life was full of zeal for the glory of his Master. His zeal for the beauty of god's house could not be surpassed. The success of Father O'Neill in his laborious life is due, in the first place, to his thorough spirit as a priest. He was first and beyond all things a true priest. He realised what it was to be a steward and a guardian of his Master, and the all-absorbing devotion of his life was his devotion to the sacrament of the altar. He was not only a steward of his Divine Master, but also His friend and constant companion. The life of Father O'Neill was one of undeviating piety and attention to priestly duties. He led a life of

unswerving routine. He was a man truly full of God. . . . The noble, open, honest, expression on his countenance, his unobtrusive and quiet manner, his kindness, his genial smile—everything combined to make an impression, even upon the casual observer, and make him say to himself: ‘Ah, this is no ordinary man.’ Father O’Neill was a typical Irishman. He had an Irishman’s generous heart. He was ever truly charitable, and particularly so with his brother priests.”

Elsewhere Father Lyons remarks that, “as a friend, he was as true as steel, and that, although the very soul of hospitality in social matters, he in his most unreserved and unguarded moment never uttered a word unbecoming a holy priest.”

Among the beautiful flowers, some costly and some simple, that were heaped upon the coffin, many were laid by those who were not members of his flock, one wreath (for instance) being a token of regret from the Presbyterian minister of the village, who had more than once, in the preceding days, come with kindly sympathy among the mourners where the dead priest lay. And so, too, besides many Protestants who showed the last marks of respect to the vigilant and uncompromising Catholic pastor, others wrote to express their regret that distance or imperative duties hindered them from being present. Thus Mr. Edward Greer, J.P., Chairman of the Ulster Land Commission, wrote of “the good and worthy Father O’Neill”: “I knew him since I was a boy, and experienced many acts of kindness from him. He was a man of strong will and strong opinions, but of a kindly, gentle heart.”

Yes, he was a man of strong opinions, and fearless in upholding them. Neither his piety nor his patriotism was cherished vaguely in the abstract, but they had a knack of throwing themselves into very sharply defined concrete forms. And this circumstance adds force to the testimony of another who had scant sympathy with Father O’Neill’s views on sundry burning questions, though the barrier of a different faith did not lie between them. Major John Ross of Bladensburg is the head of a County Down family which (besides mother and sister) has given to the Catholic Church just as many converts of mature years as the De Veres of County Limerick. On the 17th of April he writes from London to say how “shocked and grieved” he was at “the very sad news of the sudden death of poor Father O’Neill.” “I deeply regret that I cannot be at home to be present at the funeral. I can only say I shall be with you in spirit with my whole heart.” Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P., “feels that one of the strongest links that bound him

to his boyhood's days in Rostrevor and Killowen is now broken." From London also Sir Charles Russell writes as follows :—

" We were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Father O'Neill. It is some consolation to remember the holy and useful life he led, and to know that at his final hour he had the sacred rites of that religion to whose service, by precept and example, his life was devoted. He was one of my oldest friends, and for none had I a higher regard and esteem."

On the 5th of May the venerable president of the Irish College at Rome, Dr. Tobias Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, wrote to Father Andrew Lowry :—

" I am very thankful for the telegram you so thoughtfully sent me, announcing the painful event, painful to his surviving friends, but, we have so much reason to hope, thrice happy to the faithful priest, of whom we confidently trust it was said by our divine Lord Himself : *Ubi ego sum, illic et minister meus erit*. His death was indeed a most consoling one, and a beautiful close of his eminently useful priestly career, as was testified also by the universal regret manifested on the occasion by all who knew him, according to the divine promise : *Timenti Dominum bene erit in extremis, et in die defunctionis suae benedicetur*."

The day after Father O'Neill's funeral was Good Shepherd Sunday—the second Sunday after Easter, which alone takes its popular name from its Gospel. Many could not help applying that Gospel to this faithful imitator of the Bonus Pastor. He was ready to lay down his life for his sheep, or (what is more to the point in these days) he was ready to spend his life, and he spent his life, in unflagging, unwavering, and most earnest devotedness to the temporal and eternal welfare of every one of the souls entrusted to his care. " I know my sheep." Father O'Neill knew every man, woman, child, and baby through all the length and breadth of his parish. His vigilant care of the children was untiring. He insisted on finding time to preside at every distribution of prizes, on every little social occasion or religious ceremony, just as in earlier years in Newry he was never absent from any meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which he had been the first to introduce into the North.* He loved his people, and

* Another instance of his being remarkable from the first for that for which he was remarkable to the last is this : as the noon of his last day on earth found him at his usual hour of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament in his church, so in his first years as a young curate in Newry he was noted for the fervour and recollection of his " visits " in the Cathedral at fixed hours every day. He made it an inviolable rule to have the Divine Office for the day finished before dinner. We have omitted, we believe, to claim for him at the proper place the merit of having established in Newry the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

they loved him in return; but with their love was mingled a wholesome filial fear, for they knew how watchful their Father was, and how strict and firm and unbending wherever duty and conscience were concerned.

This is enough, and, perhaps, more than enough, to say about one who never dreamed of occupying so much space in a magazine. Of the two names placed at the head of this paper the more dignified one might have been omitted this month, for our thoughts have been engrossed by our more recent loss. But Father O'Neill would have been glad, if his name were to be mentioned at all, to have it thus linked with Dr. Blake's; and on our part we should hardly have allowed the private friendship of a lifetime to single out for public notice one good priest from all the hundreds of good priests in Ireland, if the moment of his death had not found us engaged in putting into print the letters which his saintly bishop had addressed to him when he had only gone through the fourth part of his course as a priest. But now that we have named bishop and priest together almost by accident, we have no difficulty in discovering other bonds of union between them, for it seems to us that the strength of each of them lay in the same characteristic, which might be called thorough priestliness. Though they were both men of excellent abilities, they certainly had not the gifts of many who in similar positions did not do half their work; and their distinction consisted in the quiet persistence with which they went through every duty that came in their way. Who but the Searcher of hearts and the Judge of the living and the dead can duly estimate the heroism of sanctity that is involved in almost half a century of priesthood, so free from faults and shortcomings, and so full of virtues and labours, as was the sacerdotal career of Father Patrick O'Neill of Rostrevor?

MOTHER OF GOD, O MOTHER!

THE lamp burns low in a silent room;
Tread slowly, oh! tread slowly—
For a winsome child in its sunniest bloom
Is awaiting the tread and summons of doom,
And the skeleton, Death, creeps on through the gloom:
Save us, O Virgin holy!

The mother watcheth with many a prayer,
Heart-broken, oh ! heart-broken ;
And her fingers play with the golden hair,
And she kisses the lily hand so fair :
For her life's young idol is lying there,
And the deeps in her heart are woken.

To watch all night and all day is long,
And anguish oh ! hard to smother ;
And idle to live when all looks wrong—
Just then, like the voice of a seraph's song,
I heard her whisper : " Oh thou art strong,
Mother of God, O Mother ! "

And a stir came over the trancelike rest,
And a smile on the face, and another ;
And the cheeks grew red as the sunlit crest,
And the mother cried out in accents blest,
As she strained her child in joy to her breast :
" Mother of God, O Mother ! "

RICHARD O'KENNEDY.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF D'ARCY MCGEE.

THE first pages of our seventeenth volume (1889) printed several interesting letters which Thomas D'Arcy McGee had written to the Rev. C. P. Meehan. We received them from Father Meehan himself ; but this new letter, written to the same correspondent, we owe to the kindness of Count Plunkett, from whose private note we may take a few sentences about *The Hibernian Magazine* to which McGee refers :—

" That Magazine underwent various changes, being at one time called Duffy's *Hibernian Sixpenny Magazine* ; and at long intervals McGee contributed verse and, I believe, prose to it, although (usually at least) without his name. * * * Perhaps you can tell who ' Celticus ' was. The name is very suggestive of the Editor of *The American Celt* ; and yet McGee could hardly produce as fine work as ' The Mantle of Dunlaing,' a ballad with the above signature in the Number for April, 1862.

" McGee's letter is, I think, timely—because addressed to one whom we have lost so lately by a great Irishman whose memory

is being revived at this moment; because it deals with a question still urgent, the unsatisfied mental and moral hunger of our people in America (and also at home); because it shows our nationality and religion to be almost inseparable; and because it makes as strong a plea for Irish brain-work at home as abroad.

"This letter was evidently written in feverish haste. It is not only worded carelessly, but scored and smudged. Its plain simplicity raises a more practical question than has either of the clever papers that have lately appeared on Catholicity in America—the optimist paper in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* and the (may I say pessimist?) paper in *The Lyceum*."

"Montreal,

"June 24th, 1860.

"MY DEAR FATHER MEEHAN,

"I have been so busy with law examinations (I am to be a Canadian Barrister next year) and other task work, that I have not yet had time to cast into shape one or two of the sketches which are already modelled for you in my own mind. I send you, just to put my initials in the new magazine from the start, a few verses which I trust you will not think unfit for its pages: *the sketches in a mail or two, for certain*.

"The ballad of St. Kieran had hardly gone till I bethought me of that blunder. I wish our friend of the *Nation* had so altered it. If it ever reappears in Ireland, in your time, may I ask you to substitute the plain English 'the Porter stoop'd his load' for the present solecism.

"The reason I am so interested for Mrs. Sadlier is that we have no other woman, and but few (oh, how few!) *men*, working for our myriad emigrants on this continent. There is absolute danger of their children forgetting they ever had a fatherland. Just as the writings of Vallancey, Theophilus O'Flanigan, &c., with all their errors, kept the lamp alight some fifty years ago, so do we poor bookmakers for the Irish in America—without public libraries, and without a public, in any organic or unorganic sense—strive to fill the bulb with something that will yield a flame, till better pens in better times may do the work more worthily. *Therefore* be merciful in your judgments of what we do, remembering less what might have been done, *as the best*, than that the fear was everything of this kind would have been left undone till too late.

"I have not heard from Williams for long. I have no doubt, however, that any letter directed with his full name to New Orleans would find him. He was there, school-teaching, a year or two ago. There is, you will see, nearly as much land between him and me as there is sea between yourself and either of us.

"I grieve for M'Carthy, and for poor old Curry, to whom I owe a long letter. Alas! that the storm should fall on such honoured heads as theirs!

"I feel greatly encouraged to try my hand at other bite of our scenic history by what you tell me of O'Donovan's pleasure in my 'Four Masters.' It was from him I learned to know *Teige an Sleibhe* and the rest of those worthies. If the picture has any merit, it is due more to his instruction than to any art of mine.

"If not Sadlier, then Haverty of New York ought to be written to, to act as agent for the *Hibernian*. All success attend you. I am not sure that I am known to Haverty; but, if so, will you be good enough to make him [*sic*] my very best regards?

"Most truly yours,

"T. D. M'GEE.

"My wife was delighted at your remembrance of her. We are all on the *qui vive* for 'No. 1, vol. 1.'

"My best regards to Mr. James Duffy and all your co-laborers.—T. D. M'G."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "The One Mediator, or Sacrifice and Sacraments," by the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates), is the latest of the many valuable additions that Father Humphrey has made to Catholic literature, and indeed to Catholic theology in English. The solid substance of theological thought is here, without any obtrusive attempt at making it attractive for those who will not be attracted towards it for its own sake. The style is clear, precise, forcible, but quiet and restrained. Father Humphrey aims at enlightening the understanding, and not at moving the feeling further than the truths explained must necessarily move them when explained as kindly as they are explained here. In fourteen chapters, which are admirably analysed in the table of contents, he treats of the sacrifice of the Mass, of the sacraments in general, and of each of the seven sacraments in particular; of the created holiness and human knowledge of our Redeemer, of Mary as Mother of God, of the adoration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and of the Beatific Vision. To enumerate these subjects and to name the author who discusses them, will be sufficient recommendation for any of our readers who are able to appreciate such a work.

2. The Very Rev. Dr. Gerald Molloy has issued the fifth edition of his delightful account of "The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau." Even for those who have never seen and never hope to see this wonderful drama, there is a great fascination in Dr. Molloy's pages, while the book is indispensable for those who are plotting a visit to the valley of the Ammer. For these the new information given in the preface to this edition about the actors in the coming representation will have special interest. Two performances shall have already taken place before this notice comes under the reader's eye. The other days fixed are June 1, 8, 15, 16, 22, 25, 29; July 6, 13, 20, 23, 27; August 3, 6, 10, 17, 20, 24, 31; and September 3, 7, 14, 21, 28. The motto on the title-page of this book is exquisitely appropriate. Ponsonby and Weldrick, of the University Press, have produced the dainty quarto with fitting elegance of typography.

3. Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, Maryland, have sent us three of their recent publications. "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Misa Clara Mulholland, author of *The Miser of King's Court*, etc., is not a reprint, but is produced originally by this American firm. This unusual circumstance makes it more worthy of encouragement. But the tale itself is sure to attract readers, for it is full of grace and

interest. However, we cannot conscientiously advise the Sheffield School Board to order two hundred copies for prizes, as they did in the case of Miss Rosa Mulholland's *Giannetta*, for "Kathleen Mavourneen" also betrays considerable sympathy with the Irish peasantry, and would be sure to provoke another war in the local newspapers. The Sheffield boys and girls thus miss a very pretty tale.

4. Another story from the same Publishers is "1791: a Tale of St. Domingo," by E. W. Gilliam, M.D. It is founded on the true records of a terrible crisis in the history of this island, and has thus novelty on its side. Its literary merit is guaranteed by the circumstance that it ran through the pages of *The Catholic World*, though it cannot claim to be a worthy successor of Miss Tinker's "Grapes and Thorns," or of Miss Mulholland's "Fair Emigrant."

5. The same Publishers also have produced in a fine, solid octavo volume, "Carmel in America: a centennial history of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States," by Charles Warren Currier, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Father Currier has fulfilled his labour of love with a thoroughness worthy of his distinguished English confrère, Father Bridgett. It was fortunate for the American Carmelites that the excellent James M'Master died before writing their history. From what we remember of his work in the New York *Freeman's Journal*, we suspect he was too original to prove a satisfactory historian. But Father Currier is laborious, conscientious, and enthusiastically devoted to his subject, and he has availed himself with the utmost diligence of the researches of many helpers almost equally interested in the enterprise. The result is an extremely valuable addition to the historical literature of the Church, not confined always to "Carmel in America." The alphabetical index of family names that occur in the work fills many pages at the end, and we notice a great many that are unmistakably Irish.

6. From the great religious poem, "The End of Man," by Father Albany Christie, S.J., the author has chosen certain portions illustrating the feasts of the year and all the Sundays, each having a page of its own. These with loving skill have, with the aid of the Manresa Press, been made into a very holy and pretty book, the name of which, "Chimes for Holydays," was suggested by one of those characteristic phrases of Cardinal Newman which one likes to pick up wherever one meets them. In June, 1886, the Cardinal—whom Father Christie calls "a dear friend to whom more than to any other man I owe under God my conversion"—wrote about the metre employed in *The End of Man*: "The ternary metre is like a chime of bells from a church tower, praising and proclaiming Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

7. Price sixpence, with the name in gold on brown paper, which Philistines will consider aesthetically ugly, we welcome a second edition of "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland" (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son). It is full of fresh and beautiful poetry ; but for us the special surprises of the little volume are "Shameen Dhu," by Katharine Tynan, and the Hush Song by George Noble Plunkett. It is not their beauty that surprises us, but their unexpected sort of beauty.

8. Another second edition of a work of a very different kind is "Principles of Religious Life," by the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B. (London : Washbourne). That a large octavo volume of ample pages should reach a second edition, even after seven years, is a proof of the solid merits of this very elaborate treatise, when we remember the limited constituency to which such a work can appeal. In an appendix an analysis is given of each of the sections ; and this in itself proves the copiousness of the matter, and the methodical manner in which it is conveyed. But what is the meaning of the four capital letters which take the place of *Finis* or "The End ?" All of us are familiar with "A. M. D. G." ; but this is the first time that we have noticed the initials, I. O. G. D.

9. "Notes on Electric Lighting," by the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., D. Sc. (M. H. Gill and Son), are reissued in a sixpenny pamphlet, "with many advantages of paper, type, and form which they did not enjoy on their first appearance" in *The Freeman's Journal*. If punning were not strictly prohibited on these premises, we might remark that Dr. Molloy throws considerable light on one of the burning questions of the day ; and certainly his present contribution to popular knowledge is another proof of that special faculty for imparting scientific information in the clearest and most attractive manner which *The Spectator*, *The Scotsman*, *Nature*, and other critical journals discovered in his delightful volume called "Gleanings in Science."

10. Another good sixpenceworth is "Easy Lessons in Cookery," by Miss Mary Todd (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son). Our own acquaintance with the subject is confined to a more advanced stage of the proceedings ; but Miss Todd is a professor of cookery and eke "a first class diplomée," and we are sure young house-keepers will find these pages pleasant and profitable. Even a non-professional reader can see at a glance that the style is clear, condensed, and pointed : for even in such matters there is room for the display of a good or a bad style.

11. "St. Brigid, Abbess of Kildare," by Mrs. 'Atkinson, is the latest publication of the Catholic Truth Society. This admirable sketch costs only two pence, and tells in fifty pages, and in a clear and winning style, all that is known of St. Brigid's career and of the Irish Church of her time. We are glad that "S. A.," the biographer of Mrs. Aikenhead, has put her name in full on this new title-page. St. Brigid was the first Irish Nun, and our good Nuns ought to secure a wide circulation for this charming little biography.

12. Let us name in one paragraph a pile of tiny tomelets of piety. "Veni Sancte Spiritus" is the newest of Father Richard Clarke's excellent penny meditation-books, consisting of short meditations, each a single page, from the Ascension to the octave of Corpus Christi. Dean Kinane of Cashel has made an excellent compilation of short indulgenced aspirations in eight pages of compact printing, which may be got from M. H. Gill and Son, for 1s. 6d. a hundred. "Gems for my Crown," by a Child of Mary (M. H. Gill and Son), is a peculiarly neat little book of pious thoughts, 365 in number, evidently meant to stretch over the year, though not distinguished between months and days. A Sister of Mercy has translated from the 12th French edition "The Twelve Virtues of a Good Teacher," by Father Pottier, S.J. (Benziger: New York). "The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel" has been compiled as a new Month of May from Mgr. George Dillon's work by a new Benedictine Nun of Ventnor.

13. The Rev. Richard O'Kennedy, C.C., Patrick's Well, Co. Limerick, has just issued an extremely useful little book, price two-pence, "Benediction Hymns Explained" (James Duffy and Co). The pious faithful in Ireland show in many places a peculiarly eager fondness for this sacred rite, and many of them will be glad to have the Latin hymns expounded here fully word for word. Another *piissimus libellulus* by the same author is "The Holy Hour of Prayer" (Dublin: Dollard). His little book, *Anima Christi*, is much more than the explanatory sub-title claims for it. It treats very simply but fully and profoundly of the soul of Christ, of His body, and of His Blessed Mother. The printing is very good but very minute. If printed like the same author's treatise on the Holy Angels (Burns and Oates), it would be almost as large, instead of being crammed into ninety pages of brevier. But his London publishers charge five shillings, whereas threepence is the price of *Anima Christi*.

14. The Presentation Nuns of Sneem, Co. Kerry, put no publisher's name on the title-page of their translation of "The Catechism of the Child of Mary," for which they have procured the *Imprimatur* of all the archbishops of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

JULY, 1890.



A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.



CHAPTER XIII.

LORD ASHFIELD IS MUCH PUZZLED.

AS Lady Ashfield seated herself before the glass in her dressing-room, and called to her maid to bring her some Eau de Cologne, a sharp knock was heard on the door and a cheery voice said gaily :

"May I come in, mother ? "

Lady Ashfield smiled. All her cares were forgotten in an instant. In the presence of her son, her idol, she knew no sorrow.

"Certainly, dear boy," she cried, "come in by all means."

Lord Ashfield was in radiant spirits, and his eyes were full of happiness as he kissed his mother.

"What, not dressed yet, Ashfield ? It is nearly dinner time."

"Yes," he answered, throwing himself into an arm-chair, "I am a bit late. But I don't take long to dress. I'll be ready in time, mother mine."

"I hope so. Sylvia dines with us to-night."

"Does she ? That's right. But, mother, I have such a splendid piece of news for you."

"Indeed, Ashfield ? " she replied absently, and bending forward to arrange the diamond pins in her hair. "What is it ? "

"Something you have been wishing should happen this ever so long has come off at last. Guess what it is, mother."

"I never could guess anything, dear boy. Perhaps one of your favourites has won a race."

Ashfield laughed heartily.

"Now, did you ever wish that to happen, mother?"

"Not exactly. But really, dear, you should go and dress. This news will keep."

"Oh, no it won't. But here" goes. Well, after long searching and many unsuccessful inquiries, I have at last found the Neils, Dora and her sister."

"Indeed," said Lady Ashfield coldly, "that is quite an unexpected event. And how did it happen?"

Ashfield looked at her curiously.

"Why, mother, how calmly you take my news. You don't seem much pleased. I thought you would be delighted."

She laughed nervously, and looked about impatiently for some missing article.

"Sarah is so careless. I can't find my ruby ring. Ah, here it is. Yes, yes, of course, I am glad, dear. But is it necessary to be quite as excited as you are? I thought we should probably find them some day. Where did you meet them?"

"I did not meet them. But I came to find them in rather a curious fashion. You remember Paul Vyner?"

"What, the artist?"

Lady Ashfield started round as she asked this question, her face full of interest.

"Yes. He is an artist. One of the best fellows"——

"You need not tell me his perfections," she said stiffly, and turning back to her glass. "But I thought he was in America."

"Was. But is in London. I've been sitting to him for my portrait."

"What folly!"

"Folly? My dear mother, why should it be folly?"

"Because you know we should keep that young man at as great a distance as possible, Ashfield."

"My dear mother, I am sorry to be obliged to contradict you. But I really know nothing of the kind."

"Have you then forgotten all that happened before he went away?"

"No, mother. I remember perfectly well. I remember how Sir Eustace Atherstone educated him, took him to Italy, treated him in every way like his son, till one day he discovered, through Paul's own manly confession, that he loved his granddaughter, Sylvia, and that he then cast him off, allowing him to shift for himself, refusing to see or help him. This, of course, affects the Atherstones, but what it has to do with us I cannot see."

"You are very dense, my son, or surely you would see that it

would be better to keep this young man at a distance just at present. You know what my hopes are where Sylvia is concerned—and—and this handsome artist, with his wrongs and grievances, may prove a formidable rival."

Lord Ashfield sprang to his feet and took two or three turns up and down the room. His face was flushed, his eyes full of anger. But presently he grew calmer, and coming close to his mother, he laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder, and bent to kiss her cheek.

"Mother mine," he said gently, "you must not build castles in the air. You have no right to form any hopes, or speculate in any way, about my future—or Sylvia's. *That* is in our hands. *You*, my mother, must not interfere."

"Ashfield!"

"I mean it, mother." He smiled playfully. "I'll have no match-making. I'll gang my own gate, as the Scotchman says, and marry who and when I please. But you may rest assured that I'll never ask you to receive a daughter-in-law who is not in every sense a lady."

Lady Ashfield looked up lovingly into his handsome, honest face.

"My son, I never doubted that. But I did hope"—

He held up a warning finger.

"That is just what I object to. You must not hope anything. At least you must not talk of your hopes."

"Very well. I'll promise that."

"Thanks. That is something gained. And now as to Vyner."

His mother moved impatiently on her chair.

"I take no interest in him, I assure you."

"My dear mother, how unjust you great ladies can be! If Paul were an earl or a duke, you would not forbid me to cultivate his acquaintance lest, perhaps, he might become a rival."

Lady Ashfield frowned.

"That is quite a different thing. It is preposterous that a poor, struggling artist should dare to aspire to Miss Atherstone's hand."

"And yet Miss Atherstone will have money enough for"—

"Ashfield, you annoy me exceedingly. These new radical ideas of yours are atrocious. If a man be good, honest, and clever, you care nothing for family or wealth; all men are equal in your eyes."

Ashfield laughed good-humouredly.

"Not quite, mother dear. The good, clever men are infinitely superior to the mere men of family or wealth. But, pray forgive me if I annoyed you. I did not wish to do so, I assure you. And now, let us forget that the Atherstones ever knew Vyner, and remember

only that he has done us a great service, and that we owe him a debt of gratitude."

"How so, pray?"

"Because through him I discovered the Neils"

Lady Ashfield's mouth was set in cold, hard lines.

"Indeed," she said icily. "That was a great service, truly."

"A very great one, mother, and I cannot tell you how thankful I feel. This morning I was in bad spirits. I thought we should never discover them. And on entering Vyner's studio, he remarked upon my miserable expression. I told him the story without mentioning the Neils' names, never imagining for an instant that he could assist me. The good fellow was full of sympathy. 'But,' he said, 'you must cheer up. I could not paint such a doleful countenance. Come into my room and look at my treasures. They may enliven you somewhat.'

"He led me into a little sanctum hung round with all kinds of curios. But what attracted me, fixed my attention at once, were two small pictures—two of the most lovely heads that I have ever seen in my life. One had a cloud of rich auburn hair, large, luminous, dark eyes and"—

"Sylvia! What audacity!"

"Audacity, mother? To paint the friend of his boyhood, his almost sister for fourteen long years. One could hardly call that audacity. However, that we may discuss another time. I want to finish my story. Side by side with this beautiful painting was another. Oh, mother, had you seen it your heart, which this evening seems like ice, must have melted. It resembled the head of an angel, fair and pure. Masses of golden hair clustering round a marble brow, eyes of the deepest, darkest blue; but over all an air of sadness and melancholy not natural in one so young. Vyner saw my admiration, and did not speak for a moment, unwilling to disturb my reverie.

"'Are they not a striking contrast?' he asked at last.

"I nodded. I could not speak. I felt on the verge of tears.

"'And their lives,' he continued, 'are as great a contrast as their looks. More, I should say, for though their faces are different, they are both beautiful, whilst their lives—alas! there indeed is the contrast. One surrounded with every luxury, the other plunged in the most dire poverty and want.'

"'Is that true?' I cried. 'Oh, Vyner, I know them both. One is Miss Atherstone, the beautiful heiress. The other is'—

"'Little Dora Neil, the dressmaker's apprentice.'

"'Where did you find her?'

"'Find her? My dear Ashfield, she is close to us. She and her sister live in the rooms just over these.'

"I seized his hand and shook it warmly. Yes, mother, you may shake your head, but I did not take the discovery as quietly as you do. I felt overjoyed, and longed to rush upstairs to see them at once. But Vyner restrained me. 'Dora was ill. Her sister was out,' he said. 'So it would be better to wait. I might startle her if I went up to her then.' Suddenly we heard the sound of singing. 'That is Dora,' cried Vyner. 'She has such a sweet, plaintive voice. Poor child! Her life is hard for one so frail and delicate.'

"'She shall lead it no longer,' I said. 'That is the girl I was so anxious to find, Vyner. And she, small and fragile as she is, once saved my life and my mother's. For years we have lost sight of her, neglected her. But, thank God, I have found her, and I will now see that she wants for nothing. I must speak to her to-night.' And, heedless of Vyner's remonstrances, I rushed upstairs. On the landing I could distinctly hear her song, that quaint little Scotch one about castles in the air. Unwilling to interrupt her, I stood still and listened. Suddenly a rough, fierce-looking, old man brushed quickly past me, and muttering 'I'll make her sing,' burst unceremoniously into her room. The song ceased abruptly, and the intruder's voice fell on my ear. His tone was insolent, his language threatening. Then in reply came Dora's sweet pleading words. And oh, mother, it would have made you weep to hear her sobs and heart-rending prayer for mercy. But the landlord was obdurate. Nothing would move him. He must have his rent, or she and her sister must leave his house next day. And then he came away, leaving her, I am sure, plunged in an agony of grief. But, thank God, I was there to stay his cruel hand. As he walked downstairs, I met him, and there and then paid the small amount of rent that was due. He returned to tell our little friend the good news, but under promise not to reveal my name, and I came off to tell you that I had at last discovered her."

"It is strange," said Lady Ashfield, "that I too have learned her whereabouts this very evening, though in a less romantic fashion. Her sister has called upon me at last."

"Mother! Why did you not tell me so at once? Are you not delighted?"

"My dear Ashfield, how excitable you are. Finding these girls seems to have turned your head."

"Not quite, mother. But I confess it has given me great pleasure. Your manner, however, puzzles me immensely. Did you not like Miss Madge?"

"No, not much. Her words—her—in fact, I was disappointed in her."

Ashfield looked what he felt—deeply pained.

"I am sorry for that. Dora's sister should be charming."

"She is not, or says she is not, the girl's sister after all," rose to Lady Ashfield's lips. But she stopped abruptly. "Why tell Ashfield this mad story?" she thought. "It is nonsense, and I hope he may never hear it. He shall certainly not do so from me."

"Well?" he inquired, "she is not what?"

"At all like Dora. She is dark and strong—a tall, rather good-looking young woman, but lacking the extreme refinement of her little sister."

"But she is a lady?" he questioned anxiously. "She must be that."

Lady Ashfield flushed. It was unpleasant to be catechised so persistently about a person who had annoyed her so much. She did not care to see her son take such an interest in these Neils. And yet such is the perversity of men, she knew that, did she but attempt to disparage Madge, it would only increase that interest, and make him more anxious than ever to look after her and her sister.

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly, after a slight pause. "She is a lady. But very proud. And she did not seem as poor as you think they are."

"Ah, that shows me how noble she is. She did not care to parade her poverty to a stranger. I like that spirit," he cried warmly. "But, of course, you promised to get her lessons and help her all you could."

"Yes. But she drew herself up proudly and declined my help."

"Mother! you must have offended her. You must apologise and insist on helping her."

Something in Lord Ashfield's manner and words stung his mother to anger; and forgetting her usual caution in her wrath, she replied indignantly:

"I most certainly decline to do anything of the kind. Miss Madge refused my help, and I have no intention of pressing my services upon her. And now, Ashfield, go and dress for dinner. We have discussed this matter long enough. Our guests may arrive in a few moments."

"One word, mother. Will you forget your quarrel with Madge and send for her again?"

"No, I cannot promise to do that," she answered stiffly. "My maid shall go and see Dora to-morrow and take her a few delicacies."

"I did not ask you to help them in that way," he said in a tone of grave displeasure. "It is surely making the girl a poor return for her brave conduct, doling out charity to her by the hands of your maid."

"You must allow me to be a judge of what is right, Ashfield. I flatter myself I know more about these matters than you."

"Perhaps so. But I must confess I am much puzzled by your conduct. You are not acting as I expected you would when we discovered these girls. But now I must go and dress."

And for the first time for many years Lord Ashfield left his mother's presence with a heavy cloud upon his brow.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

After an absence of many years Sir Eustace Atherstone has at last made up his mind to spend the season in London. Immediately after the arrival of his granddaughter and her nurse he had retired to his country seat, where he remained till the girl was sixteen. Then, for her sake, he suddenly renounced the life he loved and went abroad. For Sylvia was his first, his constant thought, and her happiness the principal object of his existence. From the moment that he had received her from Anne Dane, a poor little mite, just rescued from a watery grave, he had surrounded her with everything that love or wealth could imagine or suggest.

Up to the age of sixteen the girl had been instructed in all the important branches of education by the best teachers England could produce. Then, all at once, it dawned upon the young lady that she knew absolutely nothing of the world. That she had never heard good music, or seen any of the fine pictures and sculpture that she had read so much about—that her French and German were weak, her Italian weaker. She mentioned these facts one day, somewhat plaintively, to her grandfather. And he, without a thought for himself or his probable discomfort in foreign lands, instantly resolved that they should travel, and that Sylvia should thus have every opportunity for learning modern languages and generally improving her mind.

For two years they wandered about from place to place, staying six months here and three there. Till at last their time was up, and Sylvia was eighteen, and her entrance into society could no longer be delayed. Then they turned their faces homewards, and arrived in London a few days before the Drawingroom, at which Miss Atherstone was to be presented by Lady Ashfield.

On the morning of the day which this important event in his granddaughter's life was to occur, Sir Eustace sat alone in his handsome library. Round about him on the table were books, papers and letters. But he was not reading. He seemed lost in thought. And to judge by the expression of his face, there was a good deal of sadness mixed up with his reflections.

"Yes," he murmured half aloud, "I miss him. Here, in this room, where Paul as a little boy used to sit in the old, old days, poring over some big book, and looking up with a smile when I asked him a question, I miss him sadly. In foreign lands, amidst fresh scenes, and in the first burst of indignation at his folly, I fancied I did not care; but I find I do—for very dear was that lad to me after all. Poor Paul Vyner, with his bright face, and his warm enthusiastic nature. Why, oh, why did I send him from me? And yet I could not help it. It was necessary for Sylvia's sake. So what matter how I, how he suffers, if she be happy, as she must—as she shall be. But how strange it seems that those I love are all forced for some reason or other to leave me. First my son, George. Then my wife and other children by death. Then Paul. And now who knows, perhaps, I may one day lose Sylvia, my pet, my treasure. Such a loss would kill me. And yet, after this, I may not be allowed to keep her long. Once presented, says Lady Ashfield, she must marry. Paul was banished because he loved her. My poor Paul! And now who knows what plot is being hatched, what conspiracy is on foot to rob me of her? Only last night Lady Ashfield hinted something darkly, asked strange questions about my darling's fortune, and wanted to know if any change would ever be possible in my manner towards her, no matter what she did or became. What she meant I can't imagine. As if any earthly thing could alter my love for my dearest child. Why even if——But here she comes! I declare the fire is nearly out. How stupid of me not to pay it more attention."

Sir Eustace seized the poker and stirred the fire to a blaze. Then drawing an arm-chair to the fire, he sank into it with a sigh.

The door opened slightly, and a merry voice called out:

"May I come in, grandpapa? Mdme. Garniture promised to come early to help to dress me, as Désirée is rather innocent in the arrangement of court trains. But she has not arrived, and I am tired of sitting upstairs alone. I am in an unfinished state. But still"——

"Come in, love. Come in," he cried. "My sweet Sylvia is welcome in any state. Her sunny face is just what I want to see."

"You dear old darling," said Sylvia; and tripping up to her grandfather's chair, she gave him a loving kiss.

"Unfinished!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear, you look lovely. That dress will be the prettiest in the palace. Is it a new style of court dress? In my day they were not that shape."

Sylvia burst into a peal of merry laughter.

"You dear, good, stupid old grandfather! You don't imagine I could go to Court in this? Why it's only a tea gown."

"Pink silk, cream lace, hair puffed and curled on the top of your little head. My child, you never wore such finery before."

"No. But you know I am out now. So, of course, my dresses are all quite different. And my hair is done up, ready for my feathers. Désirée does hair beautifully. But wait till you see me fully equipped for Court, grandpapa; you'll not know me, I'm sure. Feathers and veil, puffs and flowers, train ever so many miles—no, I mean yards long. I declare, dear, I shall feel like a cockatoo. And then, oh, pity my fate, I've got to go out in this nipping wind in a low body and short sleeves."

"I would not do it."

"But it's one of her Majesty's commands. Surely, my dear, loyal, aristocratic Sir Eustace would not disobey his queen?"

"Sylvia, you are frivolous."

"I am, grandpapa. I am. But if I were not I should be cross. Listen, dear, and I shall tell you my woes."

And drawing over a low stool, she seated herself at his feet.

"Woes, my pet? Surely you have nothing to trouble you?" And he laid his hand caressingly upon her head.

The girl turned the sunniest of faces towards him. Then heaving a deep sigh, replied:

"Oh, such a number!"

Her manner and air were so comical, her whole expression so full of anything like sorrow, that Sir Eustace burst out laughing.

"You naughty puss! As if you knew what trouble meant."

"You are greatly mistaken," she said pouting. "I know well what it means, for I have had many worries and troubles since—since I came out."

"But you are not out till you are presented."

"True. Well, then, troubles that come from the preparation necessary before taking the great step. In the first place, Lady Ashfield is much annoyed because I would not do what she told me, and go to *Mdme. Irma* for my Court dress."

"And why didn't you?"

"My dear Sir Eustace," she said solemnly, "*Miss Atherstone* may bestow her patronage where she chooses."

Her grandfather smiled.

"To be sure. And where then did Miss Atherstone bestow it?"

"On dear old Garniture, of course. She has made my dresses—not quite since I was able to walk, but still for a very long time, and I was not going to desert her just when she would most enjoy dressing me, merely because Irma is the fashion."

"Well, I don't suppose Lady Ashfield cared."

"Oh, but she did. And that is one of my troubles. She was very proud and cross, and that made me more determined than ever—for you know I have a will of my own, dear."

"Most certainly you have, my pet. A more obstinate little person I never met."

"Not with you, grandpapa, not with you. I'd do anything you asked me."

She laid her cheek caressingly against his hand, and raised her large lustrous eyes lovingly to his.

"I gave up Paul, dear foolish Paul, because you wished it. You have not forgotten that, grandpapa?"

And Sylvia's sweet face grew crimson, and the sensitive mouth quivered ominously.

"You did, my darling. You were ever gentle and obedient. To-day you go forth into the world, and others more eligible than Paul may see you, and want you. Lord Ashfield, for instance. His mother hinted broadly last night."

"Lord Ashfield shall never steal me from you. Do not be afraid. And do not pay attention to his mother's hints. In this matter she will find me quite as obstinate as where Mdme. Garniture was concerned."

"But someone is sure to come and carry you off, my pet. There is a strange feeling of terror over me to-day, Sylvia, that I cannot understand. It may be that your father"—

"My father! Oh, grandpapa, you could not surely be jealous of him. Poor, dear papa, who has not seen me for years and years, not since I was a tiny child. My darling, he shall not divide us, I know. He'll come home and widen our circle—increase our family. Instead of separating us, he will draw us more together and strengthen our love."

"My dear, sweet child, would that my love for you were not so selfish. For years I have longed for your father to return; but now as the hour approaches, I dread it lest he should take from me one iota of my little granddaughter's heart."

"He shall never do that. But, tell me, have you heard from papa lately?"

"This morning. He expects to be home in about six months."

Sylvia clapped her hands; her face shone with joy.

"What glorious news! How glad I shall be to see him. You don't mind me saying that, dearest?"

"No, my pet. Such pleasure is natural, and shows what a loving child you are."

The girl did not speak for a moment, and seemed in deep thought.

"Grandpapa," she said presently, "I wonder if papa would know me if he were to meet me and no one told him I was his child. Am I much changed since I came to you?"

He examined her critically, his eyes full of loving admiration as they dwelt upon her.

"You were small then. You are now tall and graceful," he said smiling. "Your dark eyes are larger and darker, but your hair, complexion, and tiny mouth are almost the same. You were a lovely baby; you are a beautiful girl."

She jumped up, laid her arms about his neck, and kissed him with a tender love in her eyes.

"Dear old flatterer," she whispered, "do you wish to make me vain?"

"No. I don't think that would be possible."

Sylvia laughed and blushed, and returned to her stool.

"Then you think papa would know me?"

"That I can hardly tell. And yet I think he would. For truly you are but little changed since I first saw you. But still, I do not quite understand. Either he has forgotten what you were like, or the sea journey worked a considerable difference in your health and general appearance. I will let you hear what he has written about you."

And taking a letter from the table, Sir Eustace began to read.

"I wonder what my darling is like now. I always think of her as the small, delicate baby with little pale, fair cheeks, that clung to me so lovingly as I bade her good-bye."

"Now, when I met you at Gravesend, Sylvia," said Sir Eustace, "you were as rosy as possible. As strong a child as ever lived."

"The sea air had, of course, tanned my skin and made me look healthy," answered Sylvia decidedly. "And I daresay papa has forgotten. It is not easy to remember a baby's face. But if he looked at my last likeness, he'd see pretty well what I am like; everyone said it was capital."

"Yes. But listen, dear, to what he says." And Sir Eustace continued the letter.

"You cannot imagine how I long to see her, especially now, as I know she is grown up, and that I have made up my mind to go home

soon. My thoughts are full of my daughter. It is strange that none of the photos you mentioned sending ever reached me. I probably missed them through wandering about so much. But I am just as glad I never saw them, for now she will burst upon me in all her beauty. For you tell me she is beautiful. Is she like my sweet wife, I wonder? But, of course, you do not know that since you never saw her, and the miniature I sent was lost in the wreck. However, it matters little who she is like. She is my own beloved daughter, and as such she is inexpressibly dear. God bless her and you."

Sylvia's eyes were full of tears, and taking her father's letter from the old man's hand, she pressed it to her lips.

"Poor papa, how full of love and longing is your letter! But why has he stayed away from us all these years, grandpapa?"

"Why? So you may ask. He, the heir to my name and rich estates. But he loved a wandering life, and could not bear the trammels of society. Now, as he grows older, he longs for home and his daughter's love."

"And he shall have both. Grandpapa, we must be very good and kind to him, you and I. But I wonder am I at all like my dead mother?"

"No, dearest, I think not, unless in expression. For she was small and fair. George told me so frequently in the first days of his married life. She was a fragile creature with golden hair, and large, child-like blue eyes."

Sylvia sighed.

"That is not at all like me. Dear little mother. Who am I like, grandpapa? Do I remind you of papa?"

And she glanced at the large portrait of George Atherstone, as a lad of nineteen, that hung over the mantelpiece.

"No, dear. You are not like any member of our family. You are an original Sylvia, perfectly unique in your own peculiar way."

The girl laughed and looked up roguishly into his face.

"Perhaps I am a changeling?"

"I should not be at all surprised," he cried, pinching her cheek. "Brought to us by the fairies, endowed with all their most precious gifts and graces."

How they jested, these two. Yet had they but guessed how near the truth they were, what cruel sorrow would have filled their hearts!

"Just so, grandpapa," cried Sylvia gaily. "That sounds very pretty. And now I must really go and finish my toilet. If I am not ready very soon, Lady Ashfield may have to wait, and"—

"Mdm. Garniture has gone to your room, Miss Atherstone," said the footman opening the door.

"I am glad. Good-bye, grandpapa." And she tripped off uptairs.

On the first landing hung an old-fashioned mirror, framed in some of Grinling Gibbons' exquisite carving. In this Sylvia caught sight of her own face as she passed.

"Not at all like my mother. Alas! no. A fragile creature with golden hair. Ah!"

Sylvia started and uttered a cry of surprise. Seated on a chair just outside her dressingroom door was a girl of about her own age. Small, slight, and fair, with a mass of pure golden hair, and large, sad, blue eyes.

"Exactly what my darling might have been at eighteen. Poor little dead mother!" she thought as she looked at the stranger. "She just suits the picture I have made of her in my mind."

Dorothy Neil (for it was she) stood up politely as the young lady approached.

"Why are you waiting here?" asked Sylvia gently.

"I am waiting for Mdme. Garniture," the girl replied with a faint blush. "I am one of her workers, and came to carry your veil and feathers."

"You look tired. This is not a comfortable seat. Come into my sittingroom and rest whilst you wait."

Greatly touched at such kind attention, Dora followed Sylvia into a pretty boudoir, and gladly accepted the luxurious arm-chair that she was invited to occupy.

"Here is an amusing book to read," said Sylvia. "And Désirée must fetch you a glass of wine."

"Please do not trouble about me," cried Dora. "I do not care for wine."

"But you must have some, and a little cake. It will do you good. I am sorry I must go and dress. I should like so much to talk to you. You have a sweet face and"—

"Miss Atherstone."

"Coming, Mdme. Garniture. Good-bye. I must go."

Sylvia vanished into her dressingroom, and Dora was left alone. For some moments she looked about her, wondering vaguely in whose house she could be, who the kind young lady was, and if she should ever see her again. She was very tired and very weak, and presently the book she held slipped from her fingers, her eyes closed, and she fell asleep.

In a short time—very short it appeared to her—she heard the running to and fro of many feet, the murmur of voices, and her own name repeated loudly in tones of evident displeasure.

She started up and ran out upon the stairs. Here she found Mdme. Garniture and the French maid, Désirée.

"Well, upon my word, this is nice conduct in a strange house," cried the dressmaker angrily. "Where have you been hiding, I'd like to know?"

"I was not hiding," replied Dora, flushing painfully. "I was sitting in the room where the young lady left me."

"Oh, dear, of course," said Désirée. "Miss Atherstone told me you were in the boudoir. Did you get the wine?"

"No. But"—

Dora gasped. She grew suddenly pale.

"Then you shall have it now," cried the maid. "I'll go for it at once." And away she went.

"M^dme. Garniture," asked Dora with trembling lips, "do you—will you tell me who is that beautiful girl you came to dress for the Drawingroom?"

"Certainly. But I thought you knew, child. She is Miss Sylvia Atherstone, the greatest heiress and loveliest young lady in all London."

Dora's head spun round; she suddenly felt faint and giddy, and she clung to the bannisters for support.

"Sylvia Atherstone," she murmured. "Are you sure?"

M^dme. Garniture laughed scornfully.

"Why, I've made Miss Atherstone's dresses for the last seven years, and very proud I am of the honour. Hers is a figure to do a dressmaker credit. Straight, graceful and shapely. She is a true aristocrat, is Miss Atherstone. A real lady to the very tips of her fingers. But come, dear, let us go home. You don't seem well."

Dora passed her hand across her forehead.

"I am dazed—bewildered. I know not what may happen now. Sylvia Atherstone at last! So good, so beautiful, so"—

M^dme. Garniture looked at the girl in astonishment.

"My dear, you are half asleep. This visit appears to have upset you. But come along. I have a cab ready this half hour."

And without waiting for Désirée to appear with the wine, she hurried Dora into a hansom and drove away.

"Take my advice and lie down," she said as she dropped the girl at the corner of the street in which she lived. "You want a little rest."

"Yes, thank you," answered Dora dreamily. "Perhaps I do."

"Poor child!" murmured the dressmaker. "She looks somehow as if she had seen a ghost. What a delicate creature she is. Her life will not be long, I fancy. But maybe it's just as well, for she has not much of a future before her."

(To be continued).

THE CHILDREN'S BALLAD ROSARY.

PART III.

THE FIVE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

I.—THE RESURRECTION.

Jesus from the cross was taken,
Hands of saints his body bore,
In the Sepulchre they laid him,
Place of rest for none before.

With a mighty stone the entrance
Was securely sealed and barred,
While there sat in watch around it
Soldiers of the Jewish guard ;

Till the third day's early dawning,
When from heaven an angel came,
White as drifted snow his raiment,
Bright his face as lightning flame.

Back he rolled the rocky barrier,
While an earthquake spread around,
And the sentinels in terror
Fell aswoon upon the ground.

Then our Lord and Saviour Jesus,
Lamb of God, reviled and slain,
Rose triumphant and immortal,
King for evermore to reign.

Who can dream the joy his presence
To his Virgin Mother gave !
First he sought her, first embraced her,
Rising glorious from the grave.

He who loves the contrite sinner
Showed his depth of mercy then,
Bringing comfort in her weeping
Unto Mary Magdalen.

To his great apostle, Peter,
Charge he gave his fold to keep :
" Simon Peter, dost thou love me ?—
Feed my lambs and feed my sheep."

And he breathed on his disciples
 Sacramental power from Heaven,
 With the words :—" Whose sins soever
 Ye forgive, they are forgiven.

" Go ye teaching and baptizing
 Men of every clime and coast,
 In the name of God the Father,
 Of the Son and Holy Ghost.

" All the things I have commanded
 Ye shall teach them to obey.
 Lo ! I am for ever with you
 Till the world shall pass away. "

*Glory to God the Father,
 And his eternal Son,
 And glory to the Holy Ghost
 For ever, Three in One.*

II.—THE ASCENSION.

So for forty days did Jesus
 To his chosen friends appear,
 Speaking of his heavenly kingdom
 And his own departure near.

In Jerusalem they rested
 Till he came their steps to guide
 Forth unto the Mount of Olives,
 By his passion sanctified.

Past the brook and past the garden
 Where his agony was wrought,
 Past the tomb, where, at Bethania,
 Lazarus to life he brought.

On the mountain's summit Jesus
 Raised his hands to heaven above,
 Pouring forth on his disciples
 All the blessing of his love.

As he blessed them, they beheld him
 Slowly from the earth arise,
 While in breathless adoration
 On his form they fixed their eyes ;

Till a heavenly cloud received him,
And concealed him from their sight.
When behold ! two angels nigh them
Stood, arrayed in robes of white.

“ Wherefore stand ye, gazing upward,
O ye men of Galilee ?
As your Jesus hath departed,
So shall his returning be.”

Open wide, ye gates eternal,
Open to the King of Kings,
Who ascendeth in his glory
With the mighty spoil he brings :

All the spirits of the faithful,
Dear to God since time began ;
All who loved and served him truly,
Watching for the Son of Man ;

All the patriarchs and prophets,
All the hidden saints of old,
With our pardoned primal parents,
Ransomed from the prison hold.

Now, amid exulting angels,
Jesus sits upon his throne,
By the right hand of his Father,
Interceding for his own.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

III.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The apostles home returning
Sought the upper chamber there,
And, in unison with Mary,
Knelt in unremitting prayer.

Pentecost has come and found them
Thus in one accord combined,
When a sound from heaven came o'er them
Like a mighty rushing wind,

Filling all the habitation,
And behold ! they saw descend
Parted tongues of fire appearing
Over every head to bend.

At the moment all assembled
With the Holy Ghost were filled,
And began in tongues to utter
Whatsoever the spirit willed.

In Jerusalem were dwelling
Pious Jews of every clime,
Strangers from the farthest regions,
Hallowing the festal time.

The apostles came among them,
And the marvel spread abroad
How they spoke in every language
Of the wondrous works of God.

Peter, prince of the apostles,
Stood and raised his voice alone :
“ Hearken to me, men of Juda,
Let the truth I speak be known.

“ This is what the prophet Joel
Of the latter days foretold,
That the Lord would pour his spirit
On his servants young and old.”

Then he preached to them of Jesus,
Whom by wicked hands they slew,
How the might of God had raised him
From the tomb to life anew.

Hearing him, they asked in sorrow :
“ Brethren, what should be our part ? ”
“ Be baptized,” was Peter’s answer,
“ Doing penance from the heart.”

Thrice a thousand were converted :
So at God’s appointed hour
Was the Church of Jesus founded
By the Holy Spirit’s power.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

IV.—THE ASSUMPTION.

Since our Lord to heaven ascended
Twelve full years their course had run,
When to Mary meekly waiting
Came the call to join her son.

Round her couch apostles gathered
Ere the gates of death she passed,
Drawing strength and benediction
From her aspect to the last.

Then her pure and stainless body
Did they lay in hallowed ground,
Rapt in awe and veneration,
Angels keeping watch around.

But the God who preordained her
Partner in his plan divine,
Did not will to let corruption
Taint his holiest earthly shrine.

From the everlasting ages
He had sealed her as his own ;
Now he took her, borne by angels,
Soul and body to his throne.

Silence held the halls of heaven,
Angel songs awhile were still ;
In the trance of expectation
Harps of seraphs ceased to thrill.

Oh, the overflowing sweetness
Of the notes that rose again,
All the choirs of blessed spirits
Swelling that triumphant strain.

Come, thou Mother of the Highest,
Come, O pearl surpassing price,
Blessed over every creature,
Morning star of paradise.

See the myriad saints rejoicing
In the beauty of thy name,
All the fire of love within them
Kindling unto brighter flame.

See thine own betrothed Joseph,
 Virgin spouse of virgin bride,
 In the guardianship of Jesus
 Watchful ever by thy side ;

Chosen for his nursing father
 In his infant years below,
 Chosen now his Church's patron
 While the waves of time shall flow.

*Glory to God the Father,
 And his eternal Son,
 And glory to the Holy Ghost
 For ever, Three in One.*

V.—THE CROWNING OF OUR LADY.

Then in heaven appeared the wonder
 Which with light majestic shone
 In the consecrated vision
 Of the loved apostle John.

When the mystic seals were opened,
 And the reign of Christ begun,
 He beheld a woman clothéd
 In the splendour of the sun,

While the moon in crescent brightness
 Underneath her feet was spread,
 And a crown of stars was resting,
 Twelve their number, on her head.

Now was Gabriel's benediction
 In its great fulfilment seen,
 When her Son, in all his Godhead,
 Rose in heaven and crowned her Queen.

Queen of all the glorious Angels,
 Whose fidelity was tried
 In the hour when Satan, faithless,
 Fell like lightning in his pride.

Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets,
 Whose illuminated eyes
 From the virgin womb of Mary
 Saw the world's redemption rise.

Queen of Christ's elect Apostles,
Whom he sent to preach and found
Over all the world his kingdom,
To the earth's extremeest bound.

Queen of Martyrs, slain in torment,
Who have dyed their garments white
In the blood of Jesus, serving
In his temple day and night.

Queen of Virgins, who have followed
In the path their pattern trod,
Dedicating soul and body
To the purity of God.

Queen of all the Saints unnumbered
In the Book of Life enrolled,
All the sinless, all whose penance
Brought them back within the fold.

Queen from every stain of Adam
In her earliest being free,
Queen to whom her children offer
This most holy Rosary.

*Glory to God the Father,
And his eternal Son,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
For ever, Three in One.*

O.

THE TWO CIVILISATIONS.

PART II.

Mr. George rose slowly, and in a grave, methodical manner, he said :—

“ You have raised the question of questions—the one supreme problem that is stirring and agitating the world to its deepest depths. *Forward* is the cry ; but ‘ the farther we go the deeper we sink into the sad complexity of a civilisation where wealth and want in sad companionship are seen side by side, where the few are glutted and the many are starving, and the gifts of the Creator, and the improvements of man, alike seem only to increase the misery of the multitude. I do not find fault with science ; but I say that so long as society needs readjustment, as it does, so long as our social laws and systems are completely out of harmony with the eternal laws of justice and truth, science and all the other ministers to man will be angels of destruction, and not messengers of mercy. In the very centres of our civilisation to-day are want and suffering enough to make sick at heart whoever does not close his eyes or steel his nerves. We dare not put the blame on Mother Nature, or upon our great Father, God. Supposing that at our prayers, Nature assumed a mightier power than it possesses, supposing that at the behest by which the universe sprang into being there should glow in the sun a greater heat, new virtue fill the air, fresh vigour the soil ; that for every blade of grass that now grows two should spring up, and the seed that now increases fiftyfold should increase a hundredfold. Would poverty be abated and want relieved ? Manifestly no ! The result would be in our present environments that the luxury of a few would be increased, the misery of the many would be deepened. This is no bare supposition. The conclusion comes from facts with which we are quite familiar. Within our own times, under our very eyes, that power which is above all, and in all, and through all ; that power of which the whole world is but the manifestation ; that power which maketh all things, and without which is made nothing that is made, has increased the bounty which men may enjoy as truly as though the fertility of Nature had been increased. So my friend here, Mr. Verdun, has declared. Into the mind of one came the

thought which harnessed steam for the service of mankind. To the wiser ear of another was whispered the secret that compels the lightning to bear a message round the globe. In every direction have the laws of matter been revealed; in every part of industry have arisen arms of iron and fingers of steel, whose effect in the production of wealth has been precisely the same as an increase in the fertility of Nature. What is the result? The few are more powerful, the many more helpless; under the shadow of the marble mansion is the vile kraal of the workingman; and silks and furs are ruffled by contact with rags in the streets.* Ay! even your philosophers have told us that all this is as it should be—that success in life is the test of virtue, and that the weak must go to the wall. Yes! your society is like the Hindoo idol-car, that flings to the earth and crushes those who have not power to keep pace with it. In the amphitheatres of the Roman people, when the gladiator was mortally wounded, the people passed sentence upon him, and commanded that he should die. In the world of to-day the same cruelty prevails. The moment a man sinks under the burden of this world's cares, little pity has the world for him. And now, gentlemen," he concluded, "perhaps as you have allowed me to so speak so far, you would just hear another who has said exactly the same thing but in verse:—

‘ IO VIOTIS.

- ‘ I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife :
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of the nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part.
Whose youth bore no flower of its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying
of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o’er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
- ‘ While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its power for those who have won,
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadows ’mongst those who are fallen, and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knitted brow, breathe a prayer.

* Henry George: "Progress and Poverty."

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: They only life's victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us
within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high,
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die.

' Say history, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyr or hero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians of Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?*

" Would to heaven, that once and for ever this great gospel of
humanity were accepted! ' If it were so, the possibilities of the
future were unlimited! With want destroyed, with greed changed
to noble passion, with the fraternity that is born of equality taking
the place of the jealousy and fear that now array men against each
other; with mental power loosed by conditions that give to the
humblest comfort and leisure, and who shall measure the heights
to which our civilisation may soar? Words fail the thought! It
is the golden age which poets have sung, and high-raised seers
have told in metaphor! It is the golden vision that has always
haunted men with gleams of fitful splendour! It is what he saw
whose eyes at Patmos were closed in a trance! It is the culmination
of Christianity—the city of God upon earth, with its walls of
jasper and its gates of pearl! It is the reign of the Prince of
Peace.' "†

" Fine talk! fine talk!" said a young man whom I. had not
hitherto seen. He seemed scarcely more than a boy; yet there
was a vehemence and earnestness about him which commanded
respect. And the man that is in earnest about anything is always
sure of a respectful hearing. " Fine talk!" said he again, " if
to-morrow were the millenium! You preach a doctrine of
science," said he, turning to Mr. Verdun, " but in the same breath
you degrade humanity, and belie the sanctity of man's origin and
the grandeur of his future destiny. And you," said he, turning to
Mr. Ruskin, " advocate culture and refinement as a salve for all
our wounds, forgetting that the higher your cultured men and
women advance, the nearer they are to barbarism as loathsome as
Rousseau suggested. And you, Mr. George, preach a Gospel of
Humanity. That is the best teaching yet. But so far as I can

* "Blackwood's Magazine."

† "Progress and Poverty": Henry George.

see, Humanity left to itself is perpetually disgracing itself. From every side what do we hear but charges and countercharges of cruelty and brutality flung from the poor against the rich, and from the rich back again against the poor? Take the opinion of the one man who has voiced the sentiments of the century more clearly than any other, and what does he say:—

‘ Science sits under her olive, and slurs at the days gone by !

When the poor are hovelled and hustled together each sex like swine,

When only the ledger lives, and when only not *all* men lie,

Peace in her vineyard, yes ! but a company forges the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up to the ruffian’s head,

Till the filthy bylane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,

And the spirit of murder reeks in the very veins of life.

And sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centrebits

Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,

While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps as he sits

To pestle a poisoned poison behind the crimson lights.’ * *

“ He wrote that fifty years ago when he was a young man.”
said Mr. Verdun. “ We have progressed since then.”

“ Did he ? ” said the young man with a sneer ; “ did he ? But what did he write yesterday, in his old age ? Listen :—

‘ Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set us meek ones in their place,

Pillory wisdom in your markets, and pelt your offal in her face.

Tumble Nature heel over head, and yelling with the yelling street

Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer,

Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure,

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism—

Forward, forward, ay, and backward, downward too into the abyss.

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men.

Have we risen from out the beast ? then back into the beast again.’

There is your Literature ! Now here’s your Progress !

‘ There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,

Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,

There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

Nay, your pardon, cry your “ Forward ! ” yours are hope and youth, but I—

Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry.

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the night,

Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.’ †

* “ Maud.” Tennyson.

† “ Locksley Hall : Forty years a ter.” Tennyson.

"So would I! But the light won't come! And neither science nor culture, nor humanity will bring it! For my part, I have thought the whole thing over, and I agree with old Thomas Carlyle, when he declared, looking up at the splendours of heaven and down on the gloom of earth, 'Eh! it's a sad sight!' I agree with George Eliot in that famous remark she made to her bosom friend in her old age: 'There is but one remedy, my child, for the sad race of men—one grand simultaneous act of suicide!'"

This was rather too much, I thought; so I went on deck. It was a glorious night. Far, far down the horizon, great masses of cloud, their blackness softened into purple by the lingering light, overtopped each other, and built up their airy battlements high into the zenith. Everywhere beside the sky was a pale liquid azure, through which the dim stars shone, and peace, Nature's sublime peace, slept over all. I strolled up and down the deck, alone with my thoughts, and these thoughts were of the strange discussion I had heard. Who was right?—or who was even nearest the truth—apostles of humanity, of science, and of culture? Had they found the great central secret of the Universe, or were they, after all, but blind leaders of the blind—men puffed up with knowledge and pride, to whom the great Revelation should never come? I confess my sympathies were altogether with the prophet of humanity. Yet I knew, and knew well, that all the wealth of sterling probity and enthusiasm could never reduce his theories to practice—it would be all in vain:—

"The still, sad music of humanity,
Like moanings of a midnight sea,"

would still be heard, and still would the words of the poet continue:—

"For morning never wore to eve,
But some poor human heart did break."

And yet how could the Almighty Creator have framed this marvellous universe, with all its splendours, for a race of splenetic and unhappy men? Look around! what a miracle of splendour! The great moon is lifting itself above the waste of waters, and flinging a rippling splendour over the waves. She is scarred and clothed with fleecy clouds, which she drops one by one, until now she looks forth the acknowledged empress of the night, and the stars grow pale and draw in their lights when they behold her.

The silence which Nature loves is upon all things—that silence which Nature never breaks but in music—the music of the birds and streams, and the solemn Gregorian of the ocean! I can hear the splash of the water at the stern, and the throbbing of the powerful engines, that with every sweep of the propeller drives the giant ship through the waters. I can hear the tinkling of a piano in the saloon, and a lady's voice, and the first notes of "*La ci darem si mano*." My friends have turned from philosophy to music. So much the better. But here, too, is another sound, which I certainly have heard before, but I cannot locate it. It seems to be creeping along the side of the vessel, and even to be rising from the water. It pauses and swells in rhythmical rotation, like the sweep of a storm in a pine forest, or the mournful cadences of the sea, as it thunders in cataracts on the beach. And there is a something about it which reminds you of a Greek chorus. The tiny monotone of one voice, and the hoarse murmur of many. It comes not from the saloon or deck of the steamer; not from the wind, there is none; not from the waves—the shores are fifty miles distant. Let us look forward. Yes, here it is coming unmistakably from the dark depths of the steerage. We descend. What a sight! All along the sides of the vessel, pale and angular Norwegian faces, lean and hungry Italian faces, calm and heavy Teutonic faces, are looking—at what? A spectacle for angels and men, and even for philosophers! An aged Irish peasant, clad in rough, homespun frieze, and without any ornament save the glory of white hair that streams upon his shoulders, is surrounded by a group of Irish men, women, and children. Their heads are reverently bent, and the deep bass voice of the men and the light tenors of the women and children blend in touching harmony. And what are they chaunting? Not the "*La ci darem*" of an Italian maestro of yesterday, but a certain canticle that was composed by an archangel some nineteen centuries ago, and his audience was a woman, but blessed above all and among all. And the chorus is another canticle, composed by a chorus of 100,000 voices fourteen centuries ago, and on the streets of an Asiatic city, when the gates of the Cathedral were thrown open, and mitred prelates came forth, and the people anticipated the decision of their pastors, and proclaimed the woman of Nazareth to be the mother of the living God. And these two canticles go on and are repeated in the musical murmur of human voices, until they con-

clude with the great hymn of praise to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, who are and have been and shall for ever be! The canticle of the Rosary is familiar to these poor exiles. They learned it at their mother's knees—they sang it in the lonely white-washed chapel on the Irish hills—they will carry it in their hearts and on their lips, and like the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon, they will sing that song of Sion in a strange land!

Once more upon deck—this time with some new sensations. Here I find myself right in the midst of two civilisations.

The civilisation of the saloon, though in concrete form it dates but from yesterday, is but a series of broken lights, caught from the suspended or rejected philosophies of the past. The mysticism of Plato, the doubtings of Epicurus, the blank materialism of Lucretius, have been revived in our time, and find issue in speculative and intellectual Atheism, and in such barren and hopeless solutions of the great problem of human happiness as those to which we have just listened. Science, groping with a thousand arms in every direction, finds itself even in the material world confronted by a wall of blackness, impenetrable, insurmountable; and somehow the wayward movements of humanity, which it hoped to bring under cosmical discipline, break away from its arbitrary laws, and rush into chaos and disorder. With every appliance that wealth can afford, with all the facilities that private patronage and governmental support can give, with all the enthusiasm with which the public follow each fresh advance, and hail each fresh revelation, modern pagan civilisation is inconsistent and illogical in its teachings, false in its professions, and a dismal failure in its attempts to meet the moral and intellectual needs of men. A teacher without knowledge, a prophet without inspiration, a magician who has lost his charm, its judgment is the reverse of that which fell on the Jewish prophet, for it curses where it seeks to bless.

Far different is the civilisation which is represented by the humble occupants of the steerage, far different the philosophy on which it unconsciously rests, far different the gigantic effects which it produces and will never cease to produce. These poor exiles do not know that the philosophy which they profess is the steady light of reason that burned in the mind of Aristotle centuries before Christ, and was afterwards incorporated into the scholastic teaching of the Church. They do not know

that their faith is buttressed by weighty arguments which all the ingenuity of satanic intelligence has not shaken, though put forth in language so eloquent that the soul refuses to forget its music, even when the reason has recognised its falsehood. They do not know that Augustine and Aquinas, that Jerome and Bernard, exhausted all the riches of their matchless intellects to illuminate and adorn the faith which they, in all simplicity, profess ; and that in the full white light of the nineteenth century such colossal geniuses as Newman and Manning, having passed through every phase of speculative belief or unbelief, have become at last, in the full vigour and maturity of mental power, little children, professing the same doctrines, the exiles hold, and finding their strength in the same prayers the exiles are just repeating. They only know that the history of their faith is this. A morning of sunshine, when, like the haze over a summer sea, the sunshine of faith lay warmly over the land ; and then a long night of darkness and gloom, streaked with fire, into which their historians plunging, have only heard, as Richter in his dream, the rain falling pitilessly in the abysses, and the cry of a despairing people, " Father in Heaven, where art thou ? " From the gloom and the storm and the shadow, from the wreck and ruin of seven centuries, they have saved the memory and tradition of the loftiest ideas that can guide the principles and sway the emotions of men. And now at last emancipated, about to tread on free soil, to breath the free air, under the pulsing of a free flag, they will be given an opportunity of testing and showing, side by side with the barrenness of Pagan civilisation, the fruitfulness of the Christian ideal. For " Forward " too is the motto of these exiles ; and their eyes, wet with the despair of the past, are straining after the hope of the future. Let us follow them. In a few days, masters and servants, the wise ones and the foolish, will be hustled together for a moment on the quays of New York, and then will separate. The masters will go into their drawing rooms and counting houses, the servants into the kitchens and workshops. The masters will hang their splendid rooms with Oriental tapestries, and wonderful pictures of actresses and opera singers, of horses and dogs, will gleam from the gilded walls. The servants will hang on the whitewash of their attics some penny prints, but they will be pictures of angels and saints. The masters will write and lecture on humanity and philanthropy—the servants know nothing of these things, but they will build

with their hard earnings convents, colleges, asylums, and magnificent hospitals, where the highest medical skill will minister to suffering humanity, where holy nuns will lay their soft hands on the throbbing brows of the sick, and priests will whisper to dying ears the only message that can bring solace to the stricken. The masters will build superb palaces for themselves, glistening in white marble; and with a kind of unconscious irony, the servants will erect side by side with these palaces mighty temples which look down with disdain on these abodes of mortals, and whose glittering spires, like fingers of fire, teach to these proud masters the lesson of the kitchen and the attic, that "forward" means "upward," or else a rushing towards eternal destruction. And some day, when the sun is shining very brightly, the masters will come down from their high places and they will stand on the mosaic pavement of these temples, and they will stare and wonder at their marvellous beauty—the carving and the fluting and foliating of the pillars, the white glimmering statues of saints; the poems that are wrought in the stained glass of lancelights and rose windows. But they will never know that all this architectural loveliness was wrought by the prayers and faith of the rough-handed labourers on the quays and railways, and the modest Irish girls who minister to their own lordly wants at home. Unnoticed and unrecognised, they carry on the great process of civilisation save when some great seer, like Emerson, points to their work, and tells his countrymen that even the material prosperity of their great Republic has been built by the hands of the Irish race. And not only in America, but in Australia and New Zealand, in "the summer isles of Eden" that slumber on the broad bosom of the Pacific, in every region that is hallowed by the light of the Southern Cross, the same miracle is wrought by the same consecrated race. To them has been whispered the great mediæval secret that built Cologne Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, the secret that has placed St. Patrick's Cathedral a shining symbol in the heart of the most worldly of modern cities—the secret that made the Irish miners of Australia take the Cathedral of Sydney three times from the teeth of the flames, and three times flung it higher and higher into the blue vault of Heaven. And the spiritual influence of the race is quite equal to the material. Wherever they go, they shed around the light of faith that is almost vision, of purity unassailable, of strong enthusiasm for what is just and right, or fierce

hatred for what is cruel and wrong, and a passionate love for that hallowed isle in the Northern seas, where they believe that every blade of grass that grows springs from the relics of a hero or a saint. And who can doubt that if truth is great and must prevail, if all these wonders are manifestations of a supernatural mission and a supernatural power—if they are evidences that the faith these exiles hold is the only philosophy on which civilisation can be built—who can doubt that the final resolution in the history of the world will be effected by the silent forces these exiles wield—by the new life they will quicken, by the contempt they will pour on the idols of a vanishing philosophy, and by the mastery in every department of religious and scientific thought they will infallibly win? Let the world and the leaders of modern thought say what they please. To my mind it is certain as if written with a finger of fire on the firmament of Heaven, that the only civilising agency in the world to-day is the Catholic Church, working chiefly through the apostles of the Irish race.

Whilst I am thus thinking of them, they are sunk in profound slumber. They are dreaming of the purple heather and the yellow gorse—of the pattern and the dance—of the white-haired mother who stretched her hands in a long farewell from the cabin door.

It is just striking twelve. I hear steps coming up the companionway from the saloon. Three men stand before me in the moonlight.

"I tell you," said one, "the kings of the future are the men of science."

"No," said the second, "but the men of culture, education and refinement."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. G., "but they in whose hearts are found some deep echoes of the great voice of humanity."

"Not even these," thought I, "but the men of faith and prayer."

P. A. SHEEHAN.

THE PRIEST.

A BABE on the breast of his mother
Reclines in the valley of love,
And smiles like a beautiful lily
Caressed by the rays from above.

A child at the knee of his mother,
Who is counting her decades of prayer,
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,
And kisses the Sufferer there.

A boy with a rosary kneeling
Alone in the temple of God,
And begging the wonderful favour
To walk where the Crucified trod.

A student alone in his study,
With pallid and innocent face ;
He raises his head from the pages
And lists to the murmur of grace.

A cleric with mortified features,
Studious, humble and still,
In every motion a meaning,
In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar,—
A Christ at the foot of the cross,
Where every loss is a profit,
And every gain is a loss.

A *Deified Man* on a mountain,
His arms uplifted and spread—
With one he is raising the living,
With one he is loosing the dead.

D. B. COLLINS.

West Troy, New York.

MICHAEL BLAKE, BISHOP OF DROMORE.

PART X.*

“’Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.”—BYRON.

A STORY belonging to an earlier part of our narrative may be mentioned here. I do not call it an incident, for that would imply that it had actually happened. The legend ran that the snow-white hair which made Dr. Blake’s old age more venerable had not waited for old age to come. Very early in his priestly course he was spending the evening with some friends, when a summons came for him to attend some dying person. His mother—so we think the tale was told to us—received the message, and, not thinking it urgent, refused to allow her son’s little social enjoyment to be interrupted. It would seem that more pressing messages reached him later, announcing that the sick person was at the last gasp; and, when he heard of the delay and the danger, his grief and holy indignation, as Sir Walter Scott says, “blanched at once the hair.” If such things are not true, how do they start up? What sort of person takes the trouble of inventing them? Such things have certainly happened. Lord Byron mentions “Ludovico Sforza and others” in his note to the opening of “The Prisoner of Chillon” :—

“ My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night
As men’s have grown from sudden fears.”

A newspaper cutting which we once put aside for the sake of its bearing on the present subject begins with the German form of Ludovico, referring evidently to a different person :—

“The hair of Ludwig, of Bavaria, who died in 1294, on his learning the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death, became almost suddenly as white as snow. The same thing happened to the Hellenist Vanvilliers, in consequence of a terrible dream, and also to the French comedian, Blizard, who,

* This numbering is adopted for the purpose of including the two intercalary papers, “Dr. Blake of Dromore and Father O’Neill of Rostrevor,” pp. 248 and 320 of this volume.

having fallen into the Rhone, remained for some time in imminent danger of his life, clinging to an iron ring in one of the piles of a bridge. A like change was wrought in the case of Charles I., in a single night, when he attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Castle. Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI., found her hair suddenly changed by her distresses, and gave to a faithful friend her portrait, inscribed "whitened by affliction." The beard and hair of the Duke of Brunswick whitened in twenty-four hours, upon his learning that his father had been mortally wounded in the battle of Auerstadt. Sometimes even one night of intense suffering has been sufficient to bleach a raven head. We are told of a soldier in India who, for some breach of his duty, was condemned to pass one night in the dark cell appointed for solitary confinement, and who, having thrown himself upon the ground, presently felt a large cobra-capella gliding over his body, and forming itself into a coil upon his chest, attracted by the warmth. Knowing that his only hope of safety consisted in perfect quiescence, he remained motionless throughout the fearful night until the prison door was opened in the morning, which disturbed his fearful companion, and the cobra glided away. The poor soldier left the cell with a head as white as snow. As an instance of more gradual effect, we may cite the American President, Polk, who entered upon his official duties with a head of magnificent black hair, and left them at the end of four years with one completely white."

Some interesting letters addressed to Dr. Blake have come into our hands too late to use them in the proper place. For instance, the Primate, Dr. Curtis, writes a long letter from Drogheda on the 12th of October, 1825, bearing postage 3s. 4d., and the following bilingual superscription : *Reverendo admodum D. D. Michaeli Blake, Archidiacono S. T. D., &c., &c., &c., nel Convento di Gesu e Maria, Via del Corso, Roma.* Archdeacon Blake—as his title then was—did not guess how much interested he himself was in the following paragraph, in which the third of the Dromore selections was, no doubt, Father Peter Kenney, S.J. "I beg leave to refer you to what I had the honour of writing to you in August last, of the selection then in progress of three candidates to be presented by the clergy of the Diocese of Dromore to the Holy See for appointing a successor to their late Bishop, Dr. Hugh O'Kelly. They have since presented to me, as Metropolitan, and I have confirmed a statement of that selection, with an humble petition to His Holiness proposing Drs. Kelly, M'Ardle and Kenney, but advertising that all, and Dr. M'Ardle particularly, prayed the preference may be given to the Rev. Dr. Kelly, then Dean of Maynooth, and since appointed Professor of Dogmatic Theology there, in the room of Dr. M'Hale."

In the same letter the Primate says : "On the 15th September eight Prelates, Trustees of Maynooth, met in Dublin at Dr.

Murray's, where we saw, admired, and praised your two last letters to His Grace, and your irresistible exertions in favour of your College, for which you are the only fit person for adopting studies, rules, and regulations." A subsequent letter of the same Prelate (Drogheda, 20th May, 1827) was probably less agreeable to Dr. Blake, for it ran counter to one of his favourite projects with regard to the new Irish College at Rome. "As to what you mention of our sending thither, for their ulterior improvement, after finishing their ordinary studies in our Colleges here, some of our most talented and hopeful students, I cannot, for the moment, hold out any great encouragement. The great distance and expense are generally excepted against as almost insuperable difficulties, and promising but little utility. Nay, at Maynooth the very project has appeared offensive and rather an insult to that College, where they think a greater progress might be made with less trouble and cost than by straggling on the continent. Indeed it happened, awkwardly enough, that poor Dr. Callan appeared to many to have lost instead of gaining any great information or polish by his tour, though made in your own company, and in fine, that *coelum, non animum mutant*, &c." He went on to express very pointedly his regret that Dr. Blake proposed to return to Ireland, and he even said that this step would be fatal to the young College. "We neither have at present, nor can we expect to have for several years to come, any person to whom we could confide the government of that College. Such a person should be educated and formed by long and useful residence at Rome, and have more personal merit than is easily met with. I fear that some part of what my natural sincerity and candour have obliged me to mention above may be disagreeable to you, and I am sorry for it, as I should be very happy to render you any service or kind and friendly office in my power."

One of the letters of Archdeacon Blake—to give for once this unfamiliar title—to which Dr. Curtis referred with praise, has by some chance fallen into our hands, though it was evidently not a mere copy or rough draft, but prepared for transmission to Dr. Murray. Perhaps Dr. Blake, in trying to utilise the last moment before the departure of the mail, succeeded in just missing the post by a few minutes, and then, turning the mischance to good account, made an improved second edition of his letter. It is dated "Rome, October 12, 1824," and tells how he had reached

the Eternal City on the 2nd of that month, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Even he could not begin his official work that evening; but the next day he waited on Cardinal Somaglia and Monsignor Caprano. When invited to set down in writing the objects of his mission, he does not allow himself two or three days for the purpose, but the next day presents the document of which we have before us now the copy that he made for the Irish Archbishops. This state paper informs the Eminentissimo Principe in Italian which is too intelligible to be very classical, that, though in Ireland there are seminaries enough to supply a sufficient number of priests, yet there is a lack of acquaintance with canon law, ceremonial according to the Roman rite, and other branches of ecclesiastical science; and that, therefore, the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland would desire to see established, at the centre of Christianity and under the eye of the common Father of the faithful, a college in which certain chosen students, who had almost finished their course in the home seminaries, might spend two years in perfecting themselves in their theological studies, &c. This, we knew already, was Dr. Blake's original idea, which he was soon forced to modify. As for the means of carrying out the project, he enumerates "trecenta lire sterlini," that is "1,200 scudi," which he brought with him; and he says his library "will be sold" for £500. Probably he overrated its market value, and a remittance of £150 from Dr. Yore was, perhaps, the proceeds of the library. A friend had promised £2,000; and he reckoned on getting back all that remained of the property of the old Irish College in which he himself had studied thirty years before.

Why was not this document given when we described the weary lustrum that Dr. Blake spent at Rome refounding the Irish College? *Nemo dat quod non habet*. Some also of Dr. Murray's letters came to our hands subsequently. The earliest of these seems to have been sent to Dr. Blake after he had set out on his Roman mission, although it is dated August 27, 1824, and although we have just seen that Rome was only reached on the 2nd of October by a pilgrim who was not wont to loiter on the way. In this first letter and in most of the others the Irish Sisters of Charity seem to hold the first place in the writer's thoughts:—

"I pray you to urge, with all your influence, the approbation of the Rules and Constitutions of the Sisters of Charity. The Monks or Brothers of the Christian Schools, who recently obtained the sanction of their Constitutions, afford a precedent

which it will not be easy to get over. Our Sisters are surely as well entitled as they to that favour. But it becomes still more necessary for them on account of the circumstances which I mentioned the other day; namely, that they were embodied by apostolical authority under the rules of the *Virgines Anglicanae* of York, as far as the said rules were compatible with the duties of our Sisters. This might afford ground for scruples which it might seem expedient that the Holy See would remove. I fear I shall not have time to write by you to Monsignor Caprano; but I will write to him by post, recommending you and your commission to his protection, and mentioning that I have directed you to renew my supplication to the Sacred Congregation on the subject of the Sisters of Charity, whom I am most anxious to see placed on a solid and permanent footing. May the blessing of God accompany you and bring you back in safety to us."

In his first letter from Rome, from which we have given a few extracts a moment ago, the last words are:—"I have not yet succeeded with Monsignor Caprano for the Sisters of Charity; but I hope soon to have good news for them." But there was still many a month, and even several years, before the accomplishment of that secondary object and of the principal purpose of his sojourn in Rome. With regard to the latter the following letter was written more than a year after Dr. Blake's arrival. We need not say that all our documents are original, and have never been printed before.

"North Cumberland-street, Dublin,

"7th Nov., 1825.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR BLAKE,

"Since the receipt of your last kind letter I have been in almost constant expectation of hearing that you were in possession of your long-expected College. The three weeks which you mentioned have flown away, and several others after them, and still you languish under the pain of hope deferred. I give myself some credit for not having applied to the bishops to send forward subjects for the new establishment, as I had some anticipations that you might be doomed to suffer still further disappointment; and, in that event, the situation of the young men, should they in the meantime arrive in Rome, might be far from being pleasant. I hope you will have fortitude enough not to allow your spirits to sink under these repeated disappointments. Though I have very little claim to the kindness of my correspondents, I could not help wishing that, without waiting for my answers, you had favoured me a little oftener with a few lines, even if you had nothing to tell me but the state of your own health, which must be always dear to me.

"I send by this post to Messrs. Barnewall and Sons, London, a bill of the Bank of Ireland, on Messrs. Coutts and Co., to be forwarded to you—amount £223 6s. 3d. British. This is not all for yourself, it is made up of the following sums:—

From Mr. Yore to you,	-	-	£150	0	0	Irish.
From Dr. Curtis to you as his agent	-	-	5	13	9	
From Dr. Coppinger do. do.	-	-	10	0	0	
From myself do. do.	-	-	10	0	0	
From myself to Mr. Argenti,	-	-	5	0	0	

From the priests of Liffey street, and the		
Rev. Mr. Kinsella, of Carlow, for the re-		
building of St. Paul's Church,	-	£9 0 0
From myself for the same purpose,	-	50 0 0
Balance of your former account after		
paying your letter of credit,	-	2 9 0
		<hr/>
		£242 2 9 Irish.

"The preceding sums produced the English bill which is marked on the reverse, and which when turned into Roman crowns you must take the trouble of applying in the manner just mentioned.

"Were it not for the distressed state of our new chapel, which owes about £7000—for the recovery of which the contractors have entered a lawsuit against me and some of the parishioners—I have no doubt but I should be able to procure a much larger sum for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. But while my own chapel is in danger of being seized on by the creditors, applications (at least on my part) for the above purpose, how much soever it is calculated to engage the feelings of every Catholic, must be almost hopeless.

"On Monday next, the feast of St. Laurence O'Toole, the patron of this Diocese, we are to open our new chapel (which we now call a church), although it is in a very unfinished state, and heavily burthened with debt.

"You will be surprised to hear, if you have not yet heard it, that on the 29th ult. I married Marquess Wellesley to Mrs. Patterson, a widow lady of America, a Roman Catholic, and sister-in-law to Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte. The ceremony was first performed by the Protestant Primate.

"Our partial conferences, at all of which I could not assist, were not as well attended as I could wish. I have therefore established one general conference for all the secular priests of Dublin, to be held in my own presence in your large parlour; and this I find to answer much better. I have run out my paper and said little, and have now only space to request you to write to me often, and to believe me most truly,

"Dear Dr. Blake,

"Your assured friend and servant,

"D. MURRAY."

"The chapel which we now call a church," was the present Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough-street. Dr. Curtis and all these old bishops had excellent styles of hand-writing, none bolder or clearer than Dr. Murray's, from which we print a letter that started from North Cumberland-street (what number?) the month following the preceding letter:—

"Dublin, 17th December, 1825.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR BLAKE,

"Though it will not, I fear, be possible for me at present to give you more than a few lines, I am anxious not to let this post pass without putting you in possession of the sentiments of the Archbishops regarding your present prospects at Rome. As far as they have been made acquainted with your proceedings, they highly approve of all that you have said and done in their name and in their behalf, and in particular they approve of the manner in which you urged your objections

(which are also theirs) against the placing of an Italian Rector at the head of the intended Irish College. In addition to the arguments which you used, I beg to add that one of our objects in wishing to have a respectable Irish Clergyman at the head of that establishment was that we might, in him, have a confidential agent, through whom we could freely and safely communicate with the centre of Catholic unity. This object would be wholly defeated by the proposed plan. The English can govern their college at Rome through a National Superior; the Scotch can do the same; it is then only the Irish that are considered unfit for the enjoyment of such an advantage. In short, a college with an Italian Rector was not solicited by us, nor did the idea of such an arrangement once enter our minds when you announced with expressions of gratitude, to which every heart among us was responsive, that the Holy Father had most benignly granted the prayer of our petition. If this unforeseen difficulty impede the accomplishment of our hopes, we have, of course, no right to complain; but we have great reason to regret that an earlier intimation of it did not enable you to save much valuable time and much money, which could have been otherwise more profitably employed. If the conditions which you mention be ultimately insisted on, you have but to decline, in the most respectful manner possible, the gracious offer of his Holiness. I do not know whether, in that case, you will stand in need of a procurator from us to re-transfer the money which you vested in the Roman funds. If so, send me by the return of the post the form of one, and it will probably overtake the Archbishops in Dublin, as the College Trustees are to meet on the 18th January, and will not separate for a few days. Your last letter reached me in sixteen days, and I perceive that mine reached you in seventeen days. I hurry off this, that I may have a chance of receiving your answer during the sitting of the board. It was only on the 3rd inst. that I answered Monsignor Caprano's letter enclosing the Pope's circular regarding St. Paul's. I mentioned to him that I had transmitted to you my poor offering, and prayed him to entreat His Holiness's gracious acceptance of it. I have just learned that poor Dr. Russell has got a bilious fever. Should it be after all necessary for you to return home, *re infecta*, you will not think of stirring until after Easter. I may have, too, some commissions for you, which I cannot mention, or rather which I need not mention until after your next letter. Mr. Yore is doing your duty with great zeal and effect.

"I remain, dear Doctor Blake,

"Yours most faithfully,

"D. MURRAY.

"I hope you will be enabled to say that our Holy Father is quite recovered."

This energetic letter seems to have had the desired effect, for, when the next letter was written, 8th January, 1827, the Irish College seems to have been begun on the original plan, as there is question already of relieving Dr. Blake, and yielding to his entreaty to have a successor appointed. But the other object of Dr. Murray's solicitude would seem to be still at this time very far from being realised. For he discussed the objections as follows:—

"I must now beg to say a word about the difficulties which have been urged against the approbation of the Constitutions of the Sisters of Charity. The first is the incompatibility of enclosure with the nature of their institute, and the conse-

quent inexpediency of its rules being approved by the Holy See, whereby it would be made a Religious Order. 2ndly, the dangers to which our Sisters of Charity are exposed, without any protection from the Government or civil magistrate. 3rdly, the Superioress of the whole Order is required to be subject to the Archbishop of Dublin, which might mar the spreading of the Order or give occasion to troublesome remonstrances.

"I must say I was somewhat surprised at reading the first difficulty. I never thought of procuring for the Sisters of Charity the dignity of a religious order. Their name is the *Pious Congregation* of the Sisters of Charity. The approbation of their Constitutions by the Holy See would give them no title to the privileges of a religious order, nor would it take the holy engagements into which the Sisters enter out of the rank of simple vows. Benedict XIV. in his Brief, *Quamvis justo*, clearly draws the distinction between the approbation of the rules of a pious Institute by the Holy See and the approbation of the Institute itself. Proving that the *Virgines Anglicanae* did not constitute a religious order, though their rules were approved by Clement XI. in his Brief, *Inscrutabili*. His Holiness says: '*Ipsis denique Literis apposita legitur clausula salutaris, videlicet, "Caeterum non intendimus per praesentes ipsum Conservatorium in aliquo approbare": quae tunc apponi consuevit cum approbantur seu confirmantur Regulae alicujus Conservatorii aut Monasterii mulierum sine clausurâ viventium.*' His Holiness afterwards decides authoritatively, '*Virgines Anglicanas non esse verè Religiosas,*' and that their promises are but simple vows. Now these are precisely the Rules so approved by Clement XI. and confirmed by Benedict XIV., under which the first foundresses of our Sisters of Charity were in York trained to a religious life, and under which Rules they were ordered to live, as far as should be compatible with the duties of their Institute. Finding that, for this purpose, extensive alterations should be made, they thought it better, with the approbation of my illustrious predecessor, retaining the spirit of their former rules, to form a new body of regulations more analogous to their present duties. This is the body of regulations submitted to the Holy See by my predecessor and by me, and we solicited for it only the same approbation which had been given to the rules under which the Sisters had, as far as possible, previously lived.

"The second difficulty exists only in name. The Sisters are looked on with veneration by all. I never heard of an insult being offered to them, and you will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that when they visit the poor female convicts in the jail of Kilmainham (as they are in the habit of doing) they are always welcomed by all the officers of the prison, and are treated by them on all occasions with every possible mark of respect.

"To the third difficulty I say that the *Chef-lieu*, or Mother House of the Institute, is in Dublin. That is the natural residence of the Superioress, as it affords the greatest facility of communication. The Institute, too, was established principally for Dublin; and, if other Prelates introduce it into their dioceses, this regulation could not afford any grievous ground of offence, as the Sisters are subject in each diocese to the jurisdiction of the Ordinary. But if it be expedient to alter this regulation, let it be so done: I do not object to the change.

"Yours affectionately in Christ,

"D. MURRAY."

Those who are interested in this subject must for fuller details consult Mrs. Atkinson's admirable biography of Mary Aikenhead,

Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. We are only supplementing it on this point by extracts from the original correspondence placed in our hands. The last reference that we notice is in the letter dated August 20th, 1828, in the middle of which Dr. Murray says: "As for the constitutions of the Sisters of Charity, I hardly venture to touch upon them, but I think you will be in danger of being sent back if you return without them." Dr. Meagher, in a note to his sermon at the funeral of Archbishop Murray, states that he afterwards, in a personal interview with the Pope, obtained still higher privileges for the Sisters of Charity.

Meanwhile Mary Catherine Macaulay had, with great courage and energy, begun the kindred yet very distinct Institute of the Sisters of Mercy. Of this Order, also, Dr. Blake was in a material and literal sense a founder, for we read in the delightful *Life of Mrs. Macaulay*, by Mother Austin Carroll of New Orleans, that "early in July, 1824, the first stone of the Mother House, in Baggot-street, Dublin, was blessed and laid by the Very Rev. Dr. Blake; but just as the building was commenced, he was called to Rome"—for the object that we wot of. Thirty years later we find him giving a little mark of his paternal affection for the young house of that Sisterhood which he had established in Newry. The firm, minute, and perfectly formed handwriting is wonderful for a man in his 81st year:—

"Violet Hill, Newry,
"July 2nd, 1856.

"DEAR REV. MOTHER,

"I beg the acceptance by you and your venerable community of the picture of Our Lord's Crucifixion, which I purchased while lately in Dublin and received here yesterday evening. The expression of the countenance is full of agony and charity, and seems to repeat to us, 'Not my will, O Father, but thine be done.'

"You will notice the shades and lights in the picture when you are about to place it on the wall of the chapel. The shades should be farthest off from the window, in order to give proper relief to the more lightsome parts.

"Hoping that you and all your children in Christ are in good health, and all happy,

"I remain, dear Rev. Mother,
"Your faithful servant in Christ,

"MICHAEL BLAKE.

"*The Rev. Mother Superioress of the Convent of Mercy.*"

I passing on from this topic we may emphasise Dr. Blake's share in the work by quoting a passage from Dr. Moriarty's sermon at his Month's Mind; and we continue the quotation beyond what regards the Sisters of Mercy, though some topics are touched

upon which we have already referred to, and some to which we must return :—

“Dr. Blake aided with all his energy and his wisdom the late Mrs. M‘Anley in the foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy—an Order which is the greatest glory of Ireland’s latter days—an Order which has been blessed with a wonderful efficiency for all good works, and with a most singular and almost miraculous fecundity. Planted, like the grain of mustard-seed, in the parish of St. Andrew’s, some years ago, it has literally spread to the very ends of the earth, bearing to every clime the embodied image of that mercy which came from heaven to seek what was lost, to bind what was broken, and to strengthen what was weak. Wherever that Order dwells, let it be known that it owes its existence and its form in a great measure to the illustrious Dr. Blake. Several charitable institutions, such as St. Joseph’s Asylum, Portland Row, the Purgatorian Societies, and others, owe their existence to his charity. Charity made him a patriot in the true sense of the word, and he did love his country very warmly. I mentioned before his earnest co-operation with O’Connell in all his struggles for the liberation of Ireland. But Dr. Blake was not one of those narrow-minded men who can sympathise only with those who think and act like themselves. He loved all who sincerely loved their native land, whether they were old or young. I will mention one fact illustrative of Dr. Blake’s charity, and illustrative of his whole character, ever practical, ever active, ever inventive in well-doing. When in Dublin, he perceived the little chimney sweepers of the city were most destitute of spiritual care. Put to their wretched trade in earliest childhood, they had no opportunity of getting school education. Their sooty faces and their dirty clothes prevented their attendance at worship or instruction on Sundays. He brought them together in a little confraternity. He provided them with clothes, that they might sanctify the Sunday by attending at Mass. He induced them by little rewards and feasts to meet for instruction in catechism, and it was his practice on Christmas-day to eat his own Christmas dinner at the same table and in company with these poor little chimney-sweepers. He, whose courtesy of manner and dignity of bearing would have graced the most brilliant society, never feasted more cheerfully than with these the poorest and lowliest of his flock.”

There is a phrase in this passage which seems to me to illustrate rather strikingly the difficulty which often puzzles us as to the meaning of certain things in ancient authors, which, no doubt, to their contemporaries appeared perfectly clear and intelligible. “He loved all who sincerely loved their native land, *whether they were old or young.*” Many of our readers are too young to detect in the words I have italicised a clever allusion to the unhappy divisions towards the close of O’Connell’s life, which broke up the Irish Nationalists into Old Ireland and Young Ireland. Though devoted to O’Connell, Dr. Blake, like Dr. Moriarty himself, was able to appreciate the fine qualities of Gavan Duffy and his confederates; and accordingly he appeared as a witness for the defence, not only in the State Trials of 1844, but also five years later

in the trial of the editor of *The Nation*. On the first of these two occasions he addressed the following letter to his devoted and valued friend, Mr. James Murphy :—

“ Violet Hill, Newry,

“ January 28, 1844.

“ DEAR MR. MURPHY,

“ I received a letter this morning from Mr. M. Crean, Deputy Secretary to the Repeal Association, and another from Mr. Gartlan, law agent for the traversers in the cause now pending, requesting that I would attend in Dublin to give testimony on Wednesday next. I regret very much that I have been selected for that purpose, for I live so secluded from political society and so confined to my own professional duties, that my testimony can amount to very little; and though I continue my usual exertions here, I am still much annoyed by a night-cough. The state of my hearing also makes me apprehensive of acquitting myself very imperfectly when I have to answer interrogations. However, as the request has been sent to me, I thought it right at least to show my goodwill; and therefore I have written to Mr. Crean that I will be in Dublin, please God, on next Tuesday evening. I have endeavoured to make him sensible of my unfitness for rendering the service for which I have been selected, but that I would attend unless I should receive a counter notice.

“ I beg, therefore, to trouble you with two requests: first, that you will provide for me a lodging in Mr. Walsh's for Tuesday and Wednesday night, and secondly, that you will enquire of Mr. Crean whether my attendance be still considered expedient.

“ As I must engage my seat immediately for Tuesday, there will not be time for receiving your answer until I arrive in Dublin.

“ I remain very sincerely,

“ Dear Mr. Murphy,

“ Your faithful servant,

“ M. BLAKE.”

The eloquent Bishop of Kerry, in the passage quoted before this letter, merely names St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland-row, Dublin; yet this institution is entitled to more than a passing mention in any sketch of Dr. Blake. Among the many works of christian benevolence which he founded or helped to maintain, this was, perhaps, his work of predilection.* It is still maintained in full vigour among us, and it has quite recently been placed on a still more permanent basis by being confided to the care of a community of the Poor Servants of the Mother of

* A very interesting account of St. Joseph's and of some holy souls connected with it—Dr. Blake himself, Father Henry Young, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and Miss Ellen Kerr—will be found in a little book published by the Catholic Truth Society: “A Shrine and a Story,” by the author of *Tyborne*, whom we venture to identify with Mother Magdalen Taylor, the Superior-General of the newest community introduced into Dublin to take charge of St. Joseph's Asylum.

God. His chief co-operator in founding and maintaining this Asylum for single females of unblemished life was Mr. James Murphy, who is still, after more than half a century, as earnest and as active in promoting the welfare of this holy institution as he has been without intermission every week during all the intervening years. In all likelihood this will be Dr. Blake's most lasting memorial. Every sermon preached for its benefit, every document issued in connection with it, mentions him as the founder. His interest endured till his death, and no doubt beyond it. It was he who preached the first charity sermon for this his favourite institution in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, on the 5th of May, 1839; and for the following six years consecutively he came to Dublin to plead the same cause, in the same church which has listened to the same appeal every year since then. The last sermon he ever preached in his old diocese was delivered in the little church of St. Joseph, Portland Row, on the occasion of the dedication of the church, October 15th, 1856, thus testifying how enduring was his interest in this institution. Another instance of his solicitude for St. Joseph's: when he himself could no longer, on account of his advanced age and infirmities, journey to Dublin to preach the Annual Sermon, he deputed his venerated coadjutor, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, to do so on two occasions. And in his last will he says: "I hereby direct my executors to divide my assets into twelve shares, of which three shares are to be given to the benefit of St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland Row, Dublin, that my soul may be prayed for by its inmates in offering up their prayers, particularly at Mass." The other participators in his posthumous charity only receive two shares or one.

In previous portions of this necessarily desultory sketch we have alluded incidentally to the cordial friendship between Dr. Blake and O'Connell. The library of the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, has a copy of O'Connell's "Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon," on the fly-leaf of which is this inscription in the big, brawny hand-writing of the Liberator: "Respectfully and affectionately inscribed to his ever-venerated friend, the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Lord Bishop of Dromore, by Daniel O'Connell, M.P., February 15, 1843." At a public meeting in Dublin he paid this tribute:—

"A more pure apostle was not in the Church from the days of St. Peter to the

present—a heart more disengaged from all that the world had of unworthiness. A spirit more pious never entered the presence of the Fountain of Light and Piety—a human being more devoted to all his duties—the fearless friend of the poor, the example of the wealthier classes, the dauntless corrector of the vices of the great; he whom no pestilence could deter from the dying bed of the wretched parishioner—whom no quantity of property could bribe to the least desertion of his duty. That man had declared himself one of the foremost in the struggle for Repeal, and his adhesion gave a kind of sanctification to their cause, and, he would say, exalted the patriotism that animated them in seeking to restore to Ireland her national independence.”

In the same spirit Father Mathew had spoken of him publicly in 1841, as “that bishop after St. Paul’s own heart.” A little later Gavan Duffy saw the old bishop under peculiar circumstances, which he thus describes in his volume, *Young Ireland* :—

“From Downpatrick we went to Ballynahinch, and thence to Banbridge, where Mitchel resides. Next morning two of us went to Mass in the Parish Chapel, and witnessed a scene singularly solemn and impressive. A venerable old man, whose head I thought I would have recognised as the head of a Christian Bishop if I met it in an African desert, was receiving a public offender back into the Church. He questioned him as to the sincerity of his repentance, then prayed over him and exhorted the congregation, in language wonderfully impressive, to be charitable to their erring brother, as they too might fall.”

We have given sundry indications that Dr. Blake belonged, not to the school of saints who are easy on others and hard only on themselves, but to that class of saints who are hard both on others and on themselves. Yet he had a kind and affectionate heart, and was easily propitiated by anything that looked like sincere humility and repentance. Towards himself he was more implacable. He was a rigorous faster. He did not look with much favour on modern improvements in that department. We have seen how he still observed, and encouraged others to observe, abstinence on Wednesday and Saturday. During Lent he never tasted flesh-meat, and took but one meal of Lenten fare after noon with a cup of thin gruel at night. Nay, the young lads in his seminary were supposed, in accordance with immemorial tradition, to crave permission from him to abstain from flesh-meat during the entire Lent; and this petition he always received with the ejaculation, “Thank God!”—and he was wont to point to his “young men” from the pulpit at the end of Lent, as proving by their appearance the excellent effect of this austere regimen. All through the year, as his housekeeper (dead these many years) informed my informant,

he never made a remark about his food, whether it suited him or not, although his health in his last years required great care in this respect. Instead of calling on his attendant, he would himself carry large books upstairs, whilst so feeble as to be forced to rest several times on the way. He once rebuked a servant sharply in the presence of others, for naturally his temper was quick; but he took occasion that same evening, when all the servants were together, to make an humble apology.

He made his visitation of every parish in his not very extensive diocese every year, examining every child carefully in Christian Doctrine. He distributed edition after edition of an excellent prayerbook which he compiled for his people. In his own Cathedral in Newry he preached assiduously to his people, even when so enfeebled and crippled as to require the assistance of two persons to make his way into the pulpit. We do not pretend that the eagerness of all his flock to hear their old bishop, with the snows of eighty-five winters upon his head, was equal to his fidelity to his supposed duty. For instance, one poor woman, who was probably responsible for the Sunday dinner of her husband and several healthy young appetites, was overheard remarking on such an occasion: "Lord bless us, the putting him in and getting him out will take an hour!"—and off she started to cater for the healthy appetites aforesaid. The reader will notice here and elsewhere our readiness to admit a little shading into the picture by way of variety, if the materials requisite for this purpose had been forthcoming.

From sundry published books, some of which we have named, and from the memories of certain priests and others who were once younger than they are, it would be possible to gather several other particulars about Michael Blake, Bishop of Dromore. But, probably, it is more judicious to leave off here; and, in doing so, I have before my mind a remark of Sir Arthur Helps that "the art of leaving off judiciously is but the art of beginning something else which needs to be done."

Among the notes that I have passed over, one refers to letters published in the newspapers* by Dr. Blake in the beginning of his

* I find these dates in the Annals of Battersby's Irish Catholic Directory for 1838; but a hurried visit to the library of Clonliffe College did not enable me to find the letters in its valuable series of *The Freeman's Journal*. At that time bishops and priests divided their patronage as regards such documents between

episcopate: about the hardships of Catholic tenants in Newry (Jan. 14, 1836), and about the Elections (July 28, 1837). Of a very different nature is the last letter we shall quote from our old bishop, the latest specimen of his handwriting, firm and clear to the end, dated a few months before his death :—

“ Violet Hill, Newry,

“ August 18, 1859.

“ DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,

“ I recommend that it be understood generally that large contributions of money are not expected from charitable donors for the objects of your Institution. The widow's mite, when offered from a truly charitable motive, is very acceptable in the sight of God. A crown or half-crown, or a shilling or a sixpence, when frequently given, is more likely to be of service on ordinary occasions and more likely to exercise a spirit of charity than a larger sum, and when that spirit is often exercised, it becomes habitual, and not only easy but gratifying to its possessor. I know that my clergy are not able to give much almsdeeds or to do great pecuniary charitable acts, and I may say the same of myself; but a small sum given from time to time would not long be missed when given for so good and so great a purpose. I am anxious, therefore, to encourage that practice, and I wish to begin by example, and now send as my first contribution one pound as some little impulse for the success of the little plan for the poor which I have so much at heart. May the Father of Mercies and the God of all consolation pour in upon your establishment abundance of means for the constant exercise of that special virtue which is so dear to Him, is the fervent prayer,

“ Dear Reverend Mother,

“ Of your faithful servant in Christ,

“ MICHAEL BLAKE.

“ *To the Rev. Mother Superior of the venerable community
of the Sisters of Mercy in Newry.*”

The fatherly regard which Dr. Blake thus to the last showed towards the Sisters of Mercy did not diminish the interest he had taken from the first in the pioneer convent of the Black North—the Poor Clares who had boldly sent out a colony from Harold's Cross, Dublin, to the High Street of Newry, some thirty years before the first Sisters of Mercy ventured across the Boyne. The two communities also shared equally in the distribution of his little property directed in his will.

That testament began with these words: “ I bequeath my soul to God, firmly believing in the gracious promises of my Divine Redeemer, and humbly confident of His mercy. I desire that my body may be buried in the graveyard adjoining the old Roman

The Freeman and *The Dublin Evening Post*, which makes it harder to trace references of this kind than it would be nowadays, when *The Freeman* enjoys a monopoly of this branch of literature.

Catholic Church of Newry, without any unnecessary expense, in a plain coffin, and that a slab or small headstone be placed at the head of my grave, with a simple inscription expressive of my humble hope of a happy resurrection, and supplicating those who come after me to pray for the happy repose of my immortal soul." The Bishop was buried accordingly in the graveyard of the Old Chapel; but the following inscription has not obeyed his other directions perhaps as fully as his humility would have desired. It may fitly conclude the sketch, which it summarises well, adding the only remaining date, the day and year of Dr. Blake's death:—

"Here lies the body of the Right Rev. Michael Blake, D.D., for twenty-seven years Bishop of Dromore. Previously Vicar-General of Dublin, Restorer and Rector of the Irish College at Rome. The whole course of his long life was distinguished by piety, charity to the poor, and zeal for the interests of religion. Unwearied in the fulfilment of his arduous duties, he continued to discharge them assiduously, even when bowed down by age and infirmities; and he never ceased to preach the words of eternal life until he was laid in the bed of death. Born 16th July, 1775, he died 6th March, 1860, in the sure hope of the final resurrection. Pray for his repose."

And so of a holy life, and of a simple and straggling record of it, this is at last

THE END.

PROVIDENCE.

A CANDLE-LIGHT in window pane,
 Beneath a seaside thatch ;
 A dim sail on the sobbing main,
 Two eyes that weep and watch.
 Two lips that move in prayer ; two hearts
 Each yearning unto each,—
 One in frail boat, far, far afloat,
 One on the windy beach !

A wild wind from the stormy moon,
 The shriek of lashing foam ;
 A ghostly gale, like banshee's wail
 Around a silent home.
 Where seagulls dip in snowy surge,
 A white face in the morn ;
 A winding sheet, a woman's dirge,
 A life for aye forlorn.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

SICK CALLS.

THEY lived by the boundary wall of a demesne at the side of a bridle road. When the summer sun was shining, and you looked up along the acclivity towards the place, it was very calm and inviting ; or as you passed in the rich moonlight nights, and saw the majesty of the grand beech trees or chestnuts, and their distant shadows on the lane, it looked romantic.

They were an old couple, very old. The husband was eighty-four and some months, and the woman was not far behind in the scoring. They lived in what was once a strong dwellinghouse, but which was old and uncared for now ; and they were old and worn too—one of them deaf and the other nearly blind, living on two shillings or 2s. 6d. a-week, outdoor relief.

It was in the early part of a dark rainy night I was called to the old woman. The kitchen was full of *kippeens* or faggots; the old man hung groping over the fire, and the invalid was in "the room." A neighbouring woman got some things ready for me. The bed was wretched, the walls were black and damp, and the rain through the roof dropped and pattered on the floor, so that a piece of a board was laid on the floor for me to stand on. Never a word of complaint from that poor woman; the only thing that troubled her was—"Oh vo! that the poor priest had to come out in *sich* a night!"

I "prepared" her, gave her Holy Viaticum, anointed her, and when all was over, "Father," she said, "I feel so happy that, if you like, *asthore*, I'll sing you a song."

I asked the woman in attendance to get the poor old couple some nourishment, and left, thanking God for giving such happiness of mind to our poor.

After a time she recovered; but quite recently I was called to the old man. He was religious and pious all his days; and when he was told that the priest was now come, he began to cry out in his earnestness—"Oh, how can I ever meet God? How can I ever go before God?" It was not despair at all—it was an overwhelming sense of the purity of God; something akin to what drew from the Centurion the cry, memorable ever since—"Lord, I am not worthy that you should enter under my roof." He received the Holy Viaticum calmly and with intense devotion. When he was told about the effects of Extreme Unction and how it takes away the sins of our eyes and of each of our senses, and when I said to him, "I am going to do that now"; and then as I anointed his eyes, "thank you," he said—and his ears, "thank you"—and his nostrils and lips, "thank you." When I anointed his hands, he raised them hastily to his lips, and kissed them warmly and heartily; and then he cried, "Now when I meet God, I can shake hands with Him." And he kissed them again and again, crying out, "Now when I meet my God, I can shake hands with Him."

R. O'K.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert has made a noble addition to our Irish historical literature in giving us this large octavo volume entitled "*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum, or Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*," (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). The secondary title recalls to one's mind Mother Raphael Drane's most learned work, "*Christian Schools and Scholars*," and we intend to give the highest praise to both works when we say that they are worthy of being named together. The researches, however, which the Irish bishop had to make in the performance of his task were of a much more original and difficult kind; he has not only pored over the old books and manuscripts in the libraries, but he has examined every graveyard and ruin in Ireland that may have been connected with any part of his subject. He has the true antiquarian spirit, but, luckily, for setting forth his stores of learning he had at his command a much better medium than the lumbering style that has found favour with too many learned antiquaries. Dr. Healy, on the other hand, does not aim at the ostentatiously picturesque manner of some of our moderns, who set themselves to popularise history or philosophy. His style is clear, unaffected,* and vigorous,* and it is peculiarly fitted for his present theme. The book opens well with a large map of "Ancient Ireland, showing the ancient schools and principal territorial divisions before the Anglo-Norman Invasion." Our little island is represented as consisting of only two parts, divided by a line running almost straight from Dublin to Galway. We cannot now mention in even the most summary way, the contents of the twenty-four chapters which are analysed at the beginning more fully and satisfactorily than they are indexed at the end of this volume. All about druids, bards, and brehons—all about Irish schools and scholars before St. Patrick and after St. Patrick—all about St. Patrick himself, and St. Brigid, and St. Colman of Dromore, St. Enda of Arran, St. Finnian of Clonard, St. Brendan of Clonfert, St. Finnian of Moville, St. Ciaran of Clon-

* We venture to claim for this Magazine the distinction of having been Dr. Healy's first medium of publication. In our seventh volume, for instance, we notice elaborate papers from his pen on Lough Derg, on Giraldus Cambrensis, and on the Annals of Lough Key. Will the learned prelate allow us to identify him with the "J. H." who at page 638 of our fifth volume throws into fine rolling ballad metre "Hugh Roe O'Donnell's Address to his soldiers before the Battle of the Curlew Mountains"? This poem alone shows the writer's wonderfully minute acquaintance with Irish topography. An Irish schoolboy could not desire a more spirited piece for declamation.

macnoise, St. Gerald of Mayo, St. Columba, St. Fintan, St. Aengus, St. Laurence O'Toole, and a great many other saints, and many learned and holy men uncanonised: these are only a few of the subjects on which henceforth every student of the early history of Christian Ireland will be bound to consult the author of "*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, or Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars."

2. Why do we speak of Father *Da Ponte*? It is by this name that Father Faber quotes him. The Italian form is rather *del Ponte*; and why should we make him an Italian? In his own Spanish the name is *de la Puente*, in Latin *De Ponte*, in French *Dupont*, and, if English were equally tyrannical in making foreign names conform to its own pattern, we should have a name common enough in England and call him Father Lewis Bridge. Perhaps the Latin form is the best compromise, just as we speak of Blessed Peter Faber, and not by his Savoyard name of Favre. Father De Ponte came into the world when the Society of Jesus was just twenty years old, and he was himself twenty years old when he entered the Society. When we add the fundamental date—namely, that 1534 was the birth-year of the Company of Jesus—we fix Father De Ponte's place with regard to St. Ignatius, of whose *Exercitia Spirituality* he is the most celebrated commentator, and we see how near to the fountain-head was this copious stream of spirituality, which has ever since refreshed souls innumerable. His immediate master in the religious life was Father Baltassar Alvarez, whose greatest glory is derived from St. Theresa, whose confessor he was for some time. He was debarred by his constant delicacy—*tenui vel potius nulla valetudine*—from other sacred ministries, and he determined to try and make some compensation with his pen. To how many thousands of chosen souls has he preached in the most effective manner during these three centuries? Father Lehmkuhl, S.J.—whose own work on Moral Theology has been by far the greatest success of our time in its special department—has edited for Herder of Friburg a new edition of the Latin translation of Father De Ponte's Meditations, in six handy volumes, which will help many a priest in the twentieth century "not to degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God."

3. Two Tales that had dropped out of print have reappeared in second editions. One is "*The Wild Birds of Killeevy*," by Rosa Mulholland (London: Burns and Oates). The form in which it is reproduced is just as pretty as before, while the price is much less. This idyllic romance is, in the judgment of many, even more full of the author's characteristic charm than her more matter-of-fact novels, "*Marcella Grace*," and "*A Fair Emigrant*"—to name only the more recent volumes which are still procurable. The other reprint is Mrs.

Frank Pentrill's "Odile," (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son). This "Tale of the Commune" is really too cheap at a florin—two hundred pages of such bold type in a handsome binding. Catholic households and Catholic libraries will do well to add it to their stores. It is wholesome and pleasant. The writer knows well the French scenes and characters she describes, and, besides having a good story to tell, she has a bright, pure, clever style to tell it with.

4. We have a word, good or bad, for every book that asks a word from us ; and therefore, though it is somewhat abrupt and incongruous after welcoming a new edition of "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," we announce the first volume of Dr. Jungmann's edition of Fessler's "Institutiones Patrologiæ," published by Pustet of Ratisbon, Cincinnati and New York. The well-known Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Catholic University of Louvain has vastly increased the utility of the original work, which was already distinguished for the German fulness and accuracy of its erudition and for its methodical arrangement. It is a most interesting and useful guide to the study of the works of all the Fathers of the Church, and teems with information about every point connected with Patristic literature ; and it is manifestly the fruit of many years of patient research not only on the part of the author, but also on that of his new editor, who has greatly added to some parts of the work and condensed others. Dr. Jungmann has a high reputation not only as an historian but as a theologian, and his latest task required both qualifications.

5. It approaches perilously near to that self-praise which the proverb makes out to be no praise at all, to quote in these pages any kind opinions expressed about "The Harp of Jesus," (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son). But our advertising columns have become so valuable that we cannot afford to insert there any extracts from the criticisms of this little book. We venture to quote a few in this place in the hope that they may induce some others who have charge of children (besides the very many who have already done so), to give the author a chance of reaching a few additional thousands of these young hearts. *The Dublin Review* of April, 1890—which, by the way, cherishes sanguine hopes of seeing Aubrey de Vere succeed Lord Tennyson as Poet-Laureate—is good enough to mention "The Harp of Jesus" in two places. At page 470 it is said :—"This tiny volume, styled on the title-page 'A Prayerbook in Verse,' ought to have a place among the devotional books of every Catholic. Prayers and aspirations, beautiful in their simplicity, are given metrical form in melodious verse, facilitating their committal to memory. It is, for this reason, specially adapted to children, but not the less will the older generation find in it ideas to elevate and instruct." Twenty pages

further on, another reviewer describes the same little volume as "a pleasing book of religious verse, embracing a large number of transcriptions of ordinary prayers, by a well-known writer." At greater length *The Weekly Register* of May 24, 1890, pronounces this kindly judgment:—

"Poetry and piety have conspired with charming effect in Father Russell's latest and well-named little book, *The Harp of Jesus*. It is a prayer-book in verse, a little breviary, or book of hours for children, and for those grown-up persons who have kept their child-heart pious in the thought that God is their Father, and that they are His children, a relation which is the very essence of piety and the very meaning of the word. Following the Venerable Bede, Father Russell thinks that the young may be drawn more easily to learn and to recite prayers in rhyme, and so 'to lisp in numbers,' though they may not be budding poets. And the verses of this book will admirably attain that end; fervent as they are, and pithy, and to the point. There is a subtle and seemingly almost artless art in many of the paraphrases. The 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' the 'Apostles' Creed,' the prose of these no poet shall supersede; but we do not feel the same about 'The Meditation on the Sign of the Cross,' or 'The Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition.' The book is small enough, as well as pleasant and pious enough, to be carried in the breast pocket—near the heart."

6. Some of our readers may occasionally have noticed that we do not feel bound to praise a book merely because it happens to be written by a well-intentioned Catholic and brought out by a Catholic publisher. In particular we have a sort of spite against stories with a controversial smack where everything is edifying and smooth in religious matters, but where often the story is very poor and the theology somewhat childish. This personal observation is meant to emphasise the hearty praise that we are able to bestow on a new book by Mrs. Parsons, "*Thomas Rileton*" (London: Burns and Oates). It is, indeed, frankly controversial, but the controversy is very good of its kind, and it is boiled down judiciously in an interesting narrative with a good many nice characters and a fair amount of incident. The rescue of Dedding's daughter is not made probable enough, as far as a rather precipitate reader could perceive. Are not the conversions a little overcrowded? Mrs. Parsons has an excellent style of her own, and that is a great advantage even in a religious novel.

7. The publisher of Father Lehmkuhl's *De Ponte*—Herder of Freiburg, who has houses also in Munich, Strasburg, and Vienna—publishes at St. Louis in Missouri an admirable essay by Mr. Conde Pallen, "*The Catholic Church and Socialism*." Of a more practical character are two earnest addresses to the Brothers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in London which Father Kenelm Digby Best has published under the title "*Why no good Catholic can be a Socialist*" (London: Burns and Oates). The Oratorian Father discusses Socialism in its relations with property, and with authority, quoting many decrees bearing on the subject.

8. Father Monsabrè, O.P., who has filled the pulpit of Notre

Dame in Paris for some twenty Lents, devoted one series of his conferences to Christian Matrimony. M. Hopper has translated this volume, and the Benzigers (New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati) have published it with fitting care. Yet we think many parts of the book are unsuited for this country, however it may be with the original hearers, many of them prone to be influenced by the corrupt society around them.

9. We fear it is late to announce Mr. Wilfrid Robinson's "Pilgrim's Handbook to Jerusalem" (London: Burns and Oates), illustrated with several maps and plans, but printed on very thin paper: too late especially as even this paragraph has by accident been held over in type for more than a month.

10. Mr. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, has issued a large illustrated and illuminated card for framing, with room for the entry of the dates of baptism, confirmation, and first communion. By the way it was to a book issued by this Publisher that the puzzling initials, I. O. G. D., were affixed. We are informed that these letters stand for *In omnibus glorificetur Deus*, and we are referred to the fifty-seventh chapter of "St. Benedict's Rule."

11. Father Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, has prefixed an introduction on certainty to an authorised translation of the first volume of Hettinger's great work, "Apology for Christianity." This volume is called "Natural Religion" another will follow on Revealed Religion. This work is pronounced by those most competent to judge to be a work of the most solid merit, and Father Bowden has conferred a great service on the student of philosophy and theology to whom the German language is an insuperable barrier. The English version seems to be admirably executed and is produced with faultless taste by Burns and Oates.

12. Two poetical volumes, recently published, can only receive the most inadequate notice at present. "Wreaths of Songs from Fields of Philosophy" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) is manifestly the work of a Professor of Moral Philosophy whose whole soul is steeped and saturated in reflections on the most profound and abstract truths. Only to a kindred spirit could such songs be intelligible. Many of the phrases resemble the literal translation of German compound words; and there is hardly one of these philosophical lyrics that does not need to be interpreted by the poet himself. So interpreted, they would be found to be full of high and spiritual thought. Happy the souls that can breathe so pure and rarefied an atmosphere! On a lower level, nearer to our ordinary work-a-day world, is the other volume of verse, published by the same firm, "Poems of the Past," by *Moi-même*. In our antipathy for such pen-names we reveal all we know: that this

signature often appeared in the defunct *Messenger of St. Joseph*, and in the *Cork Examiner*, and that "Moi-même" is reported to be a nun. This volume of 330 pages contains about 200 poems, the very names of which show the poetical spirit of the author, and also her religious spirit. "A Child's Heart" is as sweet as any of them, or "*Jesus autem tacebat*," or the "Legend of the Robin," or "Wait." But this last, though it comes second in the volume, shows what most of the pieces show, that this Muse is too much of an Improvisatrice and has not had the advantage of any very stern censorship from her own literary conscience or from any external monitor. After the first two stanzas have determined the metre and accustomed the ear to find the odd lines unrhymed, suddenly this covenant is broken through in the third stanza without any warning or any reason. Though "Moi-même" has a musical ear, she has let many an unrhythmical line pass unchided, and this not merely by constantly treating *torn*, *warm*, and similar words as dissyllables. "The Opening Leaflet," which comes first of all and might be supposed to be specially on its good behaviour, has at least four lawless lines that refuse utterly to be "scanned." This Irish nun has plenty of ideas and plenty of words to match; but her book would have been holier and better for more study, more compression, more concentration, more self-criticism of sound and sense and tenses and everything, and a more resolute striving after that perfection of form of which an English nun has furnished a remarkable example in "Songs in the Night."

13. It is proper to "accuse the reception" of some periodicals that take the trouble of coming to us from afar. *The American Catholic Quarterly*, which fully maintains its high standard of merit, is henceforth to be edited by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, Dr. P. J. Ryan, assisted by two of his priests and Mr. George Dering Wolf, who will probably be for it what Mr. Cashel Hoey once was for *The Dublin Review*. *The Catholic World* has begun a full and elaborate "Life of Father Hecker," its founder and first editor. *The Fordham Monthly* is kept up with great spirit, and must be of enthralling interest for its own immediate world, seeing that it is not without a charm even for fogeys and outsiders across some thousand leagues of foam and sea-sickness. *Le Couteulx Leader* is a bright little paper, presided over by a clever pen and a judicious pair of scissors. The *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, published at Philadelphia, has been made, under the editorship of Father Raphael Dewey, S.J., quite a large religious magazine of high literary merit. In May, 1890, the *Ave Maria* celebrated its silver jubilee. It was founded in May, 1865, by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, now Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Its second editor was Father Gillespie till 1874, and then, after the brief reign of Father Colovin (also dead), it came under the gentle but potent sway of Father Daniel Hudson, *feliciter regnans*. We have heard that its printers (and it is printed well) belong to the same sex as the new Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, Philippa Fawcett.

14. We must end this month with the joyful announcement that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Life of Thomas Davis" (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co.) has at last appeared. We can only mention it now, the first of many times that it is sure to come before our readers.

AUGUST, 1890.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY ASHFIELD MAKES UP HER MIND.

BY all who saw her on the day of the Drawingroom Sylvia Atherstone was much admired, and universally allowed to be the handsomest and most distinguished looking of all the fair *débutantes*. She was, declared these judges of female beauty, the loveliest girl they had ever seen, and worthy in every respect of the good old name she bore.

But of all this admiration Sylvia was calmly unconscious. She was pleased when the ordeal of making her curtesy to the Queen was over, and rejoiced to think that she had passed through it without betraying any undue nervousness or agitation. But more than this she did not care. For, as Sir Eustace had said, she was not vain, nor likely to become so. Her mind was of too high an order to admit of such a petty vice as mere personal vanity. So she troubled herself but little as to what anyone might say about her looks or bearing on the day of her presentation.

But if Sylvia were indifferent as to the judgment pronounced upon her by society, on her first appearance at Court, Lady Ashfield was keenly anxious upon the subject. For some time she had been tortured with doubts as to the truth of Madge Neil's story. The horrible idea that Sylvia might after all be the daughter of poor, insignificant people had kept her awake at night and unhappy by day. The dream of her life had been to see this beautiful heiress married to her only son, Charles Lord Ashfield. But as the dreadful possi-

bility that she might not be, after all, what she seemed rose up before her, she resolved to be cautious—not to push on the marriage till this story had been carefully looked into and settled one way or another for ever. Sylvia Atherstone, with her large fortune and blue blood, would be a wife fit in every respect for Lord Ashfield; but the same girl, good and beautiful though she might be, without money or family, should never wed with son of hers.

Lord Ashfield was full of what his mother was pleased to call "Radical ideas." He professed a decided contempt for persons whose only boast was their pedigree and ancient family. He admired genius, courting the society of those who had risen by their own talents and industry rather than that of gentlemen who counted kings and crusaders amongst their ancestors. This strange taste, thought Lady Ashfield, was the sign of some terrible warp in his nature, and would surely lead him into mischief—perhaps be the cause of his marrying someone much beneath him in station. But against this she was determined to guard. And until Madge appeared upon the scene, she had considered Sylvia the one only girl whom she would be pleased to welcome as her daughter-in-law. And even after she had listened to the story of the wreck and heard of the declared substitution of one child for another, she was still true to Sylvia. She refused to believe Madge's statement, resolved to treat it as a bare-faced invention, and showed Lord Ashfield as plainly as she dared that she wished him to marry Sylvia Atherstone, granddaughter of her best and oldest friend.

But then an awful fear took possession of her. What if this tale were found to be true? And she trembled lest she should have already gone too far, have urged this marriage too earnestly upon her son. Then came the recollection of the approaching Drawingroom. If she presented Sylvia, she was in a manner responsible for her. Hitherto she had not felt uneasy. But now! What if this girl, whose beauty and elegance she had lauded to her friends, should prove to be a nobody? What if she were found less lovely, less aristocratic looking than she had imagined her to be, wanting in the many points that show birth and family? What if this should be the verdict pronounced upon Sylvia on her first appearance in the world? How she would be laughed at for her ignorance and simplicity.

So as the day of the presentation drew near her soul was torn with anxiety.

At last the ominous hour arrived, and Lady Ashfield swept through the stately rooms of Buckingham Palace, with Sylvia by her side.

Suddenly, her doubts melted away. She became completely reassured. All around she saw looks of admiration and approval, and

she gazed at her companion, full of a growing and fixed belief that she was certainly Sir Eustace Atherstone's granddaughter. It was not possible to think otherwise. The tall, slim figure; the graceful, dignified carriage; the well-shaped head; the dazzlingly beautiful, yet high-bred face; the perfectly easy, unconscious manner of the young girl could only belong to one of good—of noble birth. So, there and then, Lady Ashfield's mind was definitely made up. This wild story that had filled her with terror was utterly false, and was, doubtless, concocted for the purpose of extracting money from her. She would see Madge again soon, and buy a promise of silence from her, even though it should cost her several hundreds. Thus all fear of trouble on that score would be speedily disposed of, and Sylvia should marry Lord Ashfield before the end of the season.

"Your granddaughter has had a great triumph, Sir Eustace," said Lady Ashfield sweetly, as she watched the girl move gracefully about amongst the many friends who had come to see her on her return from the Drawingroom. "She was universally admired, I assure you. And really I do not wonder. I consider her quite perfect."

Sir Eustace smiled, and his eyes rested lovingly on his darling's face.

"Indeed," he said, "and was it necessary she should put on a train several yards long before you could find that out? I always knew she was perfect."

"You have had advantages I did not enjoy. But, even so, had I been in your place, I would have mistrusted my own judgment a little. One never knows what the opinion of society may be, and that is the important point, Sir Eustace."

"Not a bit of it. I don't care one jot what society says or thinks, so long as I know that my Sylvia's heart is in the right place. And I have only to look in her bonnie eyes to know that."

"True. But society will not trouble much about that. Hearts go for very little, I assure you. However, Sylvia is a success, and I congratulate you. And now I must run away. I have two other teas to go to on my way home."

"It was most kind of you to come to us," said Sir Eustace as he gave her his arm down-stairs, "you are very good to my child, and I thank you a thousand times."

"My dear friend, I require no thanks. Remember, I look upon Sylvia as my daughter. You know I hope to call her so one day."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "and I feel deeply complimented that you should. But pray do not forget that '*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*' My Sylvia shall do as she pleases. I sent away Paul

Vyner by your advice, but I will not urge her to marry Lord Ashfield."

"Of course not—I never thought of such a thing. Still I like you to know what I feel about the dear child."

"You are very kind. A true friend to us both. And Ashfield is an extremely fine young fellow. But I am selfish in my love. I want to keep my darling to myself."

Lady Ashfield laughed.

"That you shall not be allowed to do long, I promise you. But good-night. We meet this evening at the Treherne's, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sylvia and I are dining there."

"Then *au revoir*, Sir Eustace, *au revoir*."

And stepping into her carriage, Lady Ashfield drove away.

"Poor old man! How wrapt up in that girl he is," she cried, as she went along. "This story of Madge Neil's would kill him, I believe. But he shall never hear it, if I can prevent it. It is only the raving of a mad-woman, but still it would give intense pain and worry. But I'll soon put an end to it, and Ashfield shall marry Sylvia, I am determined he shall."

But for some days Lady Ashfield was busy, she had many people to visit, many places to go to. And though anxious to see Madge and silence her for ever, she dreaded the interview, and postponed it from hour to hour. Thus the time passed, and, notwithstanding good resolutions she had made, she neither saw nor heard anything of the Neills. Lord Ashfield did not mention them again; and his manner to his mother was kind and affectionate as before.

"He has forgotten them," she said to herself; "so much the better. I may take my own time and go to Madge when it suits me. There is no hurry. But I really expected that Ashfield would have made more fuss about my visiting those girls. However, I am pleased that he does not torment me. He seems now as though he did not care whether I went or not."

But in this Lady Ashfield was mistaken. Her son was far from having forgotten the Neills. He remembered them only too well; and not a day passed without his sending fruit, flowers, or books to Dora. True, they were not sent in his name, nor did he visit the girls in their lodgings. But that was because he felt a delicacy in doing so, since his mother held aloof. He was determined to help them more substantially, as soon as he possibly could. This, however, was a difficult thing to do, and gave him many hours of anxious thought. The sisters were ladies, he felt, in spite of their poor surroundings; and from what he had seen of Dorothy, he was sure she would be keenly sensitive. He wanted a woman to advise him as to how he

should act; and he knew not one to whom he could turn for assistance. He had pleaded for them with his mother, but she had pained him by her cold indifference. Her manner of speaking of Madge, and the apparent dislike she had taken to her, wounded him exceedingly, and he resolved to let the subject drop. He did not wish to see the girls insulted by having charity dispensed to them through a maid; and that, he saw, was all Lady Ashfield would do for them at present. So in her presence their names never passed his lips; and she was completely deceived by his seeming forgetfulness.

One day, as Lord Ashfield strolled through the park, pondering deeply over the curious dilemma in which he now found himself, he suddenly thought of Sylvia Atherstone. She would surely help him. He had known her as a child, as a growing girl. She was always kind and generous, and would surely have no difficulty in finding some feasible way in which to assist Dora and her sister.

"Why did I not think of her before?" he cried. "If I can interest her in these poor orphans, their troubles and mine are practically at an end. And if I can only persuade her to visit them, and she sees little Dora, she cannot fail to become their friend. And Sylvia is so good—so kind, she is sure to grant my request. But how can I see her, I wonder? She lives in a whirl of gaiety since her presentation, and is probably never at home. I must ask my mother; she knows all her doings, as she is her chaperon everywhere she goes. It is just tea-time, and perhaps, by a stroke of good luck, I may find the *madre* in the house. I'll try anyway."

Lady Ashfield was at home, enjoying a rest and afternoon tea in her own particular sanctum, the pretty boudoir that Madge had admired so much.

"My dear Ashfield, what a delightful surprise," she exclaimed joyfully, as her son entered the room and greeted her with a loving kiss. "Why, it is ages since you came to have tea with me."

"Well, mother, you are not often to be found here at this hour," he answered smilingly. "Methinks, you more frequently drink tea abroad than at home."

"True," she said, sighing, "I lead a busy life and have many engagements. And since I have had Sylvia to chaperon, I have scarcely a moment's peace."

Ashfield laughed softly, and helped himself to a dainty roll of bread and butter. "Now, mother, confess. You know you delight in living in a whirl."

"Indeed, you are much mistaken, Ashfield. I delight in nothing of the kind. But it is a duty I owe to society."

"Poor mother! What a tyrant society is. But tell me, does Sylvia feel herself a victim also?"

"Sylvia? That girl is never tired. She rushes here, and rushes there, and always looks as fresh as possible. I tell her it is unlady-like to be so strong. But she only laughs and starts off for something new."

"Quite right. I am glad she enjoys herself. I suppose it would be impossible to find her at home, at tea-time for instance? I daresay she is either out or entertaining a crowd of people?"

Lady Ashfield looked at her son in astonishment, then bent over the tea-pot to hide the pleasure in her eyes.

"Is he coming round to my views at last?" she asked herself. "Is he now anxious to meet Sylvia and woo her as his wife? It seems like it. For what other reason should he suddenly wish to see her in her home? He has heard her beauty praised, has seen how she is admired, and has doubtless discovered how much more charming she is than any other girl he has ever met."

However, she resolved to keep her thoughts to herself, but at the same time give him every opportunity for cultivating Sylvia's acquaintance.

"Our little friend's moments at home are precious," she said aloud, "and are all devoted to her grandfather. She is the sweetest, most loving child possible. Your best chance of meeting her would be if you would come about with me a little more—come to balls and evening parties."

"My dear mother, balls are not in my line. I don't dance, and"——

"That is a pity—for this very evening Sir Eustace is giving a ball to celebrate Sylvia's coming out. It will be a brilliant affair. I am to help to receive the guests, as they are both new to everything and everyone. Therefore I go early."

"Then I shall go with you. I don't affect such entertainments much as a rule," he said laughing. "They rather bore me, I confess, but I should enjoy seeing Sylvia at her first ball. So you may count upon me as your escort to-night."

"That will be charming. I leave this at ten o'clock, sharp. So pray do not be late."

"Not for worlds. And to make my punctuality more certain, I will dine with you, mother, if you will allow me."

"My dear boy, you know you are always welcome. I am quite alone to-night."

"So much the better. It is a long time since we dined tête-à-tête. Now I must be off. I have some business to transact. Farewell till dinner time."

And well pleased at the thought of seeing Sylvia so soon, Lord Ashfield got into a hansom and drove off to his club.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD ASHFIELD MAKES A REQUEST.

The ballroom is ablaze with lights. Every nook and corner is filled with palms and sweet-smelling flowers. The doorways are hung with wreaths of deep yellow roses and maidenhair fern, and the conservatory resembles a fairy bower, with its dainty lanterns and choice exotics. In a small gallery at the end of the room the musicians are tuning their instruments, and the beautiful parquet shines like a mirror. Everything is ready, and awaits the arrival of the guests.

"Oh, grandpapa, is it not lovely?" cried Sylvia gliding across the floor, her white tulle dress floating gracefully about her slim figure. "I never saw anything like the flowers. They are exquisite."

"I am glad you are pleased, my pet," said Sir Eustace, bending to kiss the girl's eager face. "And I really think it looks very nice. But Lady Ashfield is late. I hope she will soon come. I feel quite nervous."

Sylvia laughed merrily.

"Nervous! Oh, grandpapa, what a confession."

"A terrible one, I admit. But I am old, Sylvia, and it is years and years since I played the part of host at a ball."

"Poor darling! It was a shame to torment you into giving one," and she laid her hand caressingly upon his arm. "You should have been firm and refused. I would not have cared in the least."

"But Lady Ashfield would, dear. She insisted I should give it."

"You must not allow yourself to be ruled so much by Lady Ashfield, grandpapa." And the white forehead was puckered into a frown. "You must not, indeed."

"No, dearest, not after to-night. But you will enjoy this ball, my pet?"

The frown vanished; the beautiful eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Oh, yes. I enjoy everything so much, grandpapa."

"That is right. That is what I want you to do."

"But do you know I sometimes feel frightened—as if—well as if I should not always be so happy."

"My dear child, those are foolish thoughts. Put them away. My little granddaughter shall never have anything to make her unhappy, I pray."

"Dear grandpapa, not if you can help it, I am sure. You have always spoilt me and saved me from even the smallest trouble."

"Of course, I have. And now let me see my pet dance and enjoy herself. That will prevent me from feeling tired or worried. You are looking well to-night, my pretty Sylvia, and your triumph will make me happy."

The girl made him a sweeping curtsy and looked up with a merry glance.

"Your granddaughter, Sylvia,
Is too young ;
She cannot bear
Your flattering tongue."

Then suddenly recovering herself, she cried :

"But a truce to our gaiety, sweet grandpapa. Here comes our kind assistant, Lady Ashfield. Now, I trust your mind is at rest."

"Quite," said Sir Eustace laughing, "I breathe more freely."

"Pray do not confess your weakness, or we are undone," cried Sylvia, melodramatically, "put on a bold front, my revered grandfather, and let no one say we are afraid to face our guests. Look as though receptions such as this were quite an every-day occurrence. En avant. Courage!"

And taking the old man's arm, Sylvia drew him forward to meet Lady Ashfield and her son.

"My dear Ashfield, this is indeed a pleasant surprise," exclaimed Sir Eustace, turning to his young guest and shaking him warmly by the hand. "I did not expect you would honour us with your company to-night. I fancied political meetings were more to your taste than balls. But believe me, Sylvia and I are delighted to see you. Eh! Sylvia?"

"Yes, grandpapa. Certainly we are. It was very kind of Lord Ashfield to come."

"He came expressly to see you, Sylvia," whispered Lady Ashfield, "so I hope you will be nice to him."

The girl raised her eyes, full of enquiry, to the lady's face.

"Why do you say that? I always liked Lord Ashfield," she said frankly, "so of course I shall be nice to him."

"To be sure. I forgot. Sir Eustace, your granddaughter is terribly matter of fact."

"She always says exactly what she means, and she is glad to see your son. They are old friends, remember."

"Yes. But come and take me round the rooms, that I may admire them before the crowd comes."

"With pleasure." And offering his arm, he led her away.

"It is extremely kind of you and Sir Eustace to welcome me so

warmly, Miss Atherstone," said Ashfield, "and I hope you will reward what you call my goodness by granting me a dance."

"Certainly," she answered smiling, "which will you have? I do not dance until number ten, as I must receive my friends."

"May I have number ten?"

"Yes. But do you remember our first dance together, Lord Ashfield?"

"Of course I do. You were a wonderful little fairy in those days, and very impertinent to your elders. I shall never forget how you ridiculed my attempt at dancing."

"But I was only a child," she said laughing and blushing, "and a very naughty one, I am afraid. That is eight years ago remember. I would not do so now."

"I am not so sure. There is a very mocking expression in your eyes, Miss Sylvia. But I shall not put temptation in your way. I shall not ask you to dance, but merely to sit out the waltz with me. I have a favour to ask you."

"I hope it will not be anything very difficult, for I should like to grant it. But see, our guests are arriving. You will find me on the landing outside the ballroom door, when it is time for our dance."

And, bowing graciously, she took her place between Sir Eustace and Lady Ashfield.

The ballroom now began to fill rapidly, and upon every side Lord Ashfield was greeted with exclamations of surprise. His appearance at an entertainment of this kind was so unusual, that his friends could not conceal their astonishment on beholding him. But he only smiled and gave them anything but satisfactory reasons for his coming forth from his seclusion to mix with the giddy crowd. He did not dance, but went about amongst the people he knew, laughing and talking, apparently unconcerned; whilst in reality he was feverishly impatient. He longed for the time for his dance with Sylvia to come round, as he felt keenly anxious to know what she would advise about the Neils.

At last the much desired moment arrived, and Lord Ashfield pressed forward through the crowd to claim his beautiful young hostess for the waltz.

His mother looked up as he approached, and seeing the evident pleasure with which he reminded the girl of their engagement, she felt much delighted.

"How anxious he is to talk to her," she thought, as they vanished into the conservatory together. "He seems thoroughly in earnest to-night."

And so he was. But had Lady Ashfield known why, had she

guessed even faintly the cause of his earnestness, the subject of his conversation, she would have done all that lay in her power to separate these two, and prevent the possibility of Sylvia meeting the Neils, at least until she had seen Madge and obtained her promise of secrecy. But she was blissfully unconscious of her son's intentions, and only too well pleased to see him acting, as she thought, on the good advice she had given him.

Meanwhile Sylvia and Ashfield made their way through the ball-room, and seated themselves on two comfortable chairs amongst the flowers.

"It is really a pleasure to sit down again," said Sylvia gaily; "standing shaking hands with several hundred people is a very fatiguing occupation."

"Very. But you seem to have done charmingly," he replied; "your guests are loud in your praises, and your rooms are beautiful. They do you great credit. The decorations are perfect."

"Yes, I think they are. But I had nothing to do with them. Mr. Algernon Armstrong did everything for us."

"Indeed. That was kind. Is he a very old friend?"

Sylvia laughed merrily.

"Well, you are behind the age, Lord Ashfield. But did you really never hear of Mr. Algernon Armstrong? He does all the balls in London."

"Then, I must confess to being woefully behind the age. I never heard of him till this moment. I thought ladies always looked after the decorations and chose their own flowers."

"Some may. But very few, I fancy. Certainly not ignorant girls like me."

"Then is this man a tradesman?"

Sylvia looked very much shocked.

"Oh, no. He is a gentleman. He was in the—something hussars—but did not like the life; so he sold out and took to this kind of thing. For a small fee—ten guineas or so—he does everything, settles everything, and arranges the rooms."

"A noble profession truly. But I think I should have preferred the hussars."

"I daresay. But I am glad he did not. He has saved grandpapa and me much trouble and anxiety."

"Then he is deserving of both respect and gratitude."

"Indeed he is. And grandpapa and I have had such a glorious day all through him."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see, we had nothing to do at home. The house was

in a state of confusion, so we went out early, and pretended we were abroad."

"But how did you manage to do that?" he asked feeling rather mystified.

"In this way. We had coffee and rolls in our rooms, went off then to the National Gallery, and saw a great many pictures by our old friends, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Francia, and Murillo. Then we visited Westminster Abbey, lunched at Blanchard's, and went to Verbeck's. We had afternoon tea at the Grosvenor, and dined at the Grand Hotel. And then we came home just in time to dress for the ball."

"Such a day! My dear Miss Atherstone, how tired you must be."

"Not in the least. And do you know I could hardly believe I was in London. It was just the kind of way grandpapa and I used to live in Paris and other foreign places. I felt the whole day as if I were abroad."

"You have a lively imagination," he said smiling, "and are easily amused."

"Yes. Lady Ashfield thinks me quite plebeian in my tastes. But," she cried, blushing deeply, "how egotistical you must think me. The dance is half over, and I have not asked you what you want me to do for you. Pray tell me now, Lord Ashfield."

"Thank you. It is very kind of you to remember my words, Miss Atherstone. And I trust you may not be annoyed with me for troubling you in this matter."

"Annoyed? I am greatly flattered that you should think of asking me to do anything for you. I am indeed."

"Your words encourage me. And now tell me, did you ever hear that there were two girls on board the *Cimbria* with you? One about twelve, the other an infant?"

Sylvia looked at him in astonishment.

"Of course I did. The Neils—Madge and Dora. They were both drowned, poor children."

"Pardon me. They were not. They were washed ashore at a small village on the Cornish coast, where they have lived until now."

Sylvia's eyes shone with pleasure, and she clasped her hands together in delight.

"Oh!" she cried, "how happy this will make papa. He used to write so much about those children, and mourn their sad fate for a long, long time. Where are they, Lord Ashfield? I should so like to see them. Poor little things!"

Ashfield gazed admiringly at the beautiful eager face.

"They are not little now," he said smiling. "Madge is a young

woman of seven or eight and twenty, and Dorothy is about your own age, although I fancy she looks less ; when I saw her last she was small and ethereal looking."

"Where do they live?"

"Here in London, not far from Belgrave-street."

"I am so glad. Whom do they live with?"

"No one. They live alone in a poor lodging, the rent of which they find very difficult to pay."

"Are they so very poor, then?"

"Very. Madge teaches in a school, and would give music lessons if she could ; and Dorothy"—his voice faltered—"sweet little Dora, who should have been surrounded with every luxury, tended, with the greatest care, was brought up in a wretched orphanage, and was obliged to work for her daily bread in a dressmaker's establishment, till her health broke down. She now lies on a sofa in their dreary lodging, fretting and pining because she cannot earn money and help her sister."

"This shall not go on," cried Sylvia decidedly ; "something shall be done for them at once. Grandpapa"—

"Pray do not say anything about them yet to Sir Eustace," he said earnestly. "Go and see the girls ; talk to them and get to know them, and then we shall see what can be done. They are very sensitive, and may be difficult to help in any substantial manner. My mother has taken some dislike to Madge, and should Sir Eustace mention them, she might say something to prejudice him against them."

"Your mother ! Does Lady Ashfield know these girls too ? It is strange she never told me about them."

"She was so indignant with Madge, why I cannot think, that she would do nothing for them. Her conduct in this matter has been a great trouble to me. We are bound in honour, if in nothing else, to help them, for Dorothy by her presence of mind saved our lives."

"What a brave girl ! But when did she do that ?"

"Two years ago."

And then he told her the story of the runaway horses and Dorothy's struggle with the labourers.

"She must be a darling," cried Sylvia, "and wonderfully strong of will. I long to see her and help to make her happy."

"God bless you. I thought you would take an interest in them."

"Of course. I will go to see them to-morrow. But I really think I must tell grandpapa. I never have any secrets from him, and you need not be uneasy. Papa wrote so warmly about these girls and their father that, no matter what Lady Ashfield said, he would surely help them."

"Very well. Perhaps you are right. And there is one thing you might do that would be kind. Take Anne Dane to see them. Madge is very anxious to meet her once more."

"I cannot do that as Anne is in the country. She is not strong and does not like London. But I am sure she will be glad to hear about the Neils. She has often wept bitterly in thinking of their sad fate. She was very fond of the little one."

"Poor child! Would that we had found them out sooner. They lived within ten miles of Ashfield Park. But then my mother and I were always away. If we had only heard about them some years ago, their lives might have been very different."

"Yes," said Sylvia in a voice full of emotion, "and what a contrast my life has been. And yet"——

She stopped abruptly; a shudder passed over her slender frame.

"I, too," she whispered, "might have been cast away on some lonely shore, and never reached dear grandpapa."

"Thank God you were saved from that fate," he said earnestly. "But pray do not let this story depress you, Miss Atherstone. See, people are beginning to wonder at our solemn looks. There is nothing to grieve over now. Between us we shall surely be able to make these girls happy."

"I sincerely hope so. And thank you a thousand times for allowing me the pleasure of being the first to come to their assistance."

"The thanks should all come from me," he answered smiling, "for you have taken a load from my shoulders. And now I must say good-night. Here comes your partner for the next waltz. I shall make my adieux to Sir Eustace and slip away. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lord Ashfield. I shall long for to-morrow to come, and I think you may trust me to do what is right."

And as Sylvia put her hand in his, she raised her lovely eyes, full of deep, tender feeling, to his.

"I do not doubt it," he said with emotion. "You are as good as you are beautiful. May God bless you."

And before the girl could speak again, he had vanished into the crowd.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADGE LOSES HER SITUATION.

As Mdme. Garniture drove away, Dora toiled wearily up the high staircase to her room. She walked like one in a dream, and was

scarcely conscious where she went. Habit alone guided her ; and so she unlocked her door, took off her hat, and flung herself down once more upon the old hair-covered sofa.

Her head was in a whirl, her mind bewildered and excited, her cheeks burned feverishly, and her eyes shone with a brilliant light.

It was her dinner-hour, and there on the table was the chop that Madge had left ready for her before going out in the morning. She had only to put it on the fire, in her usual way, and eat it with the roll of fresh bread that her sister had taken care to provide for her. But she forgot the time of day, forgot that she should be hungry, and lay upon the sofa staring at the ceiling and murmuring sadly from time to time.

" Sylvia at last, so good, so beautiful, and yet not Sylvia, but Dora. Mistress of all that should be mine. Happy and proud of her position. Poor girl, poor unsuspecting girl. Oh, what is to be done? What is to be done? "

Thus she remained all through the long afternoon, and no one came near to disturb her reverie. But at last, as the clock struck eight, Madge's foot was heard upon the stair, and Madge's voice cried out in surprise as she entered the room :

" Dora ! What have you been doing ? Why is there no light ? No fire ? "——

Dorothy sprang to her feet.

" Oh, Madge, " she gasped, " I am so sorry. But "——

Then throwing her arms round her sister's neck, she burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

" My darling, " said Madge gently, and caressing the golden head as it lay upon her breast, " has that cruel landlord been here again ? Has he "——

" No, no—it is something more than that. Madge, Madge, I have found Sylvia Atherstone. "

Madge staggered slightly, her lips quivered ; every vestige of colour left her cheeks. Her heart gave a wild bound—a leap of joy. And raising her eyes to heaven she murmured, " My God, I thank Thee. " " And now, my pet, " she said drawing Dora down upon the sofa, " be calm, and tell me all. How and when did you see this girl ? "

" This morning in her own home, a splendid house in the Cromwell-road—a mansion Mme. Garniture called it—but oh, Madge, she is so good, so beautiful. "

" I daresay ; she was a sweet, a lovely child. "

" She was so kind to me, Madge, so thoughtful, although I was there as a poor work girl, " sobbed Dora ; " and when I heard who

she was, I felt such a traitor, stealing into her home, learning where she lived, that I might betray her and rob her of everything!"

"Do not call it robbery, Dora. It will only be restitution."

"Restitution! If—oh, if she would but give us a little of her wealth, we might allow her to remain as she is—not ask for restitution, Madge."

"My dear, it must be all or nothing. If I go to Sir Eustace—for that, though I never knew it until Lady Ashfield called him so, is the name of your grandfather, if I go to him, I must say 'this girl is not your grandchild, but an impostor and my sister. Your son's daughter has been brought up as a pauper. Restore her to her rights, send away this Sylvia, who, beautiful and graceful as she is, is only a usurper, and take to your heart this little, fragile, golden haired waif, who has suffered want and privation all these weary years.'"

"Yes, yes. So I have," said Dora plaintively, "and you too, my darling, you too. When I am rich, you shall share my wealth. Nothing shall separate us, Madge. Promise me that."

"Not if I can help it, love."

"And Sylvia shall live with us too. She will not mind me taking her place, if I let her stay with me, and be my sister. She has been first all these years. She will not mind giving up to me so very much after all, perhaps. But oh, I do wish she had not been so kind and sweet. Were she proud, and cold, and hard, I should not care. But knowing that she"—

"Dora, do not wish her different from what she is. If she is good, really good, so much the better. She will then bear this trial—for it will, it must be a trial—in the proper spirit. And now, let us forget her for the present. We know her address and can go to her when we choose to declare ourselves. But I must think the matter well out, and determine how it is to be done. I do not wish to be scorned as a madwoman or a liar by Sir Eustace, as I was by Lady Ashfield. I must lay my plans and take Anne Dane by surprise. If I can force her to tell the truth, our troubles will soon be at an end."

"Yes, dear. You are right. And now, my poor Madge, you must want your supper."

"Yes. But you must want it more. For I find that you have never touched your chop, Dora, and, Dora, that was very wrong. So now I must be quick and get something ready."

Then down upon her knees went Madge to light the fire whereon to cook their evening meal.

Several days passed over and the girls were still in doubt as to the best manner in which to approach Sir Eustace Atherstone.

Anne Dane, Madge found she could not see, for on inquiring

at 4 Cromwell Mansions, she was told that she did not live there, but in the country. This surprised the girl and increased her difficulties a hundred-fold. She was much perplexed, and knew not what to do. To force her way into the old man's presence would, she felt, be folly, and only expose her to insult and humiliation. Lady Ashfield's reception of her story had taught her a lesson, and she resolved to wait as patiently as she could till some fitting opportunity should present itself. But as she went on with her work at the school, she prayed constantly that something might turn up, for her heart was full of anguish. It was hard to make ends meet; and Dora grew weaker and more fragile every day. This she knew was for want of proper air and nourishment. And her mind became embittered, her soul full of hatred against these wealthy people who were so cruelly defrauding her darling of her rights.

One night, as she was returning from a weary day's teaching, she passed by Sir Eustace Atherstone's splendid mansion. A carriage was waiting, and presently the door opened; the sound of rippling laughter was heard, and Sylvia, arrayed in pure white, her shoulders covered with a mantle of plush and swansdown, came forth on her grandfather's arm.

The light of the lamps fell upon her beautiful face, and touched the rich auburn of her hair.

Madge trembled, and leaned heavily against the railings.

"She is lovely," she cried, "but oh, what a cruel wrong has been inflicted on my poor Dora. And by my sister! All this should be hers, and shall be hers if there is justice on earth or in heaven."

The carriage door was shut, the footman mounted the box, and all unconscious of the misery she had caused, Sylvia drove away to her dinner-party.

After this Madge grew morose and taciturn. The girls at Penelope Lodge complained of her irritable temper, and one after the other refused to receive their lessons from her. Her employer was much annoyed, and sending for Madge, reprimanded her severely, threatening to dismiss her immediately did she hear any further complaints. Terrified at what might be her fate and Dora's should she thus lose her salary, which, poor as it was, was their only means of subsistence, the girl promised to watch more carefully over her temper, and left the mistress's presence firmly resolved to do so.

But, alas! she knew not how severely she was to be tried.

Schoolgirls are frequently wild and thoughtless. They trouble themselves little about the sufferings of their teachers—are selfish and unforgiving. This the pupils of Penelope Lodge soon proved by their unfeeling conduct towards the poor hard-worked governess.

Madge had angered them by her irritability and sharp words, and perfectly callous as to the consequences to her, they determined to get rid of her if they could.

So they set to work in a systematic manner, annoying and insulting her on every possible occasion. It is needless to enter into particulars here, or recount the spiteful things that were done, the impertinent speeches that were made, the acts of disobedience that were committed. Poor Madge suffered keenly. But she struggled bravely with herself, smiled when her heart was ready to break, and spoke gently to her tormentors when wounded to the quick by their impertinence.

Had the girl been happy, had her mind been free from care, she would probably have triumphed over these cruel children, and made them see the error of their ways. But her nerves were unstrung. She was full of bitterness and sorrow; and at last, stung beyond endurance, she flashed out angrily upon her pupils and upbraided them for their insolence. In an instant the class was in rebellion, and further work was impossible. Mrs. Prim was sent for and called upon to decide between the girls and the governess. It was a difficult task. There were, doubtless, faults on both sides. But Madge's were the most apparent. She had been already warned, and had failed to profit by the warning, and so must go.

"I am sorry you could not manage to keep the peace, Miss Neil," said the schoolmistress stiffly. "Sorry and surprised. But seeing that you are capable of doing so, I must ask you to leave my service this day month."

Madge bowed her head in silence. Her heart was too full for words. She felt ten pairs of eyes fixed upon her in triumph, and she trembled lest by look or speech she should show the anguish she endured.

"And now, young ladies," continued Mrs. Prim severely, "I beg that you will pay attention to your lesson. Miss Neil, you may go to the junior class. I will remain here."

Madge bowed once more, and with throbbing brow and beating heart passed proudly across the room and out upon the stairs. Here a sob escaped her and a shower of tears fell on her burning cheeks. But she had no time to indulge in grief. The class was waiting. She must do her duty. So drying her eyes and murmuring a fervent prayer for help, she ran on down stairs.

"A note for you, Miss Neil," said the porter as she passed through the hall.

And seeing that the writing was Dora's, Madge tore open the envelope in alarm.

"What can be wrong? Why does she write? God keep my darling," she cried, as with trembling fingers she unfolded the letter.

But she was quickly reassured. Dora's note was a message of peace. It ran thus:—

"Come home soon, dearest Madge. I have *such* good news to tell you.—Dora."

Madge kissed the signature and smiled.

"I cannot go till my usual hour. I dare not ask such a favour to-night. But your words, sweet sister, have cleared away some of the clouds that enveloped me. The thought of your good tidings will help me to bear cheerfully whatever torture I may have to suffer before I go home."

And, feeling considerably brighter, she entered the junior class-room, and quietly seated herself in Mrs. Prim's place behind the desk.

(*To be continued.*)

A SHEPHERD WITHOUT SHEEP.*

WE climbed the hills together; we were fain
 To learn the shepherd's trade, and wheresoe'er
 Our elders led we roamed, a happy pair;
 But he will never tread our hills again.
 For my belovéd—O, the life-long pain!—
 Died in the Spring, and I alone must fare—
 Died, ere the spring had yeaned his future care,
 He, ever the more eager of the twain.

So seek I now no pleasure with my mates,
 But when my work is done his watch I keep;
 For with a double flock I must away
 To meet him on the mountains where he waits
 With the Good Shepherd, who will count my sheep
 For the new pastures of eternal day.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

* Patrick L. MacSherry, O.M.I., who died during his preparation for the priesthood.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 19.—JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.

THE name of John Cornelius O'Callaghan is one entitled to a prominent place in the long list of Irish literary celebrities, and is certainly deserving of fuller recognition than has yet been awarded to his life-long labours in the cause of his country's history.

The newspaper obituaries at the time of his death and a slight sketch in this Magazine are the only record of a man whose individuality of character was as remarkable as his genius, and whose services in rescuing from misrepresentation and oblivion some of the least known and most important passages of Irish history are probably reserved for the appreciation of future times less troubled than the present. If left unnoticed until then, however, nothing more than his works can survive, and the personality of the man and those traits which were familiar to his contemporaries will be no longer known. Hence, from the sources just mentioned, supplemented by circumstances referred to by O'Callaghan in his works or in his conversations during an acquaintance extending from those distant "boyhood's years"—now, alas! more than poor Mangan's "Twenty Golden Years Ago," when I first met Mr. O'Callaghan at my father's table, down to the time when, in the same company, I sat by his death-bed and followed his hearse to Glasnevin Cemetery, and during which long period I enjoyed the privilege of intimate friendship with the historian of "The Irish Brigade,"—has been compiled the following brief notice of a man who well merits a better chronicle than these imperfect reminiscences.

John Cornelius O'Callaghan was born in Dublin in 1805, and, as he boasted, drew his blood from canny Ulster as well as from the more fervid and imaginative Munster race. His father, Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Talbot-street, was one of the first Catholics admitted to the profession of attorney in Ireland, on the partial relaxation of the Penal Laws in 1793, and at the time of the Union was a highly respected solicitor, who succeeded in amassing a competency which subsequently enabled the younger O'Callaghan to follow his literary tastes. His mother was a southern

lady—a Miss Donovan, who is described as having been a beauty in her youth, and whom I well remember in her latter years as a highly intellectual woman.

At an early age John Cornelius O'Callaghan was sent as a pupil to then newly-established Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, where he was imbued with that love of classical learning which distinguished his after life, and with those principles of religion which consoled his last moments. Subsequently he was transferred to another school nearer to Dublin, at Blanchardstown, kept by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Joseph Joy Deane. At the completion of his education he became a candidate for membership in his father's profession, but, fortunately for the interests of Irish history, he evinced such an instinctive dislike for those shrewd practices and pettifogging ways by which, he was wont to say, success in the law is chiefly attainable, that as soon as was possible he shook its dust from his feet, and devoted himself wholly to the more congenial if less profitable pursuits of literature.

Of his brothers, of whom he had either two or three, he was accustomed to refer most frequently and in terms of warm affection to the younger, who, having entered the medical department of the army at an early age, retired, after a long service in India, with the rank of Surgeon-General, and is still living in England with his family, one of whom was, I believe, married to Mr. Irving, the well-known actor. His sisters were married and left families, of whom two ladies in this city and one distinguished member of the Vincentian Order are the surviving representatives.

Mr. O'Callaghan's mother, from whom he apparently inherited much of his talent and some of the originality of his character, was a lady of considerable mental culture and some eccentricity, and attained a very advanced age. One of my earliest recollections of O'Callaghan goes back to my boyhood, when I was sent with some message to his house in Dorset-street, where I met his mother, then a very old lady, but with mind and memory unimpaired by age. The scene was one, I shall never forget. The venerable matron, very oddly dressed, and then retaining little traces of her early comeliness, filled an arm-chair on one side of the fireplace, whilst the opposite one was occupied by her son, clad in a flowing dressing-robe of faded pattern, his customary bay wig replaced by an old-fashioned white nightcap; and there they sat for nearly an hour, heedless of any interruption, discussing some

forgotten point of historical controversy with extraordinary learning and equal vehemence on both sides, until at last both appealed to my judgment, to my no small bewilderment and consternation. I should, however, add that to the day of her death, O'Callaghan's respect and love for his mother were constant and unflinching, and that to her he always ascribed his own literary tastes and much of the knowledge embodied in his works.

O'Callaghan's first appearance in print was in the columns of *The Comet*, a newspaper established in 1831 by the members of the Comet Club, and in the *Irish Monthly Magazine of Politics and Literature*, which from 1830 to 1833 was carried on by Mr. Ronayne, then M.P. for Dungarvan, and two other barristers, Messrs. Close and Kennedy, and amongst the contributors to which, besides Mr. O'Callaghan, Daniel O'Connell, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimons, Richard Lalor Sheil, and many other distinguished Irish writers were included.

The abolition of the Protestant Church establishment in Ireland as a state-supported institution was one of the chief objects of the Comet Club; and by the able newspaper which owed its existence to that body were sown the seeds of the agitation that bore fruit long subsequently in the disestablishment and disendowment of the once-apparently unassailable citadel of sectarian intolerance and ascendancy. "To get rid of such a glaring insult to justice, Christianity, and Protestantism in general, and to Ireland in particular," says Mr. O'Callaghan,* the original Comet Club, a political and literary society embracing members of various creeds, had the merit of combining in Dublin about the commencement of 1831. From the head-quarters of the club, No. 10 D'Olier-street, the commencing blaze of the vigorous fire against the established Church, and in favour of the voluntary system, which has been since so widely spread throughout England and Scotland, was in consequence kindled by the irregular and fantastic but keen and scorching light of "The Parson's Horn-Book." The first edition of this, with etchings by Lover, was sold off in less than a fortnight, and the general impressions of ridicule and disgust towards that church were briskly kept up by other publications of the club, but particularly by the establishment of *The Comet*, a weekly Sunday newspaper. The public feeling evoked on this question was

* "The Green Book," by John Cornelius O'Callaghan, p. 30, Dublin, 1845.

thus expressed in the following lines written at that time by one of O'Callaghan's oldest literary friends, the late Dr. R. R. Madden, under the title of "The Voluntary Principle":—

" God bless the cause, the righteous cause,
Of Liberty and peace,
And bless the land with equal laws,
And bid injustice cease.

" Protect religion's freedom, Lord !
From fatal gifts and guile,
And weapon deadly as the sword,
The courtier's crafty wile.

" From all connection with the State
Its independence guard,
Six hundred years' resisted hate
And brave defence reward.

" The spotless mind keep undefiled
From every sordid strain,
And priests and prelates unbeguiled
By Governmental gain.

" Thy Sacred Truth their treasure be,
Thy wisdom their defence,
And its great riches set them free
From thoughts of pounds and pence.

" Thy altars as of old sustained,
Thy pastors by the flock,
And by the fold the Church maintained,
That's built upon the rock.

" This temple still, however poor
And lowly it may be,
Preserve from every splendid lure,
And leave it poor—but free.

" Its altar never be profaned
By pensioned priests, I pray,
Nor served by Ministers maintained
In any Statesman's pay."

The recent success of the Irish people in their long struggle for Emancipation, the effect on the public mind of the resistance then victorious, though with too short-lived success, made by the oppressed Polish race to their Muscovite tyrants—the patriotic excitement which was spread from Dublin over Ireland by the

metropolitan meetings for Repeal of the Union, combined with the general agitation for Parliamentary Reform, all, with other causes, were enumerated by Mr. O'Callaghan as rendering the period of the establishment of the Comet Club as the best that could have been chosen by them for founding an original and vigorously-written newspaper on their principles.

These principles cannot be better expressed than by the following lines that appeared above the signature, "Alfieri," in the first number of *The Comet* :—

" Our Comet shines to chase foul mists away,
And drive dark falsehood from her cell to-day,
To scathe the hands that break man's chartered laws,
Or pounce on nations with a vulture's claws.
To raise the prostrate, soothe the anguished breast,
To check the oppressor, bid the goaded rest—
To give to man true knowledge of his kind,
And lift him to that rank which Heaven designed—
For ends like these, from high our COMET moves,
Bright Freedom wings it, and fair Truth approves.

" Yes, 'twill be ours to check the bigot's frown,
Or despot's stride that tramples Freedom down.

" Yes—Themis' bench shall see no hand impure
Deal partial laws to crush the suffering poor—
And bloated prelates shall with bigots fly,
While pure Religion waves her torch on high,
And Sacred Truth, with gospel-flag unfurled,
Diffuse unpaid-for doctrines through the world."

Such were the principles on which *The Comet* commenced its course, and so successful was the venture, that from May to October, 1831, when its original founders retired from its direction, it rapidly rose to a circulation, then considered large, of 2,300 copies a-week. After this time its character became altered and deteriorated by the introduction of local personalities and disreputable scandal, by which, at the expiration of two years, its circulation was eventually destroyed, and by the secession of the majority of the original Comet Club from that paper, they, with other gentlemen, formed themselves into another literary society called the "Irish Brigade," and got up a periodical, entitled *The Irish Monthly Magazine*.

Of two literary and political associations which included so many men of ability, probably the last survivor was Mr. O'Calla-

ghan. The best testimony to the merit of these societies was the reluctant tribute paid by one of their oldest opponents in the cause of misrule and orange ascendancy, namely the *Quarterly Review*, which at that time admitted that each of them had "exhibited public proof that its labours were not frivolous or unproductive."

Mr. O'Callaghan's contributions to *The Comet* and *The Irish Monthly Magazine*, with several other of his earlier writings, were reprinted many years ago in a now very scarce volume, under the title of "The Green Book; or, Gleanings from the Writing-desk of a Literary Agitator." The first edition of this very curious *Olla podrida* of historic and political research, with some forty of his poetical pieces, was published in Dublin in 1840, and the second edition, adorned with an excellent likeness of the author by W. H. Holbrooke, in 1845. The publisher was James Duffy, whose services to Irish and Catholic literature ought never to be forgotten.

In the earlier volumes of *The Nation* he was a frequent and valued contributor; and his services to that famous journal have been generously acknowledged by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his "Young Ireland," and still more in his "Life of Thomas Davis," which has just appeared. Indeed, O'Callaghan was wont to claim a share in the origin of *The Nation*, and in the preface to the second edition of his "Green Book" he refers to it as "that able weekly periodical, the necessity for whose establishment in Dublin was first suggested by the present publication." When the three D's put their young heads together "under a noble in the Phoenix Park, facing Kilmainham," the external help promised by Davis was the co-operation of John Cornelius O'Callaghan, "whose 'Green Book' [says Davis's biographer] was attracting attention at that time"; and in a note he describes the work as a miscellany of poetry—the notes, valuable historical studies—the verses, rather slipshod, being more than ten years older than the establishment of *The Nation* and belonging to quite a different school." Yet, in a private letter of Davis to Daniel Owen Madden after the appearance of the first number of *The Nation*, one of O'Callaghan's pieces of verse is the only thing praised. After naming the leaders written by Dillon and Duffy, he mentions that "'Ancient Irish Literature,' the epigram on Stanley, and the capital 'Exterminator's Song,' are by O'Callaghan." Just a year before, writing to P. R. Webb, from 61 Baggot-street, on the 28th Sep-

tember, 1841, he wrote:—"O'Callaghan is in London, staggering with Parisian lore. His book is beginning to sell, and will be noticed in *The Dublin Review* next month." We have searched *The Dublin* in vain for this notice.

We must make room for a rather long passage about O'Callaghan, which begins at page 134 of Sir Gavan Duffy's latest, but, we trust, not last work:—

"O'Callaghan was older than his colleagues, and of another school. He had gone through the first Repeal agitation, and had never quite recovered from its disillusion. He was a tall, dark, strong man, who spoke a dialect compounded apparently in equal parts from Johnson and Cobbett, in a voice too loud for social intercourse. 'I love,' he would cry, 'not the entremets of literature, but the strong meat and drink of sedition,' or, 'I make a daily meal on the smoked carcase of Irish history.' Some one affirmed that he heard him instructing his partner in a dance on the exact limits of the Irish pentarchy and the malign slanders of Giraldus Cambrensis. O'Callaghan was a thoroughly honest man. * * * O'Callaghan frankly declared that he could not afford to waste a grain of his reputation by hyper-modesty. Whatever he wrote was published under his name, or a recognized *nom de plume*, and was generally some extension of the field of historic research opened in the 'Green Book.' A note of this period will illustrate his ingenuous individuality."

"Tuesday, July 1st (Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, both as to day of the week and day of the month).

"DEAR DUFFY OR DAVIS, OR DAVIS AND DUFFY,

"I'm much obliged for your insertion of my little note to the Editor of *Limerick Chronicle*; and as it strikes me that you'll have a good opportunity for an article this week, I may as well mention it.

"There's the festival the Orangemen are to hold, I believe, this evening, anent the so-called glorious victory of the Boyne; and really you ought not to let slip such an occasion as will present itself for putting an end to that humbug in Saturday's *Nation*. You may have seen what a capital hand the *Mail* lately made of O'Connell's tumble in the mud with regard to Galileo's business, which never cost us here anything equal to the bad consequences resulting from the false notions, so long, and even still, sought to be kept up, on the subject of the Boyne affair. The exact number of British, Northern Irish, Huguenot, Dutch, and Danish infantry and cavalry regiments are stated in full from official data in my second edition; from which all the real merit of the English and their Ulster allies on that day can be deduced for the public, in the way you'll be so well able to do in the *Nation*. And as what you'll say will be believed, even by men of anti-Catholic notions in politics, when other papers would not be minded, it's in your power to do much good by at least contributing to put a stop to such 'revivals' as those Orange ones connected with the affair of the 1st of July and 12th. They have been the foundation of a great deal of evil to Ireland, so do what you can to coffin them. Until the Koran is destroyed there will be Mahometans.

"As ever, sincerely yours,

"In the singular and dual number,

"J. C. C.

The preceding letter was written in 1845; for we have taken the useless trouble of investigating the matter, and, after the two first volumes of *The Nation*, which chanced to be at hand, had shown that July 1st was not Tuesday in 1843 or 1844, an old prayerbook came to the rescue and with its table of moveable feasts proved that in 1845 the first of July was in accordance with the date of the Green Bookman's letter.

As a trivial illustration of that harmless self-consciousness and amiable self-assertiveness which Gavan Duffy has attributed to J. C. O'Callaghan, which many distinguished men have shared with him, and without which they might never have taken the pains to distinguish themselves—we venture to give the meagre result of our cross-examination of a gifted kinswoman of the author of *Soggarth Aroen*, who as a child had often helped to entertain the historian of the Irish Brigade at her parents' fireside. Her most notable reminiscence was that, one evening after their guest had taken almost as many cups of tea as Mrs. Thrale ever poured out for Dr. Johnson, he turned to the little girl beside him: "Now you can say that you have seen the great historian in his cups."

If O'Callaghan had never written anything beyond his notes to the *Macarie Excidium*, sufficient evidence of his extraordinary erudition, industry, and love of country might be found therein. This work drew forth the most flattering tributes to the editor's historic accuracy and learning, even from those most strenuously opposed to all his views. Thus Macaulay, for instance, wrote to him: "To a considerable extent our views coincide. I admit that the Irish were not like the English Jacobites, the defenders of arbitrary power. The cause of James presented itself, no doubt, to the Roman Catholics of Munster as the cause of civil and spiritual liberty." When Macaulay visited Ireland in quest of information bearing on the Jacobite and Williamite Wars in this country, he expressed a wish to see the editor of the *Macarie Excidium*, and the latter was accordingly requested to wait on the eloquent word-painter whose historic accuracy was less conspicuous than his brilliant descriptive power. O'Callaghan, however, resented this summons as an indignity. "No, sir," he replied, "I shall not wait on Mr. Macaulay. If he desires an interview, he can ascertain where I live, and may call on Mr. O'Callaghan if he wishes to do so."

As a politician, O'Callaghan was an ardent and uncompromising nationalist of the old school, of which the typical representatives were Davis, Gavan Duffy, R. R. Madden, Denis Florence McCarthy, Father Meehan, Williams, Clarence Mangan, and those other gifted men of genius and letters, whose names with his own may be found in "The Songs and Ballads, by Writers in *The Nation*," published in 1846. His habits and tastes, however, were not such as to lead him into any very prominent participation in the turmoil of public political life. Nevertheless, he was a warm supporter of O'Connell, and not only in the great Tribune's gatherings in Conciliation Hall, but also at the monster meetings of 1843, where O'Connell, then in the zenith of his power, swayed the vast multitudes that thronged around him at Tara, at Athlone, and Mullaghmast. At the last named meeting, in October, 1843, conjointly with Hogan the sculptor, in the presence of 400,000 spectators, he took part in crowning the Liberator with the facsimile of the ancient Irish regal diadem.

This, I believe, was O'Callaghan's last appearance on a public platform. After the secession of the Young Ireland Party he confined his political efforts to the emanations of his prolific pen. Nor in the more recent political affairs of later years did he again appear in the arena of public life, though consistently maintaining to the last moments of existence all the opinions of his youth and manhood.

One of his later works was the edition of the *Macarie Excidium*, which in 1847 he published at the request of the Archæological Society, and which, as the writer already cited has observed, will remain a lasting monument of his erudition, ability, and industry. But his greatest work was the History of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France and other foreign countries, between the dethronement of James II. and the death of the Young Pretender. This, after many ineffectual efforts to obtain a publisher at home, was ultimately brought out by Messrs. Cameron, of Glasgow, in 1867, and unquestionably, as has been said, is "a mine of information from which future historians will be glad to draw their materials," and was the labour of love on which he expended the energies of the best part of his life. As far back as March 8, 1843, John O'Connell writes from Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock, telling Davis that he had made over all his Irish Brigade documents to O'Callaghan, who was then living at 37 Upper Merrion-street,

and whom he asked Davis to consult on the matter, as 61 Baggot-street was not many paces distant. Our author was thus preparing for his *magnum opus* during more than a quarter of a century.

There has been more than one reference to the fact that J. C. O'Callaghan did not confine himself to sober prose, but not unfrequently indulged in a poetic flight, as may be seen by his "Green Book," in which are included no less than forty-two specimens of his verse. These, with some exceptions, were chiefly on ephemeral topics of the day, and hence have now lost much of their original interest. Nor can it be pretended that his muse soared very high, or that its effusions are likely to survive the remembrance of his friends and contemporaries. One specimen may here suffice—his epigram on the weeping and laughing philosophers :—

" ' If we look," says Racine, ' to the lives of the wise,
What opposite maxims we find !
Here sad Heracleitus despondingly cries,
While Democritus laughs at mankind.'
Yet as long as my stay in this planet extends,
To follow them both I propose :
With one, may I weep for my suffering friends—
With the other, I'll laugh at my foes."

O'Callaghan's acquaintance with the forgotten bye-ways of ancient literary research was probably unrivalled. As a writer (quoted in this Magazine, vol. xv., page 249) says :—" He knew almost the exact spot in which reposed every old manuscript in Europe. Living as he did amongst the ancients, he had their sayings always on his tongue, and would walk into a friend's drawingroom quoting Hanibal in such a way as to give the impression that the great general has just left him at the gate. A man to shed tears for the death of a pet canary, and to lash himself to fury over a tale of human injustice or wrong ; he had a just and almost a martial spirit. He was one of the old school now passing away—of a small band of intrepid savants who denied themselves much that is desirable in life in order to toil amongst the ruins of our language and past, resolved that all traces of the prints left by noble Irish feet should not be wholly obliterated from the sands of time."

O'Callaghan's death took place at his residence in Fitzgibbon-street, Dublin, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His last

hours were soothed by the consolations of his religion, and the untiring ministrations of one of the most venerable and zealous priests who ever adorned the Catholic Church of Ireland and his own distinguished Order, the late Father Callan, S.J. During that last illness the present writer had the privilege of witnessing the resignation and piety with which his dear old friend bore the pains of approaching dissolution, and the humble confidence with which he looked forward to that better life beyond the grave, to which he passed with faculties undimmed by age or infirmity, on the 24th of April, 1883. R. I. P.

M.

THE HIGHWAY TO FAME.

IN every man this world doth hold
Two selves are cast in that human mould.
If he hearken but to the voice of one,
Then heaven is his when his work is done;
But if to the other his ear doth turn,
Despair in his heart shall for ever burn.

I and my other self one day
Woke from sleep on the world's highway.
Women and men bore us companie,
But never a child did I chance to see.
I pitied young faces so pale and wan
I saw in the crowd, as we hurried on.
I pitied old faces, so eager they
Lest they be last on the great highway.
Another road we have met at last—
We paused a moment ere it we passed.
Few turned their feet the strange road upon,
Though the way was fair God's sun shone on.
The path was rough, but the hedges' bloom
Sent forth a sweet and a rare perfume.
If the thorns wounded your naked feet,
The birds' songs were in your ear full sweet.

Did you close your eyes in black despair,
You oped on the hills—and God was there.
Did you weep with fear when the night came on,
The face of Hope in the darkness shone.
“O stay,” I cried, “for a moment stay—
Till I pluck from the hedge a wild-rose spray.
Hark, the sweet birds! For a moment stay—
No song I hear on the world’s highway,
But cries of women and men alway.”

My other self thus replied to me :
“Then the hill of Fame you will never see,
Nor hear the songs so wondrous there”—
And I passed the road that I deemed so fair.
Suspicion, envy, and jealousy,
I oft in my neighbours’ eyes could see.
Alas, in my heart the serpent grew—
I smiled lest others should see it too.
A woman staggered and falling cried
As I paused a moment by her side :
“Too late, too late! I am lost for aye,
I have passed God’s road on the great highway.
I have missed the treasure that lies before,
And glimpse of Heaven I’ll see no more.”
I laid my hand her cold head upon,
But my other self in my ear said : “On !
For those behind will help her through.”
I step in her place, but that cry I knew
Was the last she gave, ere she silent lay
’Neath the cruel feet on the great highway.

A cottage door, as we passed, stood wide,
A mother sat with her babe inside,
And her eyes beamed love as she kissed the child,
That raised its arms in its sleep and smiled:
In the fields that bordered the great highway
Children dropped, as we passed, their play.
I raised a bright guinea for them to see—
A golden king-cup they held to me.
A sapphire’s gleam from my finger fell—
They gathered a bunch of the blue speedwell.
A string of pearls I raised again—
Laughing they turned to their daisy chain.

A youth and a maiden I next did see ;
I cried in my heart, " He will envy me."
He smiled as he kissed the white hand that lay
In his, and I sighed on the great highway.
Is it worth all I lose and I leave behind,
That treasure I seek which I may not find ?

I saw a man in my path, and he
Stood still as we came, and he looked at me.
Oh, sorrow's home was that face divine !
Oh, the infinite love as his eyes met mine !
An oaken cross on his shoulders lay—
I paused a moment then turned away,
For my other self thus had cried to me :
" 'Tis but a phantom you chance to see.
Look ! Even now it has ceased to stay
'Neath the hurrying feet on the great highway."

So I was first in the weary race,
As, aged and worn, we toiled apace.
Each man bowed low at my feet and came
To crown me king on the Hill of Fame,
And king of them all I reigned alone,
Yet I shuddered oft on my golden throne.
The ground had grown not earth nor stones,
For the hill was raised of dead men's bones.
I fear my subject's untiring praise,
For his hand the while with his dagger plays.
My other self whispers : " O joy ! for see,
Men and women all worship thee,
Thy flattered ear to their praise incline ;
Endless glory and wealth are thine ;
Such fame, such worship, no man hath known."

Ah me, I sigh on my golden throne.

DORA SIGERSON.

K I N D N E S S .

A LITERARY man once told me that he was lying sick in a very humble room some thirty or forty years ago in the east end of London. The people of the house were Irish and Catholic, and the poor scribbler was dying from want and broken-heartedness rather than from any of the individual diseases known to the faculty. A young priest was on his daily rounds, visiting the houses of the parish, looking after the children, after the sick, after the grown-up, after the negligent, after the erring. The good woman of the house told the priest of the poor young man that was sick in bed. The priest went to see him. He found one who from a life of carelessness and some error had become hardened, and from his poverty and neglect had become callous even against the dispensations of an overruling Providence. The priest spoke kindly and cordially, and sympathetically; but, while his words touched, they did not convert the sick man. At parting, the priest left a crown-piece on the pillow, promising to call again. In a few days he returned; the young man had got strong, and in some way mysteriously work had come to his door. The young man held steadily on, became a practical Catholic, after a time attained a competency, and gained no little share of literary fame. The young priest went on in his humble, unworldly way among lanes and tenements and garrets; but his humility could not hide his worth, and to-day more than one hemisphere knows that young priest—he is now Cardinal Manning.

One day as I was walking along a quiet road in a skirt of one of the Leinster counties, I saw two children making their little baby-houses by the way. They seemed to be brother and sister; the little girl might be about eight, and the little boy two or three years younger. I saw the little girl stepping aside for some purpose, and, without meaning it, overturning the little brother's castle. He stood up, took a handful of mud and sand, and flung it directly into her face. She was standing some two yards or so from him. She wiped the clay from her eyes, and stepping quickly towards him, she opened out her hands, put them round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. If both are living, they are now man and woman. Neither of them saw me.

An old man lived in a mud cabin near a cross of five roads. He had sworn informations against a neighbour. The police prosecuted, the man was convicted, and sentenced to some months' imprisonment. The old man fell sick ; he was unable to leave his bed, and it is scarcely fair to describe his loathsomeness. None of the neighbours would come near him. The police found him dying. The doctor declared him unable to be removed, and I was called to anoint him. When I arrived, there was a woman in attendance. I looked at the man ; where his head lay on the pillow was a hollow space about the size of the palm of a hand, for he could not stir the head or turn it, and in the hollow was a pool of water, the dribbling of the mouth. Evidently clean linen had been put on him ; but fresh as it was, it began to be almost literally alive—there is such a species of skin-disease. " I have washed him, and done my best, your reverence, but whatever you do, you cannot prevent them, you know." She had the house cleaned up, she had a little fire down ; she had some drinks warming for the invalid ; she had everything necessary for me : and that woman was the wife of the man in prison !

These things bring to my recollection the beautiful story of the blind water-carrier, told by John Francis Maguire in his *Life of Father Mathew*. The poor woman carried water day by day to the doors of the rich in the city of Cork. The famine time came, and she found one morning a little baby lying on a door step, deserted. She asked Father Mathew's advice, and he desired her to rear it. By-and-bye she got blind, and the child was grown strong enough to lead her by the hand through the streets. " Oh, my dear," Father Mathew would say, " how much grander before God and His saints is that poor blind water-carrier, led from door to door by the foundling child, than the Czar of all the Russias."

R. O'K.

DEAD—IN NEW YORK.

CALMLY she sleeps, while a smile still lingers
On her pallid features as she lies at rest,
With her rosary held in her toil-worn fingers,
As her hands lie crossed on her tired breast.

And the martyr's ensign, aloft in splendour,
Those hands, I doubt not, will one day bear,
For she gave her life in youth's springtime tender
For her mother's sake, and far from her care.

Not many years since, a comely maiden,
She left her home by Lough Swilly's side ;
And sick and weary and sorrow-laden
Was her loving heart on the day she died.

And one earthly hope rose o'er every other
Through all the years of her exile lone—
Just once in life to behold her mother,
In her mountain cottage in Inishowen.

Never fulfilled to our careless seeming—
Yet, perhaps, not so, for the Sisters say,
As they softly prayed in the ghostly gleaming
Of a wintry dawn, where she dying lay,

That ere the frail thread of life was ended,
Her pale lips moved as in glad surprise,
And she murmured "Mother!" with arms extended,
And an eager light in her glassy eyes.

And I sometimes think that in that last hour
As her spirit lingered on earth the while,
She had one glimpse, by God's boundless power,
Of her she loved in her own dear isle.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

SAINTS AND SIGHT-SEEING AT ANNECY.

"THIS, your quaint old town!" said Jack, mockingly, as the train slowed into the little station at Annecy. Tall factory chimneys and long, grey, many-windowed stores were at one side—so tall and square and grey, that with the long blue columns of smoke rising from them, even the neighbouring mountains were almost hidden. Faintly, however, through the haze we could catch a glimpse of the Dents de Lafont and Mont Veyrier.

It was certainly unreasonable; still I was disappointed. I scarcely knew what I had expected. Even at Venice and Florence, as I ought to have remembered, the *Gare* and its surroundings are hopelessly commonplace. Then there was the inevitable *Douane*. I waited in the musty velvet-cushioned 'bus, while Jack swore at the natives in strong, terse English, and they replied with smiles, grimaces, and a volley of what he calls "gibberish."

At last we start. Oh, such dreadfully modern streets and houses! I could almost fancy myself back in England. Presently we drive into the pretty tree-shaded courtyard of the Hotel d'Angleterre; there is a coolness about it very refreshing after our hot, dusty journey; very pleasing, too, is the smiling welcome accorded us by a smartly-dressed Frenchwoman, who greets us as though we were old and dear friends. Not English that, at any rate.

After breakfast we started off to explore the town. Leaving the straight, intensely modern Rue Royale, we reached at last a dark mediæval street. Gloomy arcades on both sides, under which shrill saleswomen cried their wares—carrots, wool, turnips, stockings, braces, baskets—everything, all mingled together in "most admired confusion."

Branching off from this street are several dark ways, made through or under the houses. Where do they lead to? Do they terminate in a *cul-de-sac*? Rather reluctantly we entered one, for the odours were distinctly unpleasant, and the chill darkness gave one a dead feeling.

After a few minutes we emerged into a bright sun-lit street, intersected by a canal. Following it, we arrived at the Place de l'Hotel de Ville—a really handsome building, but modern, glaringly, uncompromisingly modern. Before us stretched the blue-green waters of the lake, bordered on one side by the pretty gardens of the Paquier and the Champs de Mars, and circled round by graceful, many-coloured hills, with white villages and slim church spires rising beneath them. There in the distance lies Talloires, where there is an old Benedictine abbey, now used as a restaurant, and Menthon, where St. Bernard was born. There lived also his preceptor, St. Germain, in a hermitage perched almost on the summit of the Dents de Lafont. Centuries after his death his relics were removed from the nave and were placed by St. Francis de Sales under the high altar of the church, which the saintly prelate had repaired and richly decorated in honour of the holy abbot. After preaching to a numerous audience and devoutly venerating the relics of the hermit of the eleventh century, the Bishop of the seventeenth century, feeling himself inspired by the same spirit of contemplation, the same love of solitude and silence, cried to those near him: "Here, indeed, I should wish to rest! If it were pleasing to God, willingly would I leave the heat and burden of the day to our coadjutor, and in this retreat serve Christ and His Church with my rosary, my breviary, and my pen." Then opening a window from which he could see the lake and town of Annecy, and admiring the beauty of the surrounding country, he continued: "What a splendid prospect! Here grand and beautiful thoughts would fall on the soul as abundantly as snow falls on the earth in winter."

At the opposite side of the Canal du Vassé is a fine church. Was it the Visitation?

"No!" replied an old woman whom I questioned, "it is the church and convent of the Nuns of St. Joseph; but further on, in the Rue de la Providence, is the *Berceau de la Visitation*. Their new monastery and chapel are in the Rue Royale, and there, too, are the bodies of St. Francis and St. Jane de Chantal. Madame can see them; they are enclosed in waxen effigies, life-size and life-like."

But first for the "Cradle." It is an ugly old house situated half way up a steep hill; it belongs to the Nuns of St. Joseph. One of them opened the door for us. "The '*Galerie*' is not shown

now, madame," she told me. "The Bishop does not permit it; but you can see the chapel."

It is on the left of the entrance; very small, low-ceilinged, dark.

"Yes, madame, this is the very chapel to which St. Francis brought St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Mdle. de Favre, and Mdle. de Bréhard, in June, 1610. There are their portraits, madame—one at each side of the altar. That of St. Francis is supposed to be wonderfully like him."

It was so dark I could scarcely see, but a stray sunbeam lighting up the gloom, I caught a glimpse of a bearded face smiling down on me, the blue eyes seeming to read one's inmost thoughts. "What are you doing here?" they asked. "Is it devotion or curiosity? Are you on a pilgrimage to my shrine, or have you come to see the mountains and the lake?—to study the people of this old-world town, to gratify your artistic tastes, or to try and attain a greater degree of Christian perfection by the contemplation of the scenes of my labours? A little of both, *n'est-ce pas, Madame?*"

With his grave, sweet expression, his rather full lips that seem inclined to take a humorous view of most things, and the slight soupçon of sarcasm in his curved brows, one could easily imagine how quickly he would understand our mixed motives, and while he smiled at our follies, would yet feel a tender pity of sympathy for us.

St. Jane Frances looks much sterner. One can easily fancy her passing over the prostrate body of her only son on her way to the cloister.

What a day must that have been in the fairest month of the year, when Francis conducted his spiritual children to their long desired home. Surely Heaven smiled that day on those three devoted souls, entering so courageously on their new life of prayer and sacrifice. "*Voici, mes sœurs, le lieu de nos délices et de notre repos,*" St. Jane Frances cries; and then they and their friends kneel before the altar, while their saintly Bishop repeats three times the Gloria Patri, and after a short exhortation, begs God's blessing upon their enterprise.

Very probably when the crowd of loving relatives, of devoted friends, of curious or careless spectators, had gone away, Francis lingered for a few parting words with his "dearest daughter."

Mademoiselles de Favre and de Bréhard were doubtless "talking it over" as they stood at an upper window, watching the people pass down the hill.* Many among them were near and dear to the two novices; but they had parted with them for ever, and as they caught the last glimmer of shimmering silk, heard the last faint ripple of laughter, they must have felt that their strange new life had indeed commenced. Perhaps they stole quietly down to the little chapel to renew their consecration to His service, and to kneel in silent prayer before His tabernacle, knowing where they could best quiet the first stirrings of their poor hearts, that felt a little restive on realizing the life of solitude and sacrifice to which they were being devoted.

Meanwhile were the two holy founders talking of what they hoped their Institute would be? Before he gave them a definite rule, at various times Francis let them know his wishes. "I wish you to lead the life of Martha and of Mary"; he often tells them "to join works of charity to contemplation, not to remain cloistered but to go forth into the lanes and alleys to tend the sick, to help the poor, to pray beside the dying. United thus, the active and the contemplative will help instead of interfering with each other. While the Sisters work out their own sanctification, they will also help their neighbours to lead better lives by their examples, and by giving them assistance."

But the prejudices of the age were too powerful. Men and women, saints and sinners alike, cried out in horror against such an innovation. "Nuns walk about the streets! Go into houses! Dreadful idea! Unheard of and not to be tolerated." So in the end Francis had to give in to that powerful *vox populi* which has crushed so many reformers and taken the hope and the heart's blood out of martyrs and patriots.

On the 30th October, 1612, the Nuns of the Visitation, then numbering eight professed Sisters and eight Novices, removed to a larger house in the city, and it was there, and not at the little *maison de la Perriere* (as it was then called), that Francis announced to St. de Chantal his final renunciation of his original design.

"I am called the Founder of the Visitation. Is there anything less reasonable? I have done what I did not wish to do,

* This is not written by a Nun.—Ed. I. M.

and what I wished to do I have left undone." Surely no words are sadder or more pathetic. What did she feel when she heard them? Was she capable of the same sublime renunciation? or did she struggle and weep vain tears over the destruction of her life's purpose? "Closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls," did her soul long for the fuller, more active existence she had hoped to lead? Probably she completely forgot her own disappointment, having resolved to devote her life to God's service in whatever manner God chose to have that service, and now she accepted the decision of her saintly guide as the expression of God's will in her regard, and endeavoured to console and sympathise with him. Not that he would have required much consolation; the sacrifice once made, he was not one to look back and waste time in futile regrets, but rather at once to set about modelling the Order on its new lines.

Leaving the *Berceau*, we walked through narrow lanes and dark arcaded streets until we reached a sun-lit square, and saw towering over us the gloomy church of Notre Dame de Liesse. It was founded in the twelfth century, and was so often restored since that probably very little of the original edifice remains; but as it is its associations which are so interesting, the periods at which each individual door, window, or nave was added, matters but little, except to an antiquarian.

In 1567 the Holy Winding Sheet was brought here from Chambéry by Anne d'Este, the wife of James of Savoy. Among other pilgrims who came to venerate this holy relic, Madame de Boissy drove in from the Château de Sales, near Thorens, about eight miles from Annecy. While kneeling in reverent contemplation of the marks made by the Wounds of her Redeemer, she felt her heart filled with prophetic joy and offered to Him her unborn child, promising to dedicate him to God from his birth. A few months later Francis was born on the 21st August, at the Château de Sales, in a small room dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi.

Many years later, in this same church of Notre Dame, while Francis was preaching to a numerous congregation, a white dove descended from Heaven and rested on his shoulder. Both these events are commemorated on white marble tablets hung on the walls.

We went on to the Cathedral, which is only a few steps further

on. It was very dark and cold inside, notwithstanding the intense heat and the glow of light outside. What must it be in winter, when one shivers in it with the thermometer standing at 90° ?

Near the door is a very old confessional, hacked and cut to pieces in places, perhaps by devout pilgrims. Is it the one in which Francis de Sales listened to so many tales of sin and sorrow, consoling and comforting so many broken-hearted, world-weary souls ? Probably. We know that he selected the confessional nearest the entrance, in order that the halt, the blind, and the infirm might find him without difficulty.

And here is the pulpit from which he preached his first sermon while still only a subdeacon, at the express wish of the Bishop of Geneva, Monseigneur de Granier. He prepared it for Corpus Christi, but Père Fodiri—a famous preacher of the Order of Cordeliers—arriving at Annecy, Francis entreated him to give the people the consolation of hearing him.

Consequently Francis did not preach until the Octave. His sermon was perfectly prepared : he had given much time and study to its composition ; but when the hour came, he was seized with a fit of nervousness, trembled in all his limbs, and had scarcely strength to ascend the pulpit. There a numerous crowd were eagerly awaiting him. Recommending himself to God in a short and fervent prayer, he became at once calm, and forgetting everything but the sublime subject he had selected—the Blessed Eucharist—he electrified his audience by the strength and fervour of his language and the clearness and grace of his ideas. Many shed tears, and, above all, his good mother, who felt that her hopes were indeed realized, and that her son was likely to become a guide and a helper to many. Not long after—on the 18th December, 1593—he was ordained priest by Monseigneur de Granier, and five years subsequently was elected his coadjutor. Nor was he long to enjoy the counsels and guidance of the saintly old man, whose death he heard of when returning from Paris only four years later.

He hastened home at once, and after making a Retreat of several days at the Château de Sales, he was consecrated Bishop in the little parish church of Thorens. After a few more days spent in prayer and recollection, he entered Annecy and formally took possession of the See of Geneva.

Two years later, while preaching the Lenten Sermons at

Dijon, he noticed amongst his numerous audience a lady who, while listening to his words with the greatest attention, earnestly studied his appearance. She was dressed in deep mourning; tall and stately, with a pale, calm face, and a somewhat austere expression. He immediately recognized her as the widow whom he had seen in a vision a few months previously when God had revealed to him that he and she would be the founders of a new religious order. Anxious to know her name, he asked one of his most attentive auditors, Andrew Frémiot. "She is my sister, Madame de Chantal," he replied. The Bishop invited them to dine with him, and from their first meeting the two saints understood each other perfectly. St. Jane Frances also had a vision a year previously, in which she had seen the holy prelate, and God had made known to her that he was to be her spiritual guide.

But she had yet six long years to wait before she entered, under his guidance, on the life for which God had destined her. During those years she lived with her father-in-law, the Baron de Chantal, an imperious, disagreeable, sinful old man, in whose house she led a life of constant self-denial; contriving even in those difficult circumstances to preserve as constant a union with her Saviour as afterwards when protected from worldly cares and anxieties by the sheltering walls of a convent.

We have gained by this long probation. She was often for months unable to commune with her saintly guide. During these long absences he wrote her those beautiful letters which seem suited to the needs of every soul; from the perusal of which the most different characters can draw support and guidance. They are so simple, so natural, so affectionate; and at the same time breathe a spirit of sublime sanctity, of thorough self-renunciation, of generous, ardent love of God, with complete confidence in Him, and a perfect conformity to His adorable Will.

Unfortunately Jane destroyed her own letters to the Archbishop. After his death, in looking over his papers, she discovered them, carefully arranged, and with marginal notes added by him. She immediately threw them into the fire, utterly regardless of the value to posterity of such an interesting record of spiritual experience.

* * * *

"Are you going to stay here for ever?" Jack's voice broke in upon my reverie. "It is nearly five o'clock. You have been

dreaming here for hours, while I have been all round the town, and I believe you did not know I had left you. Come for a row on the lake, and leave the rest of the churches for to-morrow. Surely you have had quite enough of your Saint for one day. He is very uninteresting, I think. There are some really curious old houses and gateways in some of the streets, and such queer old signboards over the shops, and their names. '*Le Lion rouge de Savoie*,' '*Au tigre jaune*,' '*Le chien aux yeux bleus*,' &c. Fancy buying your cigars or hairpins from yellow tigers and blue-eyed dogs."

Well, our sight-seeing was over for that day. The row on the lake was very pleasant in the cool of the evening—the setting sun throwing a mystic golden light over the translucent waters, fading gradually into softer shades, until at last it disappeared, leaving the clear twilight of a cloudless night. Round us the hills grew darker and darker, seeming to come nearer and nearer, until at last we felt completely isolated from the rest of the world. The lights in the town gleamed and twinkled invitingly; for the sense of still solitude *à deux* was becoming unbearable. Gladly we landed at the *Embarcadère*.

"How much?" Jack asked the old woman who hired out the boats—the same, by-the-way, who had pointed out to me the Church of St. Joseph in the morning.

"One franc; twenty-five centimes," she answered. As we had been out for two hours, it was absurdly little.

Slowly sauntering through the dimly-lighted streets, we passed a really quaint old church. Outside it looked delightfully mediæval, the moonlight idealizing its rugged outlines, hiding the wear and tear of centuries, and revealing only what was most beautiful.

I insisted on entering. It was quite dark, save where the red lamp of the sanctuary gleamed star-like in the distance, and a few candles burned dimly before a sacred image. A devotional church, then, whatever it might be by daylight, yet perhaps too dream-like for true piety—one in which "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," a visionary might indulge in a half sensuous devotion—earth's cares and troubles seeming so far away, a mystical Heaven so near.

Falling into a reverie, I forgot the present and conjured up scenes from the past. I was no longer in an empty church: it was

filled with an oddly-attired congregation ; men in hose and doublet, with clanking swords and long curling locks ; women in coif and stomacher, with curious head gear completely covering their hair ; peasants dressed very much as they still are in some of the Swiss Cantons. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered at a brilliantly-lit altar ; solemnly peal the deep notes of the organ, gradually growing softer and lower, until at last they die away, and nought is heard but the tinkle of the little bell, as the priest turns round with the Sacred Host. "*Domine, non sum dignus,*" and the faithful approach the Communion rails. Amongst them is a fair, blue-eyed boy, who, devoutly kneeling before the altar for the first time, receives his Lord. One can fancy the ecstatic joy which then filled the soul of Francis—already at ten years of age a child-saint, one who had never lost—who never was to lose—his baptismal innocence ; but was to pass through life uncontaminated by the world, unscathed through the fires of temptations and trials.

In this very church it was that it pleased our Lord in after years to give a signal manifestation of His love for His chosen servant. The face of the saint while preaching became transfigured, shining with a heavenly light, while burning words fell from his lips, touching the hardest hearts, and all recognised the Seer and Prophet even in his own country.

* * * * *

"I thought you were going to stay here for two or three minutes only," a voice interrupts my dream. "Might I venture to remark that we have not dined ? It is past eight, and I am tremendously hungry."

It was Jack, of course—Jack, matter-of-fact as usual, the genius of commonplace, never allowing himself to be whirled off into dreams or reveries, and never, no never, forgetting his dinner.

I was wakened early the following morning by the chiming of the bells of the Visitation. It was only a few steps from the hotel to the church. Mass was commencing as I entered, and, of course, there was the usual difficulty about chairs. However, an old woman brought me two from a dark corner. I placed them in front of the side altar where reposes the body of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. The waxen figure is clothed in the garment of a Nun of the Visitation, and lies peacefully with clasped hands and upturned eyes. Rather ghastly I thought her.

After Mass I asked the Sacristan to show me the body of St. Francis, but he would not permit me to go up the steps to see it, where it rests behind the high altar. I was able to get only a glimpse of it through the grating in the sacristy.

In 1622 Francis died at Lyons, on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, after having endured a veritable martyrdom, the doctors endeavouring by the most cruel means to rouse him from the stupor into which he was falling ; but although he felt all the pain of the red-hot irons applied to his head and the back of his neck, they only helped to accelerate his death. Constant to his invariable rule of never asking for anything, never refusing anything, he let them do as they would with him, and never rebelled against their terrible remedies.

He received Extreme Unction, but was unable to receive the Viaticum. As long as he could speak, he chanted the Psalms, and in the midst of the most intense torture intoned the Te Deum. His last words were : "*Il fait tard, et le jour est déjà bien abaissé*"; then pronouncing the Holy Name of Jesus, he lost consciousness and died shortly afterwards.

His body was removed to Annecy and given to his daughters of the Visitation, who placed it in their church. There it was preserved until the French Revolution, when it was hidden away to save it from desecration. Peace once more restored, the present church and monastery of the Visitation were built, mainly through the assistance given by Charles Felix, and his queen, Marie Christine. It was consecrated in 1826, and then the remains of St. Francis and St. de Chantal were deposited here. It is a handsome church in the Italian style, rather small, but perfect in every detail.

Outside I was attacked by two or three picturesque old beggars, resembling those that beset strangers at all the landing places in Venice. My last distinct recollection of Annecy is of two or three of these old fellows standing on the platform, hat in hand, courtly and dignified, invoking blessings on us as the train slowly crept out of the station, and we sped on our way to Geneva.

L. M. KENNY.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We do not remember hearing before of the firm of Hutchinson and Company, 25 Paternoster Square, who are the publishers of an extremely attractive series of books called "The Idle Hour Series," each volume containing a set of stories by R. E. Francillon, George-Manville Fenn, and other popular novelists. The form and type are the most convenient and most readable that could be chosen, and a pleasant frontispiece faces the title-page. "The Idle Hour Series" leads off very happily with "The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly, and other Stories," by Rosa Mulholland, author of "Marcella Grace," "A Fair Emigrant," "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," etc., etc. Two of the previous works thus named on the title-page are issued by the neighbouring firm of Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., at 1 Paternoster Square; but this newest addition to the long catalogue of Miss Mulholland's works bears more affinity to her "Eldergowan and Other Stories," published by Marcus Ward and Company. Even that volume had much less variety than the present series of tales, which are ten in number, and are pretty equal as regards length, the nine "other stories" being "The Country Cousin," "The Hungry Death," "A Strange Love Story," "The Ghost at the Rath," "Krescenz," "The Signor John," "The Fit of Ailsie's Shoe," "A Will o' the Wisp," and "The Ghost of Wildwood Chase." These names will warn the ingenious reader that in the collection before us the author of "Hester's History" has not catered merely for those youthful lovers of fiction whom she has so often delighted with her "Puck and Blossom," her "Four Little Mischiefs," and her "Little Flower Seekers." Indeed it would be hard to find anywhere more exquisite samples of the characteristic charms of her style than in these slight and dainty sketches, whether the scene be laid in Ireland or Italy. There is very great variety of theme and spirit. The first two are a little too weird for some tastes, and perhaps the place of honour ought rather to have been given to "The Country Cousin" or the "Strange Love Story." But, in spite of the sunny, idyllic grace of "The Signor John," it is a comfort that the most successful of all are the two which have a distinctively Irish accent—"The Hungry Death" with its wholesome pathos, and the winsome humour of "The Fit of Ailsie's Shoe."

2. "Thomas Davis: the Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840—1846." By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1890). A large octavo of four hundred pages

on Davis by Duffy must be the literary event of the season for Irishmen at home and abroad. No doubt the interest would have been still greater if the Editor of *The Nation* had not already given the world two much larger volumes, one of which at least had anticipated a good many of the personal revelations that might be expected from him as Davis's biographer. Occasionally Sir C. G. Duffy has felt this so far as to be obliged to repeat his previous treatment of certain parts of his subject; but there remained plenty of incidents and documents to give originality and freshness to this first adequate account of a famous Irishman who is already nearly fifty years dead. When he lay dying, though no one guessed that the end was near—one of his young friends, who is amongst us still, uttered in jest what has proved a prophecy. "C. G. D." writes to him two or three days before the last: "John O'Hagan says you have an opportunity of rivalling Mirabeau by dying at this minute; but he begs you won't be tempted by the inviting opportunity." As a fact, he died at the very moment that was best for his fame, when men of very different views could unite in cherishing his memory and pointing to his example. The closest ally of his brief but crowded manhood has in this fine volume done his last duty to his friend, showing that his feelings have not changed since, forty five years ago, he made his ballad of "The Irish Chiefs" culminate in the prayer, "Oh, to have lived as Davis lived!"

3. "An Essay contributing to a Philosophy of Literature. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools." (New York: P. O'Shea). This is the sixth edition of a work published sixteen years ago. Its author is an Irishman labouring in the United States among those who are best known as French Christian Brothers. He has done a great deal for American Catholic Literature, but the present volume seems to us the most generally useful. It applies Catholic feelings and principles to a very wide and necessarily superficial survey of the literatures of many countries from the earliest dawn of literature to the present time. Books about books are the fashion of the day; and it is well to have such subjects treated in the spirit rather of Ozanam than of Taine. In our "necessarily superficial survey" we have noticed one oversight. Brother Azarias very justly places "that trumpet-blast of chivalric action, the *Chanson de Roland*, among the most ancient, the most beautiful, and the most artistically complete of all the cyclic poems that have been handed down." As a Catholic Irishman, he ought to have claimed for a Catholic Irishman—Mr. Justice O'Hagan—the distinction of having enriched English literature with so perfect a metrical version of this great mediæval epic as enables us to appreciate the praises bestowed upon it in this excellent "Essay towards a Philosophy of literature."

4. "Aids to correct and effective Elocution, with selected readings and recitations for practice," by Eleanor O'Grady (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers) has, it seems, circulated for many years in manuscript among the compiler's numerous pupils. A good many of the rules for gesture and delivery read very funnily, but for all that they may be very useful in practice. There is a great deal of freshness and novelty in—let us give her the benefit of a doubt—Miss O'Grady's illustrative extracts. With a view to a second edition, we record our vote against "The Heliotrope" as stupid and unsuitable.

5. The same Publishers have sent us "The Leper Queen," a story of the thirteenth century, slight but prettily done. Father Damien in heaven is, we suspect, partly responsible for it, and also for a very long and beautiful poem in the June *Catholic World*, in the metre which most of us associate with Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

6. An extremely interesting and an extremely edifying book is "Father Perry, F.R.S., the Jesuit Astronomer: a sketch of his Life, Work, and Death." By Aloysius L. Cortie, S.J. (London: Catholic Truth Society). Father Cortie has put the simple facts together admirably, and has given the unscientific reader the means of appreciating Father Perry's work, and this with a clearness and simplicity which could only be secured by a very thorough knowledge of the subject in all its bearings. The personal traits of Father Perry's character are touchingly edifying, especially the details of his death, none the less interesting for our readers on account of the Irish names of the chief assistants thereat, Brother Rooney, S.J., and Dr. McSwiney, "an old Clongowes boy." An excellent portrait in front, and eight illustrations scattered through the 120 pages, and the price only one shilling.

7. "Plain Sermons on the Fundamental Truths of the Catholic Church" by the Rev. R. D. Browne (London: Burns and Oates), bears the *Nihil Obstat* of an Oblate of St. Charles. These sixty eight sermons are for the most part very short, sometimes only a page or two, like the Five-minute Sermons of the New York Paulist Fathers; but Father Browne aims at giving a good deal of theological instruction. We do not think he has been very successful. Some of the minute details about justice (and other subjects are hardly judicious when given so crudely. One small point of another sort is that the Jesuit author of *Christian and Religious Perfection* is confounded at page 309 with our recently canonised laybrother, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

8. A Visitandine of Baltimore has translated, and the Benzigers have published in a fine octavo of four hundred pages, Bougaud's excellent *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque*. "An Ossory Priest" has composed, and James Duffy and Company have published, "*The Life of St. John the Baptist*," in which all the circumstances of the career of the Precursor are carefully studied by an enthusiastic client of the Saint.

9. Father William B. Morris of the London Oratory has for many years devoted himself to the study of all that concerns the life of the Apostle of Ireland. His "*Life of St. Patrick*" has reached a fourth edition, which is by no means a mere reissue of former editions, but contains the substance of many disquisitions contributed by the author to *The Dublin Review* and *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* on some controverted points in the history of St. Patrick. The publishers have brought out this new edition with perfect taste.

10. Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, has published the first English edition of Father Jenkin's answer to the question: *Should Christianity leaven Education?* The essay has gone through four editions in the United States. The Catholic Truth Society has issued a fresh number of the excellent penny series of meditations by Father Richard Clarke, S.J., as well as a biographical sketch of the Ven. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, and a story full of romance and conversions, by Miss H. M. Lushington, called "*Helen Forsyth, or a Shadowed Life*."

11. Two extremely interesting papers by Dr. Thomas More Madden have been reprinted from medical journals—one on Schwalbach as a health-resort, and the other against Hypnotism and two other medical fads which are shown to have not even novelty to recommend them. The son of Dr. R. R. Madden copies his father in linking literary studies with the practice of the healing art; but his writings are confined to more strictly professional subjects than those which engaged the author of "*Lives of the United Irishmen*."

ITEMS ABOUT IRISH MEN AND WOMEN.*

Mr. William Woodlock. Lady Margaret Domville. Charles Kickham's Hostess. The Betrothed of Thomas Davis.

I. The following very simple lines have been sent for publication, not for their own sake certainly, but for the sake of some circumstances connected with them. One day, five years ago, one of the divisional magistrates of Dublin had shown his usual zeal and kindness in securing a convent home for two little girls in whom the present writer was interested. While making the legal arrangements about the matter, it chanced to transpire that the day on which this good deed was wrought was the ninth birth-day of the magistrate's own beloved child, who had just passed through a very serious illness. As a little act of thanksgiving, this score of rhymes was dropped into his letter-box in the course of the afternoon :—

“ Frances, your ninth birthday has come
 Within your happy earthly home,
 Though recently you almost strove
 To spend it in the Home above.
 Thank God, you still must labour here
 For many a holy, happy year,
 Before you've earned your crown on high.
 May you, as swift the years glide by,
 Through childhood, girlhood, womanhood,
 Be always bright and pure and good !

“ Yet all those wishes I might spare,
 For stronger even than mother's prayer
 To win you every grace you need
 Is your fond father's kindly deed.
 On this ninth birthday of your life
 He from a world of sin and strife
 Has saved two little girls like you.
 Oh, may their grateful angels strew
 The best of blessings on your way
 Until your ninety-ninth birthday ! ”

The good man here referred to was Mr. William Woodlock, who has just died on the 12th of June, aged 58 years. He was a

* Continued from page 103 of this volume.

member of a well-known Dublin family, represented at present by the Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. He was a very distinguished pupil of the Jesuits at Friburg, and afterwards a gold medallist at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Bar, Trinity Term, 1855. His professional brethren had the highest respect for the solidity and breadth of his legal attainments; and, outside the groove of his duties as a barrister, he had a cultivated literary taste, which he inherited from his father. Of the literary leanings of each of them we may mention an instance that came under our notice, though of a trivial nature. The elder Mr. Woodlock was the "W. W." who at page 232 of our fifth volume (March, 1877) translated admirably Filicaja's famous sonnet on Divine Providence; and the subject of the present note was once before mentioned in our pages in a very unlikely context but in excellent company, among the distinguished authors of "Dublin Acrostics" (Dublin: Hodges and Figgis). At page 359 of our fifteenth volume (July, 1887) the curious revelation was for the first time made as to the partnership in that brilliant little quarto of such grave and learned men as Baron Fitzgerald, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, Judge O'Hagan, and even Dr. Russell of Maynooth. Among the junior barristers admitted into the conclave was Mr. William Woodlock, whose solitary contribution is one of the happiest in the volume.*

Mr. Woodlock's literary and legal skill would have qualified him to make some useful contributions to the literature of his profession. He was one of those unaffectedly modest men who need a certain degree of external compulsion to make them conscious of their own capabilities. It was characteristic of his serious, religious mind that among his manuscripts has been found an unfinished translation of a rather large Spanish treatise on the method of demonstrating the truth of the Christian religion to a young man of the world. One of his colleagues, not of the same faith, inquiring about his condition one day during his last brief illness, joined to his expression of sympathy the emphatic remark: "He was always a perfect Christian." R. I. P.

II. In the preceding notice we have explained a signature which occurred only once in our pages. The initials "M. St. L.

* The late Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C. furnished us with a key to the entire collection, which we must soon turn to account.

D." appeared in a still earlier volume of the Magazine, representing one whose death has just been announced, Lady Margaret Domville. Lady Margaret St. Laurence was a daughter of the third Earl of Howth, and married Sir Charles Domville, who died several years before her. She was a fervent Catholic. Her *Life of Lamartine*, published somewhat recently, is an excellent piece of literary workmanship and an extremely interesting biography.

III. A still slighter link connects with our Magazine one whose death has recently occurred under sensationally distressing circumstances. "A few more relics of Charles Kickham" (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. 16, p. 136) ended with a very minute, simple, and pathetic account of his death, given by Mrs. O'Connor, with whom he lived during his last years, in a letter to the late Miss Ellen O'Leary. This is the Mrs. O'Connor who, with four of her five children, was poisoned at Seapoint, near Kingstown, on June 30, by eating mussels which the children had gathered in a pond hard by. All the children were girls, the eldest, Annie, being thirteen years old; then Eily, whose eleventh birthday would have been celebrated on the following Sunday; Moya, nine years old; Kathleen, seven, and Nora, just five. Of these only Moya is left to the bereaved father. Ten minutes after the arrival of the priest Annie, the eldest, died; and in five minutes more Mrs. O'Connor, who had been attending to her poor children to the last moment, collapsed suddenly and died, followed soon by two more of her children; but the fourth of the little sufferers did not die till the next morning. An immense funeral procession accompanied the three hearses which bore the five coffins to Glasnevin, where public sympathy will raise a fitting memorial over these graves of a household.

IV. The "Special" who described his visit to the grave of Thomas Davis's Betrothed in *The Evening Telegraph* of June 21, 1890, seems not to enjoy the advantage of being among our constant readers; else he would not have spoken of Annie Hutton as a revelation reserved for Sir C. G. Duffy's recent biography of his most famous friend. Among the many collections, large and small, of letters by interesting Irishmen and others which the kindness of many benefactors has made this Magazine the first medium of publishing, one of the most valuable was a batch of the letters of Thomas Davis to John Edward Pigot, printed in two

instalments in our sixteenth volume at page 261, and again at page 335. At the latter page will be found the story of Annie Hutton, and an account of a pilgrimage to her grave behind the Whitworth Hospital in Drumcondra—a pilgrimage made exactly two years before that of the *Telegraph Special*. Sir C. G. Duffy, of course, adds much to what we were able to publish in June, 1888, especially a charming letter of the *promessa sposa* which Davis preserved with care, and which we must quote. The first hint on the subject Duffy extracts from the letter to John Pigot, which was printed in full in this Magazine (vol. 16, p. 338). It is there dated, oddly enough, "Monday, I think, 16th September, '44." One would imagine that Davis was sure of the day of the week, but not of the day of the month. However, that *I think* seems to have crept in by a blunder, being merely an annotation made in preparing the letters for the printer, when a doubt arose as to whether Davis had written "16th." This date is a mistake, for Pigot's answer is dated "September 13." Davis says to him: "You have Hibernicised the Huttons so much that they have borrowed a lot of my collection of Irish airs, and the lady whose name you write so flippantly sings 'The Bonny Cuckoo.' Are you very vain for all this?" But Pigot turns the tables on his correspondent. "You are amusing about the Huttons, but your coquetry is all fair when you can get that graceful wild girl to sing 'Bonny Cuckoo' and 'Annie Dear' for you. 'Tis very pleasant, too, to have collections of music-books for such disinterested proselytism." But his patriotism had not improved his chances of professional success; and the uncertainty of his future, now that he had another to think of—or wished to have another to think of—was the cause of the bad spirits that he confesses to in writing to David Owen Maddyn as late as July 31, 1845. "I have been for some time, and am likely to continue for a while, in a state of feverish anxiety on a subject purely personal, and which I hope I may yet be able to talk of to you." Yet it was of this period that Judge O'Hagan writes:—"All who remember him during that time can testify to the wonderful change he underwent even in appearance. His form dilated, his eyes got a new fire, his step was firmer, and the look of a proud purpose sat on him." And about this time "Annie dear" wrote this letter to her betrothed:—

"How shall I tell you how happy I was to get your dear, dear letter, for which I love you twenty times better than before, for now you are treating me

with confidence, not like a child whom it pleases you to play with. Do you know that was (but it is nearly gone) the one fear I had, that you would think of me as a plaything, more than as a friend ; but I don't think you will since last night. There now, dearest, you have all that is on my mind. I would have told you the last day you were here, only I did not know exactly how to say it, and thought it might be said better in a letter. Why do you say you wish I was oftener kind to you ? And why do you think me cold sometimes ?—indeed, I don't intend it, love. You say you are 'lawy,'—I *don't* believe it ; 'desultory,'—I *won't* believe it ; 'of selfish habits,'—I *can't* believe it ;—there now, 'thim's my sintiments !' as our friend Dr. S. would say. I'll tell you what, you must not write such nice letters to me, because it makes me slightly insane, as you may perceive. Oh ! I forgot I intended to begin this with a profound scolding ; I am really very angry with you for writing my unworthy name in that beautiful book of 'Melodies.' Indeed, you must not, dearest, be giving me so many books ; besides, I like better to have them when they are yours.

"I had such a lovely drive all round Howth yesterday, and at the most beautiful part was alone, which I was very sorry for ; I like to have some one to enjoy beauty with me, not to talk about it, but just quietly to enjoy. It was very beautiful, Killiney all brilliant in the sunlight, with white-sailed boats dancing merrily over the water, and then the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains behind frowning blackly, as if jealous that they had no sun, and Bray Head, the Grey Stones and Wicklow Head stretching out farther and still farther away. And there wasn't a sound to be heard—so different from the other busy side of Howth that we had just come from. I had a pleasant companion in the 'German Anthology' [Clarence Mangan's Translations]."

On the 15th of September, in that same year, 1845, Thomas Davis died after a short illness, and was buried in Mount Jerome. Mrs. Hutton hurried her poor child abroad, hoping that foreign travel might make the shock less grievous ; so that of her, too, as of the betrothed of Robert Emmet, Moore might have sung :—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

She did not survive him long. During the interval one of the alleviations of her bereavement was a task undertaken evidently out of love for his memory and because it was congenial to his spirit—the translation of "The Embassy to Ireland of Rinuccini," the famous papal Nuncio of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill. But she had not strength to finish the work, which was completed and published by her mother many years later in a massive octavo. A letter to a friend settles, amongst other points, the date of his actual engagement :—

"In the midst of all my sorrow the thought flashes through me, What pride, what glory to have been the chosen one of such a heart ! Oh, if I were to live through an eternity of grief, I would not give up that short month of happiness,

that little time of communion with all that was most pure, most holy on earth. . . . I try to think of all he has been spared ; no woman's love could have saved him from bitter disappointment ; no care of mine could have prevented his glorious spirit being bruised, crushed by the unworthiness of those he had to deal with. . . . No ideal I could form could be brighter, purer than he was. . . . One little short month it was, and yet a whole existence of love, which I pray will purify and raise my whole soul till it be worthy to join that bright one gone before."

Sir Charles Duffy quotes a friend of hers as saying " She faded away from the hour of his death." She died on the 7th of June, 1853. Her tombstone in St. George's Cemetery, behind the Whitworth Hospital, adds that she was then 28 years old ; and these dates tell us how young she was during that summer month when she was the Betrothed of Thomas Davis.

A PROOF-READER'S ACT OF CONTRITION.

LORD MACAULAY has somewhere held up to contempt some wretch who confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm. Our ideas on the difference between these two are so lamentably hazy that we do not venture to determine whether the following statement is an aphorism or an apophthegm or neither, but, such as it is, it was made in these pages some years ago. " As the owner's eye maketh the ox fat, even so the author's eye maketh the proof-sheet correct." The author, reading over his article, at once detects any epithet that is not what it ought to be, and concludes that there is a misprint which he proceeds to investigate ; but any other reader except the author is less shocked with a slight incongruity, says in his mind, " Rather poor, that, but good enough for So-and-so "—and so passes on, leaving the blunder unrectified. The only plan for ensuring a fair immunity from blunders is to insist on having every page corrected in type, at least once, by the writer thereof.

The writer of a paper, which a reviewer in *The Dublin Evening*

Mail of July 2nd called "remarkable," and which in private an excellent judge (in two senses of the word) called "very remarkable," is so far superior to the petty solitudes of authorship, that he refused to look at proof-sheets, and confided all to the care of the present writer, who betrayed the trust egregiously in the July Number of this Magazine. One of the reasons why he makes his act of contrition so publicly is the hope that this attempt at reparation may gain another careful reader or two for that "remarkable paper" on "The Two Civilisations." If we examined the June instalment carefully, we might discover some errata; but July is enough for us.

However, before we begin with our own confession, we may take refuge in the cowardly excuse that others are just as bad. A keen eye can detect mistakes in the best regulated magazines. One of the fine American monthlies—*Scribner*, or *The Century* for July, had an elaborate paper on the *The Suburban House*, and quotes the saying, *Facilis est inventus addere*, where sense requires *facile est inventis addere*. Stranger still, *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of July, 1890, giving (page 670) an answer of the Congregation of Rites, directing that the prayer at Benediction should be sung *recto tono*, with a single inflexion of the voice at the end—*recto* is twice printed *sexta*. But the most inexcusable of misprints in Latin was committed by ourselves in printing some hexameters of Pope Leo XIII. In the act of stating that sundry microscopes had failed to detect an alleged false quantity, we allowed *tanta* to pass in place of *tanto*, making a glaring false quantity of our own, and a bit of bad grammar and bad sense into the bargain.

A writer in *The Catholic World*, reviewing very favourably Miss Teresa Sparrow's "Olympias," remarks that either the proof-reader or the author had not "kept the pages as free as they should be from small but annoying blemishes of a sort easily overlooked until once they have been handed over to the public—then they attain the immortality of a perpetual pillory." We wish to pillory two or three peculiarly provoking misprints in a graphic sketch called "Father Pat," which many of our readers seem to have specially appreciated in our May Number. The poor widow's son, who is preparing for the priesthood, is referred to in the middle of page 269 as "the imp whose person but a short time before she had been wont to treat with scant courtesy." The important verb has here, with ugly realism, been changed by the compositor

into *beat*. In page 267, line 26, change "have clasped" into "clasp," and "called" into "call."

And now for the *corrigenda* in Part Second of "The Two Civilisations." In the fine poem quoted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, in page 359 of our present volume, the eleventh line should speak of the world shouting "its *paean* (not *power*) for those who have won;" and its penultimate line should contrast not "the martyr or hero," but "the martyrs or Nero."

In the first quotation from Tennyson, in page 361, let us read that "the spirit of murder works in the very veins of life;" and in the first line of the second quotation, change *us* into *no*—a small but important correction, which might remind us of those wretches who seem to look upon the *not* in some of the commandments as a mere monkish interpolation. Towards the end of the next page, "the words of the poet" do not *continue*, but *come true*, and the moon is not *scarred* but *scarved* with fleecy clouds.

Few would need to be told that the writer of such prose is a poet. Our magazine in its eighteen years has had the privilege of publishing many exquisite poems, but few nobler than "St. Augustine at Ostia," in our sixteenth volume, and "The Leper Priest of Luneberg," last year. We refer to them in the present melancholy context for the purpose of changing *fleeting minds* into *fluting winds* in page 539 :—

"A song so sweet that brook nor bird
Nor fluting winds could give it birth."

If this humble confession should attract some of our readers back to the very wise and eloquent essay spoiled by mistakes for which this present writer is alone responsible, he will feel less regret for his negligence, while he promises not to do it again.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.



A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.



CHAPTER XVIII.

DORA'S VISITOR.

WHEN the guests had all departed, and Lady Ashfield had been safely conveyed to her carriage, Sylvia drew Sir Eustace away from the deserted ball-room into her own little boudoir.

"Now, grandpapa," she said gaily, "we must have a pleasant half-hour before going to bed. You may smoke one of your very best cigars, and I will talk to you."

"But you must be tired, little one," he replied, patting her cheek. "If you don't go to bed, there will be no roses to-morrow."

"Do not be afraid, grandpapa. They will bloom as brightly as ever. But I could not sleep yet. I have something important to tell you."

He looked at her quickly, and a shadow passed over his face.

"Mystery, my darling. Has Lord Ashfield proposed? Does he"——

"God forbid!" cried Sylvia, fervently. "No, dearest, he has not. And I sincerely hope he never may."

"Why?"

"Grandpapa, need you ask? You know, oh you know well, I could never accept him."

Sir Eustace smiled brightly, and drew her down upon the sofa beside him.

"My darling is hard to please. Ashfield is most desirable in every way. But you shall not be coerced. Do exactly as you like."

"I will," replied the girl, dreamily, as she picked the withered leaves from her bouquet. "Look at these flowers, grandpapa; is it not sad to see them droop their heads?"

"Very sad, dearest. But such is life; all that's bright must fade—a hackneyed, but true saying," he remarked, smiling. "But," looking closely at the bouquet, "that is not the one I ordered for you, Sylvia."

The girl blushed, and nestled closer to his side.

"No, dear; but I thought you would not mind. It—it matched my dress better than yours."

"Did Lord Ashfield send it?"

"No. I would not have taken his, instead of yours, although I must say it was very pretty."

"Then who sent you this one that you say matched your dress better than mine?"

Sylvia lowered her eyes, and her lips trembled slightly.

"I don't know, grandpapa—but I think—I feel sure it came from Paul."

"From Paul!" Sir Eustace started. "My dear, that is impossible. He is abroad—in America."

"Yes, so I believe. But in some way—by his orders, this bouquet was made and sent to me."

"Sylvia!"

"I am sure of this, grandpapa. And—and as I never concealed or kept anything from you in my life, I tell you what I think now."

"My darling!" He put his arm round her, and pressed a kiss upon her brow. "Was this your important communication?"

Sylvia laughed, and laid her bouquet, fan and gloves upon the couch beside her.

"No, grandpapa. What I wanted to tell you was this: those children, the Neils, who came from Melbourne with me in the *Cimbria*, were not drowned."

"My dear child, how did you hear this?"

"Lord Ashfield told me to-night."

"Ashfield! How does he know?"

"It is a curious story—but very interesting."

And she then related the various incidents, as she had heard them from Lord Ashfield.

Sir Eustace listened attentively; but when she had finished, he made no remark, and sat puffing his cigar, apparently absorbed in thought.

"I cannot understand it, Sylvia," he cried at last, and there were tears in his eyes as he spoke. "Anne Dane saw them go down, and with almost superhuman strength, at the risk of being pitched into the ocean, she saved you as you were sinking with them."

"Anne was mistaken—deceived in her terror. They did not sink, and are now in London."

"The number of times she described that night to me, and the certainty she felt that they were drowned, prevented me from advertising—from searching for them, poor little waifs. But now that we have found them, we must make up for lost time, my darling, and do what we can to help them."

"I knew you would say that," cried Sylvia, joyfully. "I told Lord Ashfield so. He wanted me to keep their existence a secret from you. He fears that if Lady Ashfield heard you were going to help them, she would set you against poor Madge."

"But why? Is there anything wrong with Madge?"

"Indeed there is not," cried Sylvia, forgetting that she knew very little about the girl. "She is wonderfully good and clever."

"Well, dear, I shall not mind anything Lady Ashfield may say, and will help these children to the best of my power."

"Then I may go to see them to-morrow?"

"Certainly; and when you know them a little, we shall see what we can do for them. They must have had a hard struggle to live."

"Yes, very. And just think, grandpapa, how different has been my life," said Sylvia, clinging to him, "and how terrible it might have been if Anne had not saved me, and if I, too, had been cast away with these children—or all alone perhaps."

"My darling, I thank God from the bottom of my heart that such a trial as that was spared us. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Anne. What should I have done without you, my precious Sylvia?"

"You would have been lonely, I think," she whispered caressingly. "Although I am a care, and sometimes a worry."

"Never," he cried indignantly. "Never!"

"What? Not even when you are forced into giving balls for my sake?"

"Not even then, you saucy puss. And now, to bed, or I shall have you looking as limp as your poor bouquet, to-morrow."

"There is no fear of that. But now that I have told you my story, I think I shall retire. I *do* feel tired, I confess."

"I thought so, my pet. So now good-night. Do not come down for breakfast, but take a long sleep to make up for all you have lost. Good-night." And throwing aside his cigar, he folded her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly.

The next morning Sylvia did not, however, follow her grandfather's advice, but rang early for her maid; and much to that young person's astonishment, informed her that she wanted breakfast, and was going out at eleven.

"Does Mademoiselle require the carriage?" asked Désirée.

"No. I am going into a poor neighbourhood and shall walk. I want you to come with me."

"C'est incroyable!" cried the maid, as she went to obey her mistress's orders. "After a ball, and that ball at home! But Mademoiselle Atherstone has the strength of—I know not what."

However, Désirée could only submit, and at eleven o'clock she and Sylvia walked briskly along the Cromwell Road.

On leaving home, Sylvia felt full of joy at the thought of her expedition, and the good she would surely be able to do these poor orphans. But as she went down Walton Street, and drew near the house where the Neils lived, she became nervous and uncomfortable. It seemed an impertinence to walk in to these girls and offer to assist them. They might be offended, and resent the intrusion. It would be better, perhaps, to write first to let them know she was coming. But no, that would cause a delay. She had promised Lord Ashfield to see them at once. She would keep her promise.

So on she went, her colour a little higher than usual, her heart beating tumultuously.

She reached the house. Miss Dora was in. Miss Madge was at school.

"You can wait here, Désirée, or return for me in an hour," she said, in a low voice. The Neils' rooms were on the fourth floor. A long way up, it seemed to the visitor.

On the last landing the girl paused. There were two doors. At which should she knock? Suddenly the sound of a sweet voice, singing an old Irish air, fell on her ear; and in an instant she knew it must be Dora who sang.

She waited till the song was finished, then knocked gently, and was quickly bidden to enter. She opened the door, and stepped across the threshold; then stopped abruptly, gazing with admiration at the picture before her.

On the sofa lay Dora. Round about her, like a cloak, fell her long golden hair; and her fingers were busy with some yards of pale blue silk, that she was hemming industriously. She did not look up for a moment. And as Sylvia stood watching her, Browning's description in "Gold Hair" flashed through her mind, and seemed as though written for the occasion.

"Hair such a wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it too!"

"Will you kindly shut the door when you go out, Mrs. Sims?" said Dora without lifting her eyes. "I don't want to get up just now, and there is such a draught when it is open."

Sylvia shut the door, and approached the sofa.

"I hope you will not think me very impertinent," she began, "but—" Dora looked up. She grew suddenly pale as death. A little cry escaped her lips, and dropping her work, she held out both hands in eager welcome.

"Sylvia!" Then flushing crimson. "I beg your pardon, Miss Atherstone. I am surprised, yet very glad to see you."

"Sylvia, it must be, dear; for we are—at least we ought to be like sisters, you and I," replied the visitor, sinking down on her knees beside the couch, and pressing her lips to Dora's.

"Sisters?"

"Yes, dear. For although you may not know it, we were friends when we were little, and were almost lost together in the same wreck."

"Yes," said Dora. "I know, and you"——

"I was saved by my faithful nurse, and carried to my grandfather, to be loved and petted all my life, whilst you—O Dora, how different has been your fate. *You* lost your father, mother, all you loved."

"No, thank God, I did not lose Madge, my sweet, my darling sister."

"No, God was too merciful to rob you of all. But oh, Dora, what a hard, hard struggle you and Madge must have had."

"Hard indeed. But Madge has suffered most. She has had the hardest fight."

"All that is over, dear. Your future is in our hands. Would that we had found you sooner! Papa was so fond of your father, and so anxious to help his children, that he wrote continually to grandpapa to look for you. He would not believe you were drowned. But Anne Dane declared you were."

"Anne Dane," cried Dora, with flashing eyes, "knew we were not—she knew we were alive."

"No, no, dear, you are mistaken. Poor Anne may have been deceived, but she firmly believed you were dead."

"She," began Dora, then breaking off abruptly, she said: "Do not kneel any longer, dear. Sit beside me, on that little stool."

"Why are you on the sofa, Dora?" asked Sylvia, doing as desired. "You seemed pretty well that day you came to Cromwell Road with Mdme. Garniture."

"Yes; but my spine is always weak, and that morning I had a shock. I have not been well since."

"A shock?"

"Yes. I—we had looked for you so long, so hopelessly, that when I saw you I nearly fainted."

"But you did not know me when I spoke to you?"

"Oh, no; but afterwards, when you had gone to the drawing-room, the maid told me."

"Poor little Dora! I wish I knew. I took such a fancy to you that day, because I thought you like my mother."

Dora started, and fixed her eyes upon her in astonishment.

"Your mother?"

"Yes, dear, my dead mother; I never saw her, you know; but that morning grandpapa had just been describing her to me, from what papa had said about her in his letters. She was small and fair, with golden hair and blue eyes; and when I saw you upon the landing, I was startled, for you seemed exactly what she might have been, or rather what her daughter ought to be. It made me sad to think that I was so unlike her. Poor little mother, she died so young. Was Mrs. Neil fair?"

"I don't know," replied Dora, in a low voice, "I was only a baby at the time of her death."

"Of course; but then, Madge might have told you."

"She never did."

"And you never asked? That is strange. Did you never wonder if you were like your mother?"

"Yes, often."

"I thought so. Every girl does, I think; at least every girl whose mother is dead, and whom she has never known. I have not even a picture of my darling. She was born and died in Australia, and no one here ever saw her. When papa sent me home with Anne Dane, he put a miniature of mother round my neck; but, alas! it was lost on the night of the wreck. Wasn't that a pity?"

"Yes."

Dora's lips quivered, and she closed her eyes lest Sylvia should see anything strange in their expression as she pressed her mother's portrait tightly against her heart.

"Are you in pain, dear?" asked Sylvia, noticing this sudden movement.

"A little," whispered Dora, "but don't mind me, it will pass off."

"Poor child, I cannot bear to see you suffer. But we shall soon make you strong. You must leave these stuffy rooms at once; grandpapa will find you a pleasant place; you shall see a good doctor, and then"—

Dora started up, and seizing Sylvia's hand pressed it to her lips.

"Do not make me love you too much," she cried, "do not show me what a good, noble girl you are, for when you know, when you hear, you will hate me, and then—oh, I cannot bear it."

And, overcome with emotion, Dora fell back, sobbing bitterly.

"My dear child, what can you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing! Do not look so frightened. But you must not do, or wish to do too much for us—Madge would not allow it; she is proud. But help her to work—find her pupils who will pay her well—and she will bless you. More, neither she nor I could accept, unless—but that Madge would never consent to."

Sylvia smiled, and, smoothing back the golden hair gently, kissed the girl's fair brow.

"What a pair of proud sisters," she said, playfully. "Lord Ashfield was right when he said"—

Dora trembled; her pale cheeks grew scarlet.

"Lord Ashfield? Did he tell you?"

"He told me all—where you were, who you were, and how anxious he was to help you."

"He has helped us, in many ways."

Sylvia looked at her in surprise.

"Really? I thought he had never been able to do anything. Lady Ashfield"—

"Was cruel—oh, so cruel to poor Madge."

"I am sorry, very sorry to hear that. For though fond of managing people and things in her own way, she is not unkind."

"No," said Dora bitterly, "but she was to Madge; so much so that we resolved never to accept any help from her hands. However, she has never troubled us. From the evening that Madge called upon her, we have never heard from her."

"Lord Ashfield told me how grieved he was at his mother's conduct."

"I thought he would be," cried Dora. "I told Madge how good, how noble he was. But, although he saved us from terrible misery by paying our rent, she cannot bear to hear his name mentioned—and all because of his mother."

"She is wrong then," said Sylvia gravely. "For he is exactly what you say, noble and good."

Dora looked at her closely, then turned away to lay her work upon the table. "Do you like him very much?" she asked.

"Very much. I have known him since I was a child."

Dora sighed, and moved restlessly from side to side.

"I might have known," she murmured to herself, "I might have known everything—why not this as well?"

"And you will tell Madge from me," continued Sylvia, not noticing the look of sorrow on Dora's face, "that she must not judge people rashly. It is wrong to blame Lord Ashfield for his mother's fault."

"Yes, yes, cruelly wrong."

"And I think—I am afraid Madge must be rather foolish sometimes. Lady Ashfield was anxious to help you, but your sister offended her deeply, by something she said or did. Of course I was not there, and so do not know how it happened. But Madge should be more careful."

Dora covered her face with her hands, and groaned aloud.

"Poor Madge! Oh, if you only knew! But I dare not, I cannot tell you. And now, I hope you may never know."

"Well, dear, you speak mysteriously. But I shall never ask you to tell me anything that you wish to keep secret. And if it is anything against Madge, I should prefer not to hear it, because"—

"Against Madge?" Dora's small frame quivered, and her blue eyes flashed ominously. "Against Madge! Sylvia Atherstone, are you dreaming? Did anyone say there was anything against Madge?"

"No, but"—

"Against Madge! Madge who is so good and true. Madge who has laboured and struggled. Madge who has been father, mother, sister, everything to me. As if there could be anything against her—as if"—

Sylvia laid her hand upon Dora's, and pressed it gently.

"My dear," she said soothingly, "do not be angry with me. I meant no harm. I am sure Madge is all you say. I spoke thoughtlessly. But your mysterious hints misled me."

"I must speak mysteriously unless—but tell me, Sylvia," she asked almost fiercely, "are you proud of your position, your name? Would it pain you to become poor, to fall from being Miss Atherstone, to become a poor girl like me?"

Sylvia looked at her wonderingly. She could not understand the drift of these strange questions, and feared the girl's mind must be as feeble as her body.

"I could not imagine such a change, dear," she said gently. "So do not let us talk about the impossible. The question now is, how grandpapa and I can help you and Madge?"

Dora flushed painfully; she did not speak; and two large tears fell from her eyes, and ran unheeded down her cheeks.

"Dora," cried Sylvia, flinging her arms round her. "My dear, you are unhappy. Tell me—what is it? What is this mystery?"

Dora allowed her head to rest upon Sylvia's breast; and, raising her face to hers, kissed her with lingering tenderness. Then suddenly, she pushed her roughly away.

"Hush!" she said, "do not mention this again. My weak health has embittered me; and for a moment I felt jealous—horribly jealous—and longed to be in your place. To be—what of course I never can be—the beautiful Miss Atherstone."

"I think, dear," said Sylvia smiling gaily, "we cannot do quite that for you, and you must be content to be the lovely Miss Neill."

Dora gazed at her with shining eyes.

"You are good, and kind, and beautiful," she cried, "fit in every way for your place, far, far better than I could ever be."

"Well, I am glad you approve of me," replied Sylvia, laughing merrily. "It is pleasant to know that I am considered a worthy scion of my family by Miss Dorothy Neil. But now we must talk no more nonsense, my fair critic, we must be grave and solemn, and consider what is the best thing to be done for you at once."

"Ask some of your rich friends to take music lessons from Madge. She plays splendidly, and is a thorough musician."

"That has been done already. Here," opening her card-case, "are the addresses of two ladies, who told me last night they wanted a music-teacher for their children. Let Madge go to these houses to-morrow and mention my name. They are wealthy people, and will pay her well. If she plays as well as you say, she will secure three good pupils, at least. In time we shall find her more. And she'll soon grow quite rich."

"And then she can leave that odious school," cried Dora joyfully. "This will, indeed, be good news for my poor darling. Thank you, Sylvia, a hundred times."

"No thanks, dear—and you must give up hemming those frills."

"No, I could not do that. These frills that you speak so contemptuously of save me from—well, too much thinking, and Madame Garniture's pay is a great help."

"But you shall not require it now, my little Dora."

"Certainly, I shall. I am not going to live on charity. If I cannot have what is my own—that is," blushing and stammering, "if I have nothing of my own, I must earn it."

"You are as proud as Madge, then?"

"Almost; so you must leave me my frills, Sylvia, till—well, till something turns up."

"You shall do exactly as you please. Be happy in your own way. And, now, good-bye. I'll come again soon. But I must go now. Désirée is waiting for me. I am so glad to have found you out."

And, bending, Sylvia kissed Dora softly on the forehead, and hurried downstairs.

"So glad to have found me out. Poor, unsuspecting girl!"

murmured Dora, as the door closed upon her visitor. "But, oh, how shall we ever let her know the truth? How shall we drag her from her high position, make her his inferior in birth, unworthy to be his wife? I could not do it—I could not do it," and the sweet face was full of pain at the thought "Alas, what a cruel destiny is mine. But now I must try to be happy. I am pleased that she is so kind, so good, and if—but I will write to Madge, and tell her to hurry back. Mrs. Sims will take my note to the school on her way home. I long to tell my darling the good news, that she may soon leave those insolent girls at Penelope Lodge for some more congenial occupation."

And, rising slowly from the sofa, Dora went to the table, and taking pencil and paper sat down to write to Madge.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Just as Sylvia reached the street, her mind full of Dora, and her pretty yet perplexing ways, a young man of about six or seven and twenty, entering the house, met her. He was not tall, hardly above the average height, and very slight, with dark grey eyes, and a broad, noble brow, from which masses of fair curling hair were thrown in artistic carelessness. His coat was a well-worn black velvet, and the hat he carried in his hand a rather shabby soft, grey felt.

The girl's glance fell upon him as he approached, and she gave a little cry; then, stopping short, steadied herself against the banister, and examined him more closely.

"Paul," she whispered. "Oh, Paul, is it possible?"

At the sound of her voice the young man started. The hot blood rushed to his forehead; his eyes seemed to have absorbed the sunshine.

"Sylvia!"

He ran forward joyfully, caught both her hands, and carried them rapidly to his lips. She drew them gently away, and looked straight into his eyes. He did not flinch or quail beneath her glance. His was as true, as faithful as her own.

"Paul," she asked with heightened colour, as he turned to accompany her a few paces in the street, "why are you here? We thought you were in America."

"I am here," he cried, "because America is too far away. Better to starve in the same town, within a few streets of you, than grow rich with an ocean between us."

"What are you doing?"

"Working one day, idling the next."

"And is that your idea of how a man should live if he wishes to make a name?"

"Name!" he cried bitterly. "I shall never make a name."

"I am very sorry to hear that. I hoped—I believed you would. You did not talk so in the old days."

"I was a simpleton then—a fool."

"Then all your dreams—all your ambition has gone? The promises you made"—

"Sylvia, do not blame me," he implored. "I have been unlucky all through. The fates are against me."

"I do not see that."

"You do not see it, oh, how can you say so? Think what my life has been. As a boy, I was taken from my poor home to Sir Eustace Atherstone's splendid mansion. I was surrounded with luxury, spoilt and petted, a mere plaything for the lonely millionaire. Then you came. I was cast aside. But I cared little for that. I adored you—my sister, my treasure. All my thoughts were of you—everything I did was to please you. And my first reason for wishing to be an artist was, that I might paint *your* portrait. Then followed our years abroad. My boyish love grew to passion. I told my love—and the penniless dependent was sent away, turned adrift with hard words, to sink or swim as chance decreed."

"You are unjust and ungrateful," cried Sylvia warmly. "Grand-papa wished to continue your allowance, but you"—

"Refused to eat the bread of charity. Yes, Sylvia, when I suddenly realised that you and I, though we lived in the same house, and ate at the same table, were not considered equals, I saw the injustice that had been done to me."

"Injustice?"

"Yes, I repeat it, injustice. What right had Sir Eustace to take me out of my natural position, teach me luxurious habits, bring me up on terms of equality with you, his granddaughter, and then, when I told him of my love for you, spurn me and tell me I was a beggar?"

He paused, and turning his eyes full of indignant feeling upon her, seemed waiting for a reply.

But none came. Sylvia did not speak. Her sweet face wore an expression of sorrow, her mouth a look of pain. Her bright colour had faded as Paul became vehement; and as he gazed at her,

longing for a word of sympathy, he was suddenly struck by her extreme pallor.

"Sylvia, you are ill—I have annoyed you," he said, trying to take her hand. "Oh, my love, my love, forgive me."

But the girl sprang aside.

"Do not touch me," she cried, "nor call me by that name, till you have earned the right—till"—

"Sylvia!"

"Paul, listen to me. You have spoken unfairly, ungenerously of my grandfather. In the bitterness of your soul, you have taken all that he has done for you, all the kindness he has lavished on you, in a wrong spirit. You have called him unjust. You must unsay those words, and show by your life that they are untrue, or—or never speak to me again."

"But, Sylvia, how can I do this?"

"By your life; by giving up your idle ways, and working honestly, manfully."

"Of what use would it be?"

"Of great use—to show that you are a man, and not a mere creature of whims and fancies; to show that the affection, the money, and opportunities bestowed upon you by Sir Eustace, have not been thrown away; to prove to me that I have not loved a worthless"—

"Sylvia, spare me. I know—I feel my own shortcomings. Do not make me hate and despise myself."

"No," she said, and there were tears in her voice as she spoke, "that is not my object. Oh, Paul, if you would only be true to yourself, exert yourself, and not fritter away the talents God has given you, how happy we might be."

"Sylvia, do you mean this? Could any effort of mine make a difference? Could I under any circumstances be received as yours?"

The girl's white face grew crimson, and her eyes fell beneath his gaze.

"Alas!" he cried, "you know it could not be. I, the son of a simple farmer, could never aspire to the rich Miss Atherstone. Good Heavens! Why are you not poor? Why are you not poor? Why are you not like that young girl upstairs, Miss Dora Neil? If you were only in her position, and that my work could help to support you, I'd toil night and day."

"Then, why not do so, if only to please me—and grandpapa?"

"He does not care."

"There you are mistaken. He cares a great deal; he loves you, Paul, and misses you, I know."

"Then why did he send me away? Why did he forbid me his house?"

"He sent you away because he thought it his duty to do so, because he was told, advised to do so, by Lady Ashfield. He consulted me, and I agreed that he was right. Yes, I felt that you were not working as you should, that you were too fond of a life of ease. I loved you, Paul; but I saw your faults, and I was full of ambition for you. In Rome I heard men say that you were clever, almost a genius, and that if you only had patience and industry, you might one day become a great artist. But I was told—'Living as he does, he will never do any good.' And so, when grandpapa said that you were to be left behind there, that you were not to live with us anymore, I felt he was right. If Paul, I thought, loves me as he says, separation can do no harm—it will inspire him with an anxiety to work. But I and grandpapa have both been bitterly disappointed. At the first mention of leaving us, you lost your temper, your foolish pride was up in arms at once, and with angry words you flung away from Sir Eustace, declaring that you would never take another penny of his money. Since then you have not written, and it was only by chance that we heard you had gone to America; and now, by another curious accident, I come face to face with you, and so learn that you are in London."

As Sylvia's words fell upon his ear, and she told him thus, in a voice full of sorrow and tender feeling, the story of his separation from her, whom he loved with all his soul, and put before him, in a new light, his quarrel with the man who had been a kind, indulgent father to him since his earliest boyhood, he felt stricken with shame and remorse. With folded arms he stood before her, where she had turned to put an end to their interview; and as she spoke, his head dropped upon his breast, and he dared not raise his eyes to hers.

As the girl ceased, she turned away with a sigh. She had spoken plainly, had told him the unvarnished truth, and had, perhaps, offended him beyond forgiveness. Well, she had done what she thought right, and, if he should take her lecture badly, she must bear it. She had delivered it for his good; she could not regret having done so. She waited a moment, expecting him to make some angry retort, or mutter some words of excuse. But he stood in sullen silence, showing neither by look nor movement that he had heard her last words.

Sylvia glanced at him in pained surprise. A mist rose before her eyes, and she felt a strange throbbing at her heart.

"Good-bye, Paul," she said, with a little sob, "I must go. Good-bye."

She walked past him, then turned and gazed at him sadly, longingly. He looked up, and as he met her beautiful eyes fixed

upon him in earnest pleading, the last remnant of false pride fell away, and he felt deeply penitent, and full of remorse. In an instant he was by her side again.

"Sylvia," he cried, in a voice of anguish, "do not leave me just yet. Listen to me, I implore—I entreat. Your words have opened my eyes, torn down the veil that my pride had hung before them. I had always looked upon myself as the person most wronged. But now I see how shameful, how ungrateful, has been my conduct."

A look of joy flashed across Sylvia's lovely face, and smiling radiantly, she put her hand in his.

"Bravely spoken, Paul," she cried. "Your pride blinded you, I know. But proud as you are, you are generous also, and, having seen and acknowledged your faults, you will, I am sure, atone for them as quickly and as fully as you can."

"Alas! I can never do that."

"But you can, if you will."

"Will! Oh, Sylvia, if I only knew how, that will never be wanting."

"It is quite easy," she said gently. "At least, I think it should not be so very hard. You must go to Sir Eustace, and tell him what you feel, ask him to forgive you, and believe me your prayer will not be long unheard."

"And shall I tell him what my life has been?" he asked abruptly. "How I have wasted my time and my talents, painting only when forced to do so by bare necessity?"

"Yes, tell him all. But also tell him that you are about to change your way, that you are going to work at last."

"I can do little. My room is small. I have bad light."

"Then you must take a studio. There are some excellent ones in the Fulham Avenue. I have been there on Show Sunday, with grandpapa."

"That is impossible. A poor beggar like me cannot afford such a luxury. I told Lord Ashfield so only yesterday."

"Lord Ashfield! Does he know you are in town?"

"Yes. He has sat to me for his portrait, like a good fellow, and since then I have received an order to paint the wife of a city noble, who is proud to have her portrait done by an artist who has just taken the likeness of an earl."

"I am glad to hear that, for it shows me that you are not quite so idle as you would have me believe. But now you must take that studio."

Paul looked at her gravely, and shook his head.

"I mean what I say," she replied earnestly. "You must take it."

"But the money?" he asked impatiently. "Where is it to come from?"

"From Sir Eustace. Now do not turn away, but listen to me, Paul. Sometime ago grandpapa offered you an allowance. You in your anger refused it. But now you see you were wrong, and you acknowledged your folly. Then go and say so. He was your father for years. Confess your fault, and in all humility ask him to help you for a few years till you begin to get on. This, surely, is not a very difficult thing to do?"

"It will be terribly hard, but to please you, Sylvia, I will do it."

"That is right," she cried brightly. "You have made me very happy. I am sure if you will only try, you will succeed splendidly. And you must tell grandpapa that you are determined to do so, that you have a high ambition, a noble purpose to achieve."

"And may I say that you, Sylvia, have held out a hope that should I one day distinguish myself, that you will think kindly of me? And perhaps"——

Sylvia held out her hands, and, as he pressed them to his lips, she looked at him earnestly.

"Paul," she whispered, "work and hope. God will take care of our future."

Then she turned from him, and ran swiftly on her way.

"My God!" he cried, as she vanished from his sight, "what a fool I have been, wasting my life in idleness and folly; but it shall be so no longer. She—my Sylvia, my love! shall live to be proud of me, to rejoice at my success."

And he went into his room and locked the door.

That evening as Sir Eustace Atherstone sat reading in the library, a footman entered, and asked if he might admit a gentleman who wished particularly to see him.

"What is his name?"

"He refused to give it, Sir Eustace."

"You may show him in."

The servant bowed and retired. A moment later the door opened again, and the stranger walked in.

Sir Eustace laid aside his book, and turning looked at his visitor.

"May I ask," he began, then paused, and sprang to his feet.

"Paul—you here?"

"Yes, Sir Eustace, I am here, here to tell you of my sorrow for my past conduct, and to implore you to forgive my wild words, my bitter ingratitude."

"My boy," said Sir Eustace with much emotion, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "I forgave you long ago. Your behaviour

was that of a hot-headed, foolish youth. I knew you would be sorry when you had time to reflect ; you have taken almost a year to do so ; but better late than never ; I am truly glad to see you. This will be good news for Sylvia."

"She knows all. She it was who brought me to my senses, showed me how wicked, how foolish I had been."

A cloud passed over the old man's face.

"Sylvia saw you ? Talked to you, and yet did not tell me ? That cannot be ; only last night she spoke mysteriously of a bouquet that she thought came from you, but she never said she had seen you."

"I did not meet Sylvia till to-day. She was as surprised as you to find I was in London. For although she may have guessed that I sent the bouquet, because of a certain arrangement of the flowers, she could not know that I had come back to England. We met by accident, at the door of the house in which I lodge."

"Of course ; I might have known my darling would never have concealed your meeting. But I have been away all day, and have not seen her since morning. And now, Paul, what about yourself ? What have you been doing ? Are you getting on in your profession ?"

"I have made no way, Sir Eustace. I have painted for my daily bread. When I had enough for that, I idled and spent the money I earned."

"Well, well, you must turn over a new leaf. You have sown your wild oats. Now you must begin to work seriously."

"I am determined to do so," answered Paul, decidedly. "And now, Sir Eustace, I have a request to make. You once offered me an allowance ; I refused it with scorn, because since I could not have your most precious jewel, I would have nothing. I would now ask you to give me that help, unless you have lost all faith in me, and have ceased to take an interest in me and my career."

"My dear Paul, for years you were dear to me as a son, and, until that unhappy quarrel, I never received a rude word from you ; you now return suing for pardon, and I grant it, wholly and entirely. From this hour we are friends again. The three hundred a year I allowed you when in Rome has been duly paid into the Union Bank for you ever since that day when I first mentioned it to you. Send for your bank-book, and you will doubtless find you have a goodly balance to your name."

Paul was speechless from emotion, and his eyes were wet and shining as he raised them gratefully to his benefactor's face.

"You are good, too good," he stammered at last. "How shall I show my gratitude ?"

"By working hard, and making a name for yourself. Let me

hear you spoken of as an industrious man, a rising artist, and I will be satisfied."

"It shall be done. And you will come and see me; let me paint your portrait."

"Certainly, with pleasure. But, Paul"—Sir Eustace hesitated, took up a book, and laid it down again, sighed, and turned away to the mantel-piece.

"Yes, Sir Eustace," said Paul, "you were about to say"—

The old man wheeled round, and looked fiercely at Paul. "My ideas, my wishes as to your intercourse with my granddaughter are unchanged. You must not come here, or seek to meet her."

Paul coloured to the temples. This was the subject of their former quarrel. At these remarks, or similar ones, he had lost his temper, insulted his benefactor. But he was wiser now. Sylvia's looks and words that morning had filled him with joy, given him hope that nothing could take from him. She obeyed her grandfather, and wished him to do the same. But she would be true to her own heart. So he overcame a rebellious inward rising, and answered quietly: "I shall do exactly as you command."

"That is right," cried Sir Eustace cheerfully. "Your journey to the States has done you good—changed you in many ways."

"It has. But in one thing I can never change, and it is right that you should know it. I love Sylvia now as dearly as ever. I shall never cease to love her."

"What folly!"

"It may be folly, but whatever it is, it is part of my life. Would that she were poor, that I might win her, and make a home for her by my own exertions."

"That is a cowardly wish. Why should you want to lower her? Better far to raise yourself to her."

"But of what avail? She is as far above me as the stars," he cried, and there was a pathetic ring in his voice as he spoke. "And you, Sir Eustace, would never help me to reach her. In your eyes my lowly birth would always be an insurmountable barrier."

"It would. I do not approve of people marrying out of their sphere. Therefore I hope you will forget my granddaughter."

"And Sylvia? Is she to be sacrificed? Is her heart to be broken?"

Sir Eustace startled. He grew white to the lips. "Sylvia?" he groaned. "She does not, cannot care"—

"Sir Eustace, pray do not curse me in your wrath," cried Paul with emotion. "It is not my fault that Sylvia has been true; that all these years, surrounded as she has been with men more worthy,

more cultivated than I, she has grown to love me, the friend of her youth. I came here this evening resolved to tell you all; there shall be nothing deceitful in my conduct."

"Then you mean to tell me"—

Paul's eyes shone radiantly, he stood proudly erect, and shook back the fair hair from his brow with a gesture of delight.

"That Sylvia loves me? Yes, thank God, I am sure of it."

The old man sank into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, murmured sadly:

"Oh, my darling, has it come to this? Has it come to this?"

But presently he rose up, and going close to the young artist, looked at him anxiously.

"Paul," he said, in trembling accents, "your words are a revelation to me, and change all my ideas. I thought my Sylvia was a child still. And now, as I remember many things she has said, many expressions of her lovely face, I know you are right. She is a woman. Poor darling! God keep her from sorrow."

"Sir Eustace," cried Paul passionately, "you do not think I could ever bring sorrow to my love? You cannot—you must not say so."

"Paul," cried the old man solemnly, "are you worthy? Has your life been one to make you worthy to lift your eyes to a girl so noble, so pure and holy, as my Sylvia?"

"No, to my shame, I own it. It has not."

"Then, how can you expect me to welcome you as her husband? I am speaking to you now as I would speak to any other man, were he of the noblest in the land. Birth, riches, honours are little value compared to that of an upright, a spotless character. And to no one living shall I give my darling till he has proved beyond doubt that his life is honourable in every way."

"Sir Eustace, you are right," said Paul with humility. "I bow to your decree. But I ask you honestly to tell me what your decision is. If I work hard, if from this hour I lead a life of industry, if my labours are crowned not, perhaps, with world-wide fame, but with a fair amount of success, and at the end of this year I come to you, and you find that Sylvia still loves me, will you then encourage me to hope to win her as my wife?"

The old man took his hand, and looked straight into his face.

"I believe you are in earnest, Paul," he said. "God grant you all possible success. Everything that I can do to help you in your profession shall be done. At the end of the year, perhaps before, you shall have a more definite answer. But leave Sylvia to me. Do not seek to see her. Leave her free, and—well, we shall see."

"Then I may hope," cried Paul, with quivering lips. "Oh, Sir

Eustace, I shall now work night and day. No toil shall tire me, no labour seem to hard. A year will appear as a month"—

"Do not let your enthusiasm mislead you, Paul. Many things may happen in a year. Before that time my son, Sylvia's father, returns. I may then have no power over my darling's life. He may have other views, other ideas for his daughter's future."

"True, but you will speak kindly of me, think kindly of me, promise me that, Sir Eustace."

"I promise."

(*To be continued.*)

MARTYRS.

To Martyrum candidatus laudat exeroitus.

I.

A SHIMMERING band all fair and white,
 Nearest the Throne's imperial light,
 They stand, the purified and blest,
 On every brow the Martyr's crest.
 Through seas of trouble and distress,
 Through pain and want and weariness,
 Through persecution, fire and flame,
 Through blood and agony, they came,—
 Reviled and scorned, in grief and woe,
 Fearless and brave, they met the foe,
 Fresh strength receiving every hour
 To wrestle with the Tempter's power—
 And now, their weary warfare past,
 Before the Throne their crowns they cast,
 Their voices join the angelic song,
 A purified and holy throng.

II.

And are the days of Martyrs o'er?
 Does Satan tempt frail man no more?
 Are our poor lives so free from sin
 That nought impure can enter in?
 We know our faith may not require
 To test its strength by thong or fire

But are we nearer, Lord, to Thee,
Or nearer lone Gethsemane?
Are there no passions to be stilled,
No empty moments to be filled,
No cherished wish to be denied,
Ere we can reach Thy riven Side?
A penance long each life must be,
And blood-stained every step to Thee;
A tortured self each must endure
The heavenly pardon to secure.
Then, when earth's pilgrimage is o'er,
And we have reached the sunlit shore,
Grant, Lord, that we may join the song,
And praise Thee with the white-robed throng.

S. H. C.

THE SERAPH OF ASSISI.

I.

I WILL ask you, dear reader, to go with me for a few moments to that sunny land, the home of saints, the centre of Catholicity, and witness in fancy a strange spectacle in these days of unfaith and injustice. Between the Apennines, that lift their cold crests high into the ever blue air, and the sunny plains far beneath them that know no winter, there is many a delicious valley where Nature, exhausted neither by excessive cold nor heat, but invigorated by tempered breezes, brings forth all its wealth of fruit and its pomp of flower, and where one would imagine men would never think of Heaven at all, so perfect is the paradise around them. By far the most beautiful of these rich valleys is that which is called the Umbrian; and cresting the Umbrian valley, looking down upon and crowning all its beauty, is the city of Assisi. And, this warm summer day, is it a jubilee pageant that stirs the ancient city? Is it some worldly feast of king or emperor, or some political triumph, that brings from every part of Italy those sun-browned, dust-stained, travel-wearied pilgrims, who throng every square and street of the city, and who linger

around it as if unwilling to leave it, and go back to their own home? From the sun-parched plain below, where the yellow Tiber rolls lazily, from the cold heights of the Apennines, from city and village and hamlet these multitudes have come—old men at the close of life's journey, the young with free and agile step, children in their mother's arms, all have come the weary journey, and some indication of their business here is that they, for the last two days, have thronged the churches, have besieged the confessionals, have come in thousands to the altar of their God, and have crept on hands and feet to a certain modest shrine, around which and above which there springs one of the noblest basilicas of Europe. What is the meaning of the vast concourse of people? What is the secret of the fervent prayers, the deep heartfelt contrition, the beautiful commingling of the love and fear of God, the ardent communion, the joy and peace which are spread over this vast multitude of souls—peace which the world never gives, peace that will abide with them many a day to come, and lighten the burden of life, and heal its sorrows, and make pleasant many a happy day in many a happy home in this holy land of Italy? The secret is that here a child was born seven centuries ago, and born like his Master, in a stable, and “his name has gone abroad over the world, and the report of him unto the ends of the earth;” and here in this very shrine, seven centuries ago, he was given the the highest favour that mortal man could receive, not for himself, but for his people; for here he stood face to face with Jesus Christ, spoke to Him, heard His sacred voice—the voice that stilled the storm on the sea of Galilee, that won the heart of Magdalen, that made the Apostles burn with divine love.

It would be a good and profitable thing to bring before our minds the life and example of this wonderful saint. I am sure they are familiar to you, dear reader; I am sure that the figure of this “wonderful man of God,” worn with fasting and penances, his face so withered and pale, but resplendent with the light of Heaven that is always present, and those dark signs in his hands and feet, the stigmata which were burned into his flesh by the Spirit of God. I am sure that often and often you have studied this picture, gazed upon it, wondered at it, prayed God that some day you might have the happiness of seeing this “dear St. Francis” face to face, and hear him call you, as he called his here below, little child—little lamb in the sheepfold of his

Master. But there are just three scenes in his life which rivet our attention, and make us wonder at the singular graces which flowed from the hand of God upon our Saint, and which made him so holy, so perfect, so sublime, that the people called him *another Christ*, and believed that the happy days of gospel history had come back again.

It is his native town. Francis, the son of Pica and Bernardone, has been known as the gayest and handsomest youth amongst his equals in social standing. He has the pleasantest face, and the sweetest voice, and the most agreeable manners of all the young men of the place. He dresses sumptuously; and at their revels he holds the place of master, and all obey him. Suddenly he retires from Assisi, gone no one knows whither, and then as suddenly reappears in his native streets. But how changed! That bright, handsome face is grave, and worn and disfigured; that exquisite raiment is replaced with rags; tattered and wayworn as one who has come from a long journey, Francis moves slowly along the pavement of the streets. And he *has* come from a long journey! He has passed from Egypt into Israel, he has gone out from the world of men into the company of Jesus Christ; he has stepped from riches into the deepest poverty, and commenced his lifelong journey in the painful steps of his Divine Master. His eyes have been illumined by the Spirit of God, and his heart has been touched by the grace of his Saviour, and he has seen the world and its supreme follies by the light that falls from Heaven above, by the lurid light that shines from Hell below; and he has abandoned all things to find his God, and he has embraced as his spouse and Queen that holy Poverty which Christ, our good Master, came down from Heaven to embrace, and which He raised up, sanctified and ennobled by His Life and Passion and Death.

But what do the people of Assisi think of him? Well, the people of Assisi were like the people of to-day, and every day; and they came to their doors, and hooted him through their streets, and called him by that name it is so painful to men to hear—they called him “Thou fool!”

Francis a fool! Yes, but the days are coming when God will prove that his folly is the wisdom of the Cross. *Francis a fool!* Yes, but a little while, and he will appear to the Pontiff in his dreams as a pillar of the Church. *Francis a fool!* But there will spring from his inspirations and his prayers generations of

men who will carry the fire of the love of God, and cast it over the entire surface of the earth; who will break down heresies, and extend to remotest lands the empire of Jesus Christ. *Francis a fool!* Yes, but long centuries after this people shall have passed away, temples will spring to his name, thousands will be clad in imitation of him, that rough brown habit will be the favourite fashion in the Church of God. *Francis a fool!* Yes, but when God's good time goes by, this fair land of Italy will be covered with monasteries and convents where his children will dwell; and on the sunburnt plains of Spain, and amongst the vineyards of France, and by the Irish rivers, and far away where the warm Pacific Ocean washes the distant shores of America, the praises of the God whom he loved so tenderly will be chanted by thousands from the choirs of churches built in his honour, and by the lips of men and women who are fighting the good fight under his guidance and in his holy name. *Francis a fool!* But here around Assisi will yet be gathered the grandest school of artists that Christendom ever produced; and holy men, in the pauses of their prayers, will take up brush and pencil and paint Crucifixions that will make strong men weep, and Madonnas so pure and perfect that Angels alone could dream them; and in the far-off ages—that is, in this our day—Protestants, and even infidels, will linger in Umbria for one purpose alone—to revere the memory of our Saint, and to study the marvellous works that have come from the hands of those on whose souls his inspirations fell, who embraced the same poverty that made him in the eyes of the world a fool, and that same simplicity which made him in the eyes of God a Saint.

What a lesson for us is here! In this noisy, turbulent life of ours, with our passionate straining after pleasure, and power, and gaiety, how reproachful is this example of St. Francis, cheerfully giving up all these things, and embracing the rough, hard way of the Cross, determined to carry it through step by step, after his Divine Master, to the end! And in this hard, money-seeking, ambitious life of ours, when Mammon once more has been set up in the market-place as the idol of men, when the heaping-up of money has become the business, and the only business of the world, and when even the just who strive to be perfect are carried away in the current of fashion, and strain every fibre of the heart for gold, and are miserable and disquieted at the slightest reverse, what a divine

comment on their madness is St. Francis, standing with outstretched arms, begging at the doors of the churches in Rome, and walking the streets of Assisi in his rags! And, to this proud haughty, intellectual generation of ours, puffed up with the wisdom that is not unto eternal life, what a rebuke is the divine simplicity of our Saint, who was the father in the hands of God of a spiritual race, before whose handiwork, ancient as it is, the proudest intellects of to-day are fain to fall down and worship.

II.

The next scene, dear reader, I have to show you is one that has been familiar to you from childhood. Francis, the gay, the worldly young man, has become transformed into the meek and lowly child of God; and, having once given himself to God, he is determined to go on with swift strides into perfect communication with his Master. He goes out, then, from the society of men altogether, he wants to be alone with God. He needs silence and solitude to strengthen him, and the immediate presence of the Divinity to sanctify him still more. It cannot be had down here amongst the busy haunts of men; but *there* are the blue mountains rising above him and afar off; and in their recesses the voice of man has never been heard, only the screams of the eagles, and the music of the waterfalls; and sometimes God's majesty descends upon them veiled in clouds, as it descended on the Lawgiver on Sinai; and Francis thinks he will go up there, and, alone with God in prayer, he will try to come nearer and nearer to his Maker, and, perhaps, see behind that awful veil that has dropped down before the eyes of us poor mortals, lest we should be blinded with the effulgence that streams from the "great white throne," or appalled at the awful mysteries that lie concealed behind it. And so, as our Blessed Saviour took with Him Peter and James and John when going up the mountain for his Transfiguration, our Saint takes with him three disciples, and, after a weary journey of many days, he ascends his Calvary—the holy mountain, the scene of so much austerity and pain, of so much miracle and and mystery. The landscape is one that is very unlike what he has been accustomed to from his childhood. Instead of rich valleys and fertile plains, he sees a black and gloomy mountain, a picture of desolation, and the solitude of it is frightful. There are dangerous precipices by the way, and caverns where the wild

beasts hide, and not a trace of vegetation ; and, whilst the plains below are scorched by the sun, Francis and his companions shiver on the lonely mountain. Yet here he is determined to remain, and by fastings that will wear him to a skeleton, and austerities which appal his brother monks by their severity, and prayer so intense that he will be lifted from the earth and remain suspended between earth and Heaven, Francis will come to the full knowledge of his God, will meet his Saviour face to face, will speak to Him, and be answered by Him, and finally become, as it were, transformed into his Divine Master.

For many days the sacred intercourse between God and His servant went on, Francis praying and crucifying himself, and God lifting him higher and higher on those celestial steps that reach to the foot of His throne. Several times he had seen Him whom kings and prophets desired to see and could not ; he has spoken to Him suspended in mid-air, as on Thabor ; he has spoken to our Divine Redeemer, as He sat side by side with him on a rough rock in the darkest and gloomiest grotto on the mountain. And that something wonderful will come from all this Francis knows by a secret inspiration, which tells him that it is God's holy Will that His servant should come nearer to Himself, and be, as it were, changed into His very likeness. And so he consults the oracles of God ; and brother Leo opens the holy Gospels thrice, and thrice does the holy book open at the history of the Passion of Christ. Here, then, was the way in which God's designs were to be accomplished. And so, for the thousandth time, Francis began to meditate on the Sacred Mysteries connected with the Passion and Death of our Divine Saviour. And as they began to unfold themselves before him, and as he began to see in the wounds of the Lord Jesus the meaning of sin and Divine justice and Divine love, he trembled with fear and humility before God, and his prayer ever was : " Who am I, Lord, and who art Thou ? " And at last, as the time came near the feast of St. Michael, the holy servant of God was vouchsafed a vision like unto those that Ezechiel saw.

It is a saint, and one of his children, Bonaventure, who tells the story, and it is confirmed by the authentic decrees of the Church authorities of the time. Francis, the servant and the truly faithful minister of Jesus Christ, being in prayer on Mount Alvernia, and being raised up towards God by the seraphic fervour of his desires, and being transformed by the most tender and

affectionate compassion into Him, who by an excess of charity has wished to be crucified for us, suddenly saw one of the Seraphim, who shot down from Heaven towards him with the swiftness of light. And, as he approached, the saint saw that he had six wings, shining with the brilliancy of fire, two raised above his head, two extended, and between these two a figure of the Crucifixion, which was partly veiled by the other wings. Seeing this wonderful vision, Francis was surprised. It was familiar to him, for day by day he had bent over his crucifix and studied every wound, every scar in the body of His Divine Master; but fancy can never paint the reality, and now Francis saw the very figure on which John and Magdalen had looked on Calvary, and the contemplation of which was the sharp sword which pierced the heart of the Blessed Mother. The white body of our Redeemer was before him, darkened here and there by the cruel scourge; the head was there, bent under its royal crown of thorns; the gaping wound in his side was there, from which flowed blood and water unto the healing of the nations; and, above all, the gentle, but oh! sorrowful and anguished face was there, looking down at him with pitying eyes; and, though the lips never spoke a word, the merciful eyes made known to the kneeling saint things which no tongue may reveal. The vision vanished; the Saint returned to himself again; but lo! the Passion has left its mark upon him, for here in his own hands and in his sandaled feet are the marks of the nails, and Francis knows that he too is crucified, not by the hands of men, but by the love of God himself.

O wonderful Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ! O Book of all the saints! O mystery of all mysteries! There we can read the love of God that is incomprehensible. There we can read the malice of sin which is indefinite. There we can read the meaning of those things which puzzle us so much—God's justice and man's iniquity. There, above all, can we read the nature and the malice, the shame and the crime, of those sins which we ourselves have committed in our childhood, in our manhood, in our old age—sins countless in their hideous sum, sins that mocked God by the coolness with which they were committed, sins that lay lightly upon us as the down upon a feather, and we went on our way heedless and thoughtless, not caring that every sinful thought was a thorn in the brow of Jesus, and every sinful desire a lash on the tender flesh of Jesus, and every sinful word was a pain to the heart of

Jesus, and every sinful deed was a blow that drove the nails deeper and deeper through the hands and feet of Jesus, and fastened Him on the cross, as Francis saw Him, tortured, pain-stricken, dying of the wounds inflicted by us and His own dear Love.

Oh, if God would only open our eyes to see the things that Francis saw in his vision ; if God would only touch our stony hearts to understand the anguish and the desolation and the pain of Christ in His agony ; if God would only teach us the unutterable love of His dying Son for every soul that was purchased by the Precious Blood which fell upon the green grass of Gethsemani and Calvary, we would not indeed feel the sacred stigmata as Francis felt them, but we would pray God to give us back those years that we sent into eternity laden with our sins ; or rather, as those years cannot be recalled, we would beg of God grace and strength to make the time that remains a time of reparation, devoted to the faithful service of our crucified Master. May such a vision come to us before we die, and with it the grace to understand its full meaning !

III.

Yes, the past is irrevocable. Each golden day rose from eternity, and passed into eternity again, laden with our good or evil deeds, and is not to be summoned back by any reward. Each golden day was a leaf in the Book of Life, written in black and white, which our good angel turned over and sealed down, not to be opened again till the day of final judgment. But the future is our possession, to make or mar, for better, for worse, and the pressing question is, how shall we use it for God's glory and our own salvation. Well, the life of every saint is a track of light, which, if we follow, we shall come to the dawning of eternal day. The life of the humblest servant of God is a Gospel, containing many and many a lesson of wisdom unto perfect sanctity and holiness. And the life of such a saint as St. Francis is so holy, so wise, so sublime, that we may ponder over it every day of our lives, and yet find new marvels of sanctity, new mysteries of God's omnipotent love.

Yet here I can fancy some one saying : " But St. Francis lived seven centuries ago, and the world has advanced in many ways since then. Don't you think that the age of evangelical virtues,

the age of mysteries and miracles, of supernatural visions and supernatural austerities, is gone for ever? Don't you think the example of a more modern, and less ecstasie saint, would better meet the exigencies of our time?" Yes, certainly, if God had come to terms with the world! Yes, if a truce had been made between sin and grace! Yes, if God had revised His Gospel, and expunged from it those terrible things which His Divine Son had said against the world: "I came not to bring peace, but the sword." Yes! if there were not at this moment a terrible conflict raging above us, and around us, and within us, between God and Satan, good and evil, light and darkness, virtue and vice, sin and grace, Christ and Belial. But we are engaged in such a fight; and, as soldiers going to battle fortify themselves by tales of high valour and victory exhibited and won by those who are gone before them, so we, by reading the virtues of our saint, may strengthen our souls for this conflict under the standard of the Cross of Christ.

And, strange to say, in this age of progress and education, in this age of mammon and ungodliness, in this age of infidelity, when God is ignored and religion despised, there is a fascination about the life of St. Francis, which even freethinkers cannot resist. It is a romance of simplicity, of humility, of charity, that will be read with pleasure centuries after we, I hope, shall have seen the Saint in Heaven. His love of Nature and of this wonderful world, his love of everything that God had made, because the hand of God had touched it, is inexpressibly beautiful. He was a child in the picture gallery of God, and every day opened to him fresh revelations of his Father's mercy, and his Father's power. The firmament flecked with clouds, or blazing with stars, was the open Book of Omnipotence. The earth, so varied and beautiful, was his home which his Father had made and decorated for His child. The winds were to him a sweet psalmody; and the hoarse roar of the ocean was a voice from eternity. The flowers were beautiful in his eyes, for God had painted them. No wonder they bowed their lovely heads to him as he passed. And the dumb beasts, whom he called his brothers and sisters, came to him, as they came to the martyrs in the Roman amphitheatre, and fawned upon him, and the birds sang with him the praises of their Maker. I know nothing half so beautiful in all the legends of the saints as that story of St. Francis, who, after the evening vespers in the choir,

came out into the soft twilight, and hearing the nightingale sing, challenged the bird to sing with him the praise of God; and they sang alternately, strophe by strophe, the Saint chanting the psalms of that sweet singer, David, and the bird chanting the melodies his Maker taught him, until at last, wearied and tired, the nightingale sought the shelter of his nest, and the Saint went on through the night into the dawn, celebrating the praises of his Creator. And, not only with the gentle creatures of God, but even with those that are fierce and untutored, the servant of God was uniformly mild, and invariably succeeded in taming and subduing them. The wolf of Gubbio he drew from his forests and brought into village, where, fed from house to house, he renounced his fierce habits, and became docile as a domestic animal. To the wild bandits that stopped him to plunder him, he promised everything if they would give up blaspheming God. And when he had to undergo a terrible operation by fire a little time before his death, he addressed that terrible element in these touching words: "My brother fire, the Lord made thee useful and beautiful: be thou gentle to me in this hour."

And so, with that singular simplicity and gentleness, and love of all things that come from the hand of God, and live beneath His smile, he succeeded in undertakings where learned men would have utterly failed. He preached from the depth of his own great heart, and his words went direct to the great heart of humanity, and pride bowed down before his majestic humility, and wealth abased itself before his sublime poverty, and he stood before kings and princes with the same sublime composure that he maintained amongst his brethren, and he walked through palaces and lordly places with the same indifference as the air would wander through them or the bird would fly. And the people looked on him as a being not of this world at all—as a spirit clothed in the frailty of flesh for a moment to teach the world that after all the soul is man, and not the body or its raiment. Nor can we find fault with the popular faith, which, to quote the words of a Protestant lady, Mrs. Oliphant, tells us: "He lies under the great altar, but no one knows the precise spot of his grave, and a mysterious legend has crept about, whispered in the twilight for ages, that far underneath, lower even than the subterranean church, the great Saint, erect and pale, with sacred drops of blood upon his five wounds, and an awful silence around him, waits, rapt in

some heavenly meditation, for the moment when he, like his Lord, and with his Lord, shall arise again."

For us, however, his life has a deeper lesson. It is a perfect following of Christ. Take the holy gospels; and mind, the holy gospels are not obsolete or antiquated. The gospel teachings are as true to-day as when Christ spoke his words of wisdom by the sea of Galilee, or on the mountain. By the gospels we shall be judged. Take the holy gospels, and place side by side with them the life of our Saint, and you will find that every thought, and word, and deed, of his life correspond with their high teaching. Contempt for everything that does not lead to God—there is the one great maxim of his life. Sacrifice of everything that kept him from God—there was his one great practice. Hatred of the world that hates God—here was one great passion. The complete crushing of every sinful inclination—here was his perpetual study. To spread in every soul love for his Divine Master—here was his daily task. To save sinners—here was his one ambition. To be crucified with Christ—here was his glory, as with St. Paul. Oh! how that blessed figure rises up before us, perpetually rebuking our coldness, our sensuality, our pride. Oh! may God grant that, as Christ put the marks of His own dear wounds in the body of our Saint, so our holy Father would print upon our souls some faint image of His own great sanctity. If we cannot embrace his absolute poverty, let us love it at least in spirit, for blessed are the poor in spirit. Let us practise it by honouring, loving and venerating the poor, who are the special friends of God. We cannot practise his awful austerities; but here are passions to be daily kept under, here are mortifications to be daily endured, here are crosses to be daily borne. Every soul has its own cross; let it bear it meekly for the love of God and St. Francis. We are not called to bear the stigmata as our Saint; but if we are faithful to Christ, we have a daily martyrdom to endure in the struggle with the world and ourselves, and that martyrdom will leave its scars and wounds upon us that will be to us a glory hereafter, as the wounds of the martyrs shine brilliantly in Heaven. Visions will not be sent to us—angels will not visit us—Christ will not appear to us—what do I say? I am wrong—quite wrong.

For soon, very soon, for man's life is but a vapour that appeareth for a little time," that strange revelation will be made to us which is made to every child of Adam. Soon, very soon,

for "man's life is but a dream of him that awaketh from sleep," the veil will be lifted, and, in a silence unbroken by the levity of men, each lonely soul in turn shall find itself face to face with the Son of Man. The dream of our life is realised. There is the silent and gentle Jesus whom we have known. The wounds are in His hands and feet and side, as the seraphic Francis saw them, between the wings of the seraph on the mountain. His eyes are looking into ours, scanning every feature of our souls to see if we are known to Him. Oh! what a fearful thing it will for us if Jesus does not recognise us then! if, seeing in our souls only the marks of our pride and sensuality, the smile dies from His face, His hands are stretched to repel us if icy and cold and terrible the words come from His sacred lips: "Amen, I say to you, I never knew you." But happy, thrice happy, is this other soul! As the mother lingers over every lineament in the face of her long-lost child, so do the eyes of Jesus linger over the features of the soul that has loved Him. He knows them well! He has seen them at the morning Mass, at the evening devotions. He has seen in the twilight, when, unseen by men, that soul crept into the darkness of His temple, and, in loneliness and sorrow, prayed to Him in His Tabernacle. And, now, it is all over! "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers have appeared in our land; arise, make haste, my love, and come." And Jesus stretches forth the strong arm of His Omnipotence, and gently lifts it over the dark stream of death, and places it in the eternal light that glitters round His Throne. That such a vision may come one day to us, may our holy Francis pray, that Christ may grant!

P. A. SHREHAN.

MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

O beautiful sunbeam, straying
In through the wide church door,
I wish I was with you, playing
Down there on the cool stone floor.
For I am so tired of sitting
Upright and stiff and still,
And you, you go dancing, flitting
Gaily, wherever you will;
And you've nothing to do but glisten,
And no one is ever vexed
Because you forget to listen,
Or can't remember the text.

Dear sunbeam, I'm pondering, pondering—
Were they fast asleep, the flowers,
When you came on your bright wings wandering
To earth in the morning hours?
And where have you since been roaming
The long, long hot day through?
Will you welcome the purple gloaming
That means "going home" to you?

Have you been to the river, I wonder?
The river shining and wide,
Where coots dart flashingly under,
And water-weeds rock with the tide.
Did you see the big daisies bobbing?
Were the speedwells like bits of sky?
Did you hear the sad grasses sobbing
Whenever the wind went by?

Dear sunbeam, I'll be so lonely
When you have gone quite away,
And even now you are only
A faint gold splash on the grey.
Ah! at last the sermon is over;
I know the text—"God is Light."
Wait a minute, sunbeam, you rover,
And let me bid you Good-night.

FRANCES WYNNE.

MIKE DUNNE'S CURE.

YESTERDAY Mat Dunne had brought home his wife, and to-day the home-coming was the one subject of conversation among the neighbours—for the bride belonged to another part of the country, and the first they had seen of her was at the merry-making last night. "A fine woman," was a universal comment. But there were cavillers who declared that for all her good looks she had "a hard face," and evil prophets who "spaed" that "the grey mare would be the best horse" in the Dunne household; and others again, who whispered with serious face that the newly-wedded pair were cousins, and that luck never came yet of such a marriage.

While the village gossiped, Mrs. Dunne was contentedly settling herself in her new home. The farm-house stood on the outskirts of the village, separated from it by a long strip of old-fashioned garden, where peonies flamed and stock scented the air, and carnations spread wherever they listed, and roses queened it over them all, showing their fitness for high places by climbing the pointed gable even to the highest of the two latticed windows. There was an old-fashioned porch to the door, and altogether Dunne's farm-house had an uncommonly pretty exterior, asserting even in its looks its superiority to the village houses, whose denizens were the very smallest of small farmers (when they were farmers at all), while Mat Dunne owned or rather leased a goodly number of acres. On the opposite side to the garden a path ran up to the chapel that stood on the hill above. Old Mrs. Dunne had kept its key, and always seen to its order and cleanliness; and when the priest said Mass there, he breakfasted in Dunne's. That was no small mark of distinction, and the new Mrs. Dunne, who liked to stand a little above the neighbours, and had never had much opportunity of doing it when she was Brigid Magrath, was very ready to perform this act of hospitality, though rumour began to say of her, before she was long settled in her new home, that she was "close" to the last degree both in housekeeping and—what was looked upon as worse—in almsgiving. Rumour, however, did not carry back to Mrs. Dunne public disapproval of this trait in her character, perhaps because of another equally unpopular—a certain

"stand-off air" in her bearing towards her humbler neighbours. And so she went her way undisturbed by the criticism that never reached her ears. The critics, too, after a while grew tired of discussing her. Soon, however, they began to whisper again, and in truth this time they had something to whisper about.

"Her own girl, Mary Malone, tould it to me," asserted one of the whisperers, Mrs. Daly, when doubt was cast upon the tale.

"It's little time she has for gosterin', then," said the listener.

"Who's that?" asked a newcomer who had heard the last words.

"Why, Mary Malone, Mrs. Dunne's girl," was the answer. "Kitty, bring out a *creepy* here. Sit down a while, Catherine. I didn't lay eyes on ye this month o' Sundays."

The first speakers were seated on a stone bench outside Mrs. Daly's house—an unmannerly house that turned its back to the village and its gable to the road, and yet chivalric in that it secured the trio at its front door from obtrusive passers-by.

"Did you hear what happened them beyant, Catherine?" inquired Mrs. Daly, when Catherine had seated herself comfortably.

"The Lord take care of us all," ejaculated her first confidante.

"The ould man's not dead, surely," said Catherine, looking from one to the other.

"Whisht! No! I'll tell ye every word iv it, but don't spake iv it again, for fear it 'ud do harm to Mary, poor girl. Well, the night iv the fair iv Drum Mat wasn't home till late, and, iv coorse, there wor things for Mary to do afther him, an' the misthress went to bed. She was afther hangin' up a mug on the dhresser an' was turnin' roun' to rake the fire, when"—["God take care of us!" muttered Rosie; "Amen!" answered Catherine]—"what did she see sittin' at the fire but a beautiful young girl, with fair hair, all wavy, hangin' about her, and her head down on her hand, sorrowful-like. Mary turned an' run to bed as quick as ever she could."

"No wondher," said Rosie, while Catherine crossed herself.

"You may well say it," said Mrs. Daly. "Well, to make a long story short, Mary tould what she seen the next day, and the ould man gev ordhers that the fire was never to be tuk down at night, an' that there was always a good fire to be left."

Such was the story that was whispered about for a while, and talked of louder when Mary left Dunne's at the end of her half-year. The new girl came, and soon heard the story, and, moreover, added a sequel to it. *She* had got no directions about leaving on a good fire, and, in fact, it was raked every night just as usual. Heads were shaken and looks exchanged at this information.

"Throth, an' she'd have just as much luck if she left the bit o' fire," said one.

"An' if she wasn't so tight about a han'ful of male to a poor woman," said another.

Perhaps the prophets were right, for as time went on heavy troubles came to the Dunne household. Old Tom Dunne died, but that was a long-expected event. Other and sore, sore sorrow came, stealing from Mrs. Dunne some of the good looks, and with them much of the "hardness" that had accompanied them. Her first child had died just as it could laugh in her face and call her name. And of six others every one had been snatched, sooner or later, from her clinging arms—every one except the last. No wonder she watched that one night and day, and prayed, with her very heart looking out of her supplicating eyes, that he might be spared her. Perhaps it was gazing at so many little dead faces that had softened the once sharp glances of those eyes; weeping over so many little coffins that had lessened the hardness of the mouth; speaking heart-broken words of love to little ears that would never hearken to human voice again that had taken the old imperious harshness from voice and tongue. And, perhaps, it was parting with so much that was precious that had opened the niggardly hand, nay the niggardly heart, too, so that the platter of meal, less stingy in measure than of old, was given with a sympathy that was of itself a "charity."

So we need not be surprised that, when one bitter winter's night a poor woman with a child in her arms begged a shelter, Mrs. Dunne bade her enter with hearty eagerness. The woman seemed wretchedly ill, as well as wet and cold; but the child was so strong and healthy, that Mrs. Dunne, as she noticed it, looked with a sigh at her own puny boy.

"Is it far now to Knockmore?" the woman asked with a marked northern accent.

They told her the distance—many a day's journey for a pedestrian.

"I wish to God I never left it," she said sorrowfully. Then in words often interrupted by a short, sharp cough, she told them how she had married a soldier a few years before.

"Two years ago, an' I was on'y a slip then, for all I look old now—I won't be long in it. If I could struggle home an' lay little Mary with her grandfather, I wouldn't care how soon the Lord 'id take me."

She spoke in a loud, monotonous voice, her dry eyes gazing at the fire, as if too weary even to weep.

That night Brigid wakened with a loud moaning sounding in her ears. Her first thought was of her boy, but he was sleeping calmly. She listened, and finding the sound came from the kitchen, hastened there. The poor woman lay by the fire where they had given her a bed of straw, and a coverlet. She was gasping for breath, and calling piteously between every spasm for "a priest, a priest." Brigid saw that she was dying, and had soon despatched Mat for the priest. She laid the frightened child in her own warm bed, and then she and the girl knelt by the dying woman, giving her what small relief they could, and saying Rosary after Rosary that the priest might "overtake her."

He was only in time, and when the new day dawned she had laid down the burden that had been too heavy for her to bear.

"She couldn't bear the one death, an' the little poverty, an' she havin' the child," thought Mrs. Dunne wonderingly, with her own troubles in mind.

The strange woman had not told her name, and Knockmore was very distant, so they buried her in their own little churchyard.

"Mat," said his wife, when the funeral was over, and things put to rights, "what do you think about the child?"

"Throth I don't know," said Mat, disconsolately. "I suppose Father Byrne id write an' ax about the grandfather."

"But," broke in his wife, "we don't know any name."

"If there's nothin' else for it then, I suppose it must go to the workhouse." He said it unwillingly enough. *That* was the last resource.

A neighbour who had taken care of the child all the morning, came in with it now in her arms.

"Thank ye, Mrs. M'Cartney," said Brigid. "I'll take her now."

Seeing she had broken in on a domestic conclave, Mrs. M'Cartney discreetly withdrew.

Mrs. Dunne waited till the door was shut. Then holding the child a little from her, and looking at it all the time, she began: "Mat."

"Yes, Brigid."

"Suppose we kept the child ourselves." She dashed through the sentence, looking at the baby all the time.

Mat took out his pipe, looked at his wife, then put it in again and waited to hear more.

"God sent us full an' plenty, Mat," said she, "an' he took them that was for it. We 'ill never miss a bit to the girsha, an' sure I'll be glad to have her about the house when I am ould an' stiff."

In her heart she had another thought. She had been hard and uncharitable in the old days, and God had punished her. She would do this act of charity now, and maybe He would reward her by sparing her own child. She said nothing of this to Mat, but it was not hard to persuade him to agree to her wishes, and the little one became an inmate of the house.

She grew up a fine, handsome girl, strong of frame, and from what one could judge of her character at seventeen, more capable of battling with the world than her poor mother had been. Brigid had grown to love her almost as much as her own son. She looked upon her as a kind of hostage. She felt as if she were indebted to her for her own son. And yet, when she looked at the girl, and noted her strong limbs and healthy colour, she always glanced with the same sigh as on that first night at her boy. He had been spared to her, indeed, but he was a cripple, and as the people phrased it, an "innocent." Worse, doctors said he was incurable. Yet, looking at him, his face was a handsome one, nay, it looked intelligent, and his disposition, unlike many others similarly afflicted, was singularly gentle. These facts strengthened a hope that was growing up in the mother's heart. She had been a widow now for many years, and her life's sorrows, this ever-present cross of her son's infirmity above all, had broken her once robust health. So as she watched Mary moving about, doing with deft hands the household tasks she had herself trained her to, and noted how carefully and gently she tended Mike, she thought to herself, if only Mary and he were married, how happily she would meet the death she so dreaded now, not for herself, but for him. What would become of him, her darling whom she had won from

God, whom she had prayed for with such intensity of yearning in the early days, and wept over with such heart-wrung tears, when at last she "gave in" to "his affliction."

So one night when Mike was gone to bed, and everything ready for the night, she called Mary to her, and told her of the plan she had formed in her own mind.

"There's not one for the place when I'm gone," she said, "but himself; and who'll take care of him? What'll become of him?"

The words were few, and in themselves cold enough, but all the anguish of her heart was in her voice, and Mary, mute up to this with astonishment, and rather inclined to be indignant, was touched for the moment. But, was it to be all him—what about *her*? Wealth she would have to be sure, but who was to repay her the care she was to bestow on him?

"His face is like a picture," she said, continuing her thinking, but speaking aloud now, "and I wouldn't mind the lameness if he—" she stopped, she did not like to say the word that was on her lips to the mother, who caught her meaning, however, and broke out bitterly—

"An' would I care if he had any sense at all? I took you in when there was no place for ye but the workhouse, an' I gave ye shelter an' food an' clothin', an' thrated ye like me own child, an' never cast it up to ye, an' now ye wouldn't do that much—ye wouldn't promise to take care iv me boy when I'm gone, the way I took care iv ye when ye had no one else. An' wouldn't ye have the whole place undher ye? Sure he could never intherfare."

So she continued, putting forth every argument she thought could affect the girl. She was in part successful. Mary's pity for the mother's distress, her gratitude, and the advantages that would accrue to her from the proposed union (for her northern descent made her fully alive to the latter consideration), all might have weighed down her dislike to marriage with a cripple and an idiot, but for a certain spice of Bohemianism, a longing for variety in her, that she must have inherited from her soldier father, as she did her instinct of thrift from her Ulster mother. However that might be, it had given her hours of discontent with the sameness of her every-day life, and filled idle moments with gorgeous visions so dazzling that one could discern no definite form. Such visions crowded on her mind now, shapeless as ever, but so brilliant

and glowing, that, thinking how acquiescence would shut out the possibilities of them from her life, she could only say in answer to Mrs. Dunne, one low-murmured "I couldn't."

Next day a neighbour came in, looking for some of Mrs. Dunne's famous hatching eggs.

"Mike's not well?" she said, interrogatively, noticing the place he generally sat in empty.

"No," said Mary, laconically.

"God help him, poor boy!" said Mrs. M'Cartney, commiseratingly.

As she took the eggs from Mary, she saw that the latter had been crying.

"Mrs. Dunne's hard to live wit' an odd time," she said, thinking to console Mary for some little sharpness on Mrs. Dunne's part, "but don't fall out over a crass word, agra." And she took up her eggs and departed.

A week passed, and those who had occasion to visit Dunne's farm remarked that Mike was not in his usual seat. Mary answered all neighbourly enquiries about his health rather shortly, and if it were the girl that was asked, she could only say "she didn't know." But when another week came, and still no sign of Mike, people began to grow shy of making any remark about him at the farm, though his absence and Mary's curtness began to form subjects of conversation through the village. Soon a piece of genuine information gave them food for something more than surmises, or rather it gave them a substantial foundation for such surmises.

Coming from Mass on Sunday morning, Mrs. M'Cartney had called in to ask for Mike. Dunne's girl was just in before her, and Mary, with her hat on ready to go to the later Mass in Drum-beg, was giving directions about the dinner.

"God save ye!" said Mrs. M'Cartney.

"God save ye kindly," answered Mary.

"An' how is Mike the day? He's havin' a sore turn, if it was the will of God."

Mary turned away quickly, saying with sudden impetuosity:

"There's no use tellin' lies about it, Mrs. M'Cartney. Mike's away!"

"Lord!" was Mrs. M'Cartney's first exclamation of mingled astonishment and incredulity. "Why, how could he go away an' us not to see him goin'?" she continued.

"Well, he's gone any way, an' if I don't hurry I'll be late for Mass. There's the priest gone. Good morning, Mrs. M'Cartney."

And away she hurried.

Mrs. M'Cartney would have begun a low-voiced catechism of the girl, had not the latter pointed meaningly to Mrs. Dunne's bedroom. The visitor understood, and with a disappointed shake of her head, took her departure.

"Mike Dunne was away," Mary had said on Sunday morning. "With the Good People," the village had universally added by Sunday night.

It was such a tale as they had all heard, but not one had known from actual experience. No wonder that men and women formed into groups this pleasant May evening to discuss it, speaking always with respectful reticence of the "Good People," but with more or less condemnation of Mrs. Dunne. What call had she marrying her first cousin? said the *voteens*; no wonder she had trouble all the days of her life. And *voteens* and all chimed in when blame was cast upon her want of hospitality to them that looked for it.

Father Doherty, riding past, came upon one of these groups. It was May, as we know, and they were to have service in their chapel. The parish priest was absent, and Father Doherty, having to say a second Mass in a chapel at the other end of the parish, had not breakfasted that morning at Dunne's. Consequently he was surprised when in answer to his cheerful "Any news?" someone said:

"Except about poor Mike Dunne, yer reverence."

"Mike Dunne!" he echoed. "Is he ill?"

"Worse nor that, God take care of us!" observed another.

"Not dead, surely," said the priest, turning towards the last speaker. "Though 'twould be well for him, poor boy."

"That's God's thruth, yer reverence," said he who had spoken last.

"But what is the matter?" inquired Father Doherty, looking round for an answer.

There was a little hesitation before an old man said slowly:

"Well, yer reverence, they say he's away wit' the fairies, God speed them!"

"Well, that's beats all!" said Father Doherty, giving them this phrase of their own with a good-humoured smile, over his shoulder as he rode away.

They watched him as he dismounted at Dunne's door, and entered the house, and then sauntered towards the chapel.

From that day, for many a long year, no more was seen or heard in the village of Mike Dunne. Whatever might be his life now, it could hardly be more different from the old life than was the mode of existence Mrs. Dunne began now from her former life.

A week after Mike's disappearance was made known, Mrs. Dunne, with a white cap (a matronly head-dress she had never before assumed) and a blue cloak, under which she carried a small bundle, left her house so early that only the farm labourers, going to their work, saw her departure.

"She's gone to St. Patrick's Well to make a station," Mary told all inquirers.

"For Mike?"

"For Mike."

"Just that. But she's not goin' to walk it."

"She is, then," Mary would say.

"The Lord an' His Blessed Mother help the crathur!" said one sympathising neighbour, and Mary said "amen" with her eyes full of tears.

"Throth she's not so hard-hearted afther all," the neighbour said, when she told the story.

Mary was naturally undemonstrative, another of her northern traits, and the more impulsive people among whom she lived had set it down to want of feeling.

After that Mrs. Dunne was seldom at home. That first pilgrimage was but the beginning of a series of similar ones. Often she did not return for months, but went on from one "Holy Well" to another, always on foot, carrying her simple necessities in a little bundle; sometimes asking a night's lodging at a farmhouse; sometimes praying for it in a town. If she found a mission going on in the town, she stayed and attended it, "sthivin' to make herself fit to be heard by God." For she never doubted that one day she would be heard. When she did come home, she never said a word about the household management. She accepted quietly a thousand little attentions and comforts that she would have repulsed with a laugh years ago.

So it was that Mary came to have the entire management of the farm. A widow, whose son had lately brought home a bride,

was glad to accept Mary's offer of a comfortable home in return for what help she needed about the house, and the two lived the quietest of lives. Mary often wondered "what had come over her." How she had longed for anything to take her out of this life, that even then with Mrs. Dunne bustling about, and Mike to be looked after, had seemed so deadly monotonous! Now she might lift the latch and walk out any day; but she had never the smallest wish to do so. Perhaps the quietude came from a sense of remorse, a desire to make atonement for what after all was no fault of hers. But the sight of the mother's sorrow had made her feel that she had been cruelly hard and ungrateful. Nay, she felt actually guilty. How dared she be there, usurping the place of the lost boy? And so, while she devoted herself to the duties that so strangely devolved upon her, she prayed no less earnestly than the pilgrim mother. Let what God would happen to her, but restore to that seeking, sorrowful, hoping mother, the darling of her heart. Uttered many a time in words, the same prayer went up from her heart a hundred times a day, as she looked at the empty chair, as she came across one little memento or another, bringing back with sharp distinctness the thought of the helpless boy, with his sad, handsome face. The thought of him was not let die, or fade to a dim memory, as if he himself had been dead, for nothing of his was put out of sight—everything was there waiting as for one who might enter at any moment.

So things went on, and it was April in the seventh year after Mike had gone away. The sun was shining brightly after a showery morning, and Mary and the Widow Doran, were getting their pails ready for the milking, when Mrs. Dunne came in, looking so white and worn, that Mary stepped towards her in alarm. She had been changing, indeed, for many a day. How could it be otherwise, considering the life she led? Seven years ago she had thought she was dying, and had been jealously careful of her life, for her son's sake. For his sake, too, she had ever since been just as reckless of it, and the recklessness was telling on her at last. However, she smiled when Mary remarked on her evident illness, saying that she was only tired.

"You'll go away no more now, mother," the girl said, coaxingly. "You're not able for such journeys. Sure there ye have the chapel beside ye, an' ye can go up an' pray in it all day if ye like, an' then ye'll have a comfortable bit an' a good bed to come

home to instead of havin' to walk a couple of mile to the Lord knows what sort of a bed or a male."

"There's a mission goin' to be in Drum the first week in May, an' I'm goin to that, with God's help."

She said it in such a way that Mary saw there was little use in arguing the matter.

"Well, you'll stay till it's time to go there, anyway," said Mary.

"I will, dear. An' now I think I'll go to bed."

Mary was so alarmed at Mrs. Dunne's obvious unfitness for even the short journey to Drum, that she slipped out after a little to consult Mrs. M'Cartney, a proceeding which considerably astonished that matron, for Mary was not wont to consult anyone about anything. However, she promised to help Mary in trying to dissuade Mrs. Dunne from the proposed journey. She came in the next day, and, startled at the change in the poor woman's appearance, at the first opportunity proceeded to put her promise into practice.

"It's fit for yer bed, ye are," she declared, "an' there's where ye ought to be. God bless ye, an' stop at home, like a sensible woman, an' let Mary take care iv ye, and don't be killin' yourself. God help us, if *you're* not fit to go straight to Heaven."

But no argument was of any avail. She would be better after this rest, she said. And, indeed, it seemed as if she did grow better. Still Mary's heart grew sad, and neighbours shook their heads forebodingly as she walked—so feeble now—through the village two or three days before the first of May, on her way to Drum.

The Rosary was over on the first May evening in the village church, and the people were loitering homewards. Lines of girls arm-in-arm, discussing their new summer print gowns. Groups of young men, so boisterously engrossed about the last football match as to forget the damsels. Older men sagaciously considering how the last Land Bill would affect them. Matrons, last of all, stepping with matronly slowness, nay, standing now and again, in the earnestness of their discourse about the price of butter and fowl, and last week's market, and the high price of cows they wanted to buy, and the poor price for pigs they wanted to sell, and the "notions" of their girls, and—what was that cart doing at Dunne's door? and there was Mary beckoning to them. Mrs. M'Cartney

hastened forward from the group, in time to see a tall young man lift from the cart a seemingly inanimate figure, and bear it into the house. She, guessing what had happened, remained to help Mary. The others went slowly on, the priest passing them before they came to Dunne's. They saw the man stop him, and bring him in, and as they walked past, the same young man was unyoking the horse.

One of the women crossed herself as she passed. "Glory be to God," she said, when they had gone a few steps. "That's Mike Dunne!"

Most of them laughed at her that night. But those who called next day to ask for Mrs. Dunne, and met "the man with the cart," as they had up to this designated him, said he had Mike Dunne's face, though grown more manlike. "They'd have known it in a hundred." But this man was neither a cripple nor an imbecile. His limbs were straight as any of their own, and when he spoke (with Mike Dunne's voice) there was intelligence as acute as their own prompting the words. But by never a word did they hint that they had known him in any other state, and he volunteered no information, save that he had seen his mother faint in the church at Drum, and had borrowed a cart to bring her home.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dunne, though recovered from her fainting fit, did not regain full consciousness. She called those about her by their names, but showed plainly that she had lost her old clearness of intellect.

To the frequent good-natured inquiries for her there was always the one answer—"No better." At last they carried her out to the kitchen—she could not move of herself—and placed her in Mike's old chair.

"Throth an' he's the born image of her," said those who saw her there, "even if he is a man an' she a woman. Ye don't notice it in him till ye see it in her, an' thin ye'd think it was his face got ould."

"Whatever ailed Mike Dunne," said an oracular old gentleman, punctuating every word with a punch of his stick. "Whatever ailed Mike Dunne ails his mother now."

"Throth, it looks like it," said another.

"How could Mike Dunne, that wasn't able to sthretch out his leg, or put a foot on the flure, be able to walk now with the best iv ye? *That's* not for nothin'."

The same view prevailed among the women, who, moreover, speculated on the chances of Mike and Mary "makin' a match iv it." Some scouted the idea of his marrying without money.

"Heh! he'd be well off if he got a girl like her without any fortune. She's as good a manager, ay, an' as good a farmer, as himself."

"Himself, Catherine! Why, what on God's earth could he know about farmin'? Sure the 'Good People' didn't tache it to him!"

There was a subdued laugh at this, and a whispered "It's not good to be jokin' about them."

Meanwhile, now that things had become as settled as they were likely to be at the farm, Mary began to think of taking her departure.

"I wanted thravellin' long ago," she thought. "Maybe I'll have enough of it now."

Truth to tell, she felt her very heart-strings wrung at the thought of parting from the only home and the only mother she had ever known; and, strange, at the thought of seeing no more this Mike whom she had long ago rejected, yet for whose return she had prayed those seven years, "for his mother's sake," she told herself now—she had never troubled why long ago.

However, she made everything ready for her departure, and arranged with Pat M'Cartney that he should take her box to Drum next market day; that was Saturday, this was Tuesday.

When milking was over and the stirabout pot on, and Mike smoking at the door, and Mrs. Doran in the chimney-corner at her knitting, Mary made up her mind to tell the young man about her arrangements. When she began, she stood at the other side of the doorway, looking sometimes down the path, sometimes up at him, while she spoke. But, as she went on, Mike began to stroll slowly from the door. Mary in her earnestness never noticed that she was moving with him, till when she had ended speaking she found herself in the garden. She had had her say. Now Mike had his. And whatever it was, it had this effect, that Mary never went "thravellin'" after all. She had forgotten her old dreams in the sweetness of the new reality.

A TWILIGHT VIGIL.

From sunset to star-rise,
While shadows long and drear
And deeper fall on bier and pall,
One mystery grows clear :
The folded hands, the ashen face,
Stilled heart and darkened eyes,
Read me the worth of all life's grace
When here life stricken lies.

From sunset to star-rise,
The careless river flows
By naked banks and flowerful banks,
In ripple and repose ;
And swallows circle high above
Or dip along the wave,
With angry notes or notes of love,
Hard by the new-dug grave.

From sunset to star-rise,
There pass before the door
A troop of boys with merry noise,
And friends of his, a score ;
I listen as the steps come near,
I hear them die away ;
Alas ! does not one enter here,
And he died but yesterday ?

From sunset to star-rise,
In the death-chamber drear
Death's eloquence holds bound my sense.
The mystery is clear—
The secret of those full bright days
Wherefrom as nothing worth
Are cast out pride and love of praise
Of the unremembering earth.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

The little accidental accessories of a kind act sometimes touch the heart of the person benefited more than the substance of the act itself. A friend met me when I was waiting for a railway train that had just brought him in from a seaside village to which I was hastening. I had settled down in my place when my friend turned up again, having meanwhile gone to the bookstand and bought a new magazine to beguile my weariness on a half-hour's journey. But here comes the point of the story, if point it can be called. The magazine was uncut, and with it my friend presented a little paper-knife. This was the kindest cut of all. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back, the last drop that made the cup of gratitude flow over. That little paper-knife showed greater thoughtfulness than the big magazine, best of its kind, which contained this quatrain by Matthew Richey Knight, whoever *he* may be :—

“ The praise that spurs thee on
And higher lifts thy quest
Heaven send thee ! Better none
Than in it thou shouldst rest.”

* * *

I have always been touched by the kind way in which St. Ambrose excuses the mother of St. James and St. John for what might seem her overweening ambition on their behalf. The passage is quoted in the Breviary, Wednesday after second Sunday in Lent, from the second chapter of his *Liber 5 de Fide ad Gratianum*. Because she was a mother, he holds that her anxiety for her sons' advancement was to be pardoned, even if somewhat immoderate ; a mother, indeed (he adds), advanced in age, of a religious disposition, bereft of solace, for she suffered her sons to be away from her at a time when she might have expected to be supported or helped by them ; and she preferred to her own comfort the reward that her sons should be following Christ, “ Leaving their nets and their father, they followed Him.” Here St. Ambrose quotes *relictis retibus et patre*, and he says nothing about the omission of the mother's name in this account of their prompt sacrifice. She, therefore, indulging too much the eagerness of maternal solicitude—*studio maternae sedulitatis indulgentior*, addressed her indiscreet entreaty to the Redeemer. *Et si error, pietatis tamen error*

est. Nesciunt enim materna viscera patientiam: etsi voti avara, tamen veniabilis cupiditas. "The mother's heart knows not how to be patient. Though her wish is extravagant, her ambition is excusable, for it covets not money but grace, and her petition is not for herself, but for her children. Consider the poor mother, think of the mother." These are only some of the touching excuses that St. Ambrose puts forward for the mother of the sons of Zebedee. The son of Monica could not have fallen into better hands.

* * *

When I read "Geraldine" more than forty years ago, I remember one of my masters found the third volume in my hand, and he very properly remarked that the story would have been better if that third volume had been altogether omitted. It certainly reads oddly enough now as a three-volume novel. Miss Agnew had not the literary art of the young high-born lady, who, as a Protestant still, was then writing "Ellen Middleton." I mention this "Tale of Conscience" at present for the purpose of preserving a few lines which are prefixed as a motto to the last chapter, and are there said to have been "written by a Nun on receiving the Blessed Sacrament at her profession in Salford Convent." What Convent? Is there any more of this poem?

"He comes not in power, He comes not in wrath,
And the glory of heaven is not on His path;
The children of men bear the monarch of might,
And, low with the lowly, He veileth his light;
Yet lift up your gates, O ye princes!—'tis He,
The monarch of glory, who cometh to me.
Who then is this monarch of glory? Reply:
The Lord strong in battle, the great God on high.
But who is this monarch of glory? O say:
Favoured soul! 'tis the Spouse that has won thee to-day."

* * *

We often form to ourselves a fixed idea of the personal appearance of persons whom we have never seen from their writings or speeches or things that we have heard about them. A friend of mine once asked, in a company of three or four, the idea each had formed of Lord Macaulay, then in the height of his fame. Most of us imagined him to be a tall man, whereas in reality he was short and stout, even unto pudginess. I am reminded of this in a description that has just come across me of the person of St. Francis de Sales.² From his style, his general character, etc., I should have imagined him brisk and lively in his manner; and I had a lurking idea that he was small and compact. But Charles de Sales, quoted in an excellent little book, "The Heart of St. Francis de Sales," tells us that "his figure was

erect and robust, his stature commanding; he had a high colour, broad shoulders, a large, almost bald head; he had curly chestnut hair, an ample forehead, arched eyebrows, blue eyes, a faultlessly cut nose, rosy cheeks, a round mouth, and a thick and rather long beard; his voice was deep, and he had a slow way of speaking; his hands were large and strong; he walked firmly and leisurely; his gestures were noble and simple; and his clothes were always neatly arranged."

* * *

Father Stephen Perry, S.J., whose recent death in the service of science has procured for him many tributes from the public press, some of them even in verse—an honour that he certainly never dreamt of as likely to befall him—this most painstaking and conscientious scientist delivered here in Dublin a few years ago, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, a learned lecture on the spots of the sun, from which the present writer took nothing whatsoever away except the fact that these sun-spots never grow suddenly large, but, if they are to be large, they begin by being so. This illustrates a favourite notion of the aforesaid P. W. that radical changes in character are extremely rare; that the subtle tyranny of habit is overwhelming; that the continuity of conduct is remarkable, not to say terrible; that the young should not look forward to any great change in maturer years, but should insist on being at once what they feel they ought to be, so that, if they want to be big spots on the sun, they must begin by being big sun-spots.

* * *

The Stonyhurst Magazine of April, 1890, gives an interesting account of the prize compositions at the old continental college of English Jesuits at St. Omer's. A list of these, beginning with the year 1622, is preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum. On June 19th, 1623, the subject of the academical display was "the fate of the proud Emperor who had caused the words *Deposuit potentes* to be struck out of the Magnificat." Some two hundred and fifty years later, Longfellow sang the same theme in his "King Robert of Sicily." We do not know what other precursors he had beside the St. Omer's boys of 1622.

* * *

Mary Howitt says that the naming of babies and of stories is a difficult matter. It is getting harder and harder to invent good names for books. Mr. W. E. Henley has lately given us a collection of essays and criticisms, and he calls his book "Views and Reviews." We have not seen it, but it is spoken of in terms that make us determined to see it—and where? In that department of *Merry England*

which for some years has gone by the name of "Reviews and Views. Yet Mrs. Meynell, in bestowing her well-balanced and finely-phrased criticism on Mr. Henley, says not a word about his borrowed title. Perhaps he begged leave to borrow it. By-the-way, the July instalment of Mrs. Meynell's "Reviews and Views" contains some fine pages about Browning; and elsewhere, in the same number, she says that "Keats, the poet of the great sonnet and the three great odes and the noblest of blank verse, wrote the couplet detestably." The preceding page contains a dictum of a different kind. "There has never been an entirely dignified man; and there have been extremely few entirely dignified women."

* * *

The clever college Magazine referred to in the paragraph preceding the last of these paragraphs gave, when *The Mikado* was the newest of the Sullivan-Gilbert operas, a classical rendering of one of its delightful bits of foolery. Thus sang W. S. Gilbert's muse:—

On a tree by a river a little Tom-tit
Sang "Willow, tit willow, tit willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, tit willow, tit willow?'"
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow!"

He slapped at his chest as he sat on that bough,
Singing "Willow, tit willow, tit willow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow;
Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from that suicide's grave,
"Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow."

The corresponding elegiacs are called "Pari recinentis omen," and are prefaced by the statement that a tom-tit is called in Latin "parus":—

Arboris in foliis, fluviales Parus ad undas,
Paros et Salices carmine consociat.
Huic ego: "Dio volucris! quænam tibi causa sedendi?
Quid mihi, sic Paros tu Salicesque sonas?
Dio avicella! tibi mens imbecillior exstat?
Durius absorptus vermiculusne gravat?"
At caput exiguum miserabilis ille revolvens,
Paros et Salices improbus ingeminat.

Verberat en pectus, ramo defixus in illo,
 (Cum Paro est iterum commemorata Salix),
 Circumstat gelidus rorantia tempora sudor,
 Parorum et Salicum, vae mihi utrumque genus!
 Suspirans, lacrymans, singultu guttura torquens,
 Hinc se præcipitem fert periturus aquis:
 Quam parat ipse sibi resonante his vocibus urna;
 " Pare ! Salix ! iterum Pare ! iterumque Salix ! "

* * *

The Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, in New York county, having completed its eighteenth year (like ourselves) began its nineteenth year with a very Special Number, with contributions from Maurice F. Egan, William J. Onahan, and other distinguished Catholics. The following is from a paper by Brother Azarias, whom we have often named to our readers, but not until now by his Irish name of Mullany. He is speaking sympathetically of the worries of a Catholic editor:—

" There is the author with whose book you have found fault ! He becomes embittered against you. Look not for words of commendation from his lips. He is wroth with himself for having done you the honour of sending you his book for criticism. Perhaps he even wrote you a letter laudatory of the good taste evident in your criticisms, and indirectly pleading for a favourable judgment. But you could not call pinchbeck gold, and you found it necessary to speak plain truth, which to the author was unpalatable truth. We have known an author—and an author of some merit—to go out of her way to stab the great Brownson, under cover of an unsigned newspaper article, in revenge for strictures he made upon one of her books. But, as an author with whom the critics have dealt generously beyond his deserts, the writer would plead earnestly in favour of handling as gently as possible the young Catholic aspirant who appeals to a Catholic audience. Remember the many ways in which the Catholic writer is handicapped ; his difficulties in publishing ; his chances of failure to secure a wide enough circle of readers ; the very few inducements he has to write as a Catholic in comparison with those presenting themselves in the field of secular letters. It behooves us not to discourage the Catholic writer who shows talent and gives promise of better things. A Catholic book should at first flush go home to the sympathy of the Catholic reviewers. Of course the worthless book, the book inadequate to do justice to its subject, the book of many pretensions, the inaccurate book, the ill-written book—these should each and all be estimated at their true worth."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

R. I. P.

THE great Cardinal is dead. The soul of Gerontius has at last made that journey which no poet or preacher or theologian or ascetic writer that we have ever seen has described half so well as Gerontius himself. *The Dream of Gerontius* is realised.

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21st, 1801; Cardinal Newman died at Birmingham, August 11th, 1890. The story that lies between those two dates has been told briefly in hundreds of journals these last few days. But none of the English newspapers, in narrating Dr. Newman's conversion, has mentioned the Irish priest of whom the illustrious convert himself has said in his *Apologia*: "My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than any one else." It will be our duty hereafter to give an account of a friendship which, beginning so far back as 1841, lasted till Dr. Russell's death in 1880. The correspondence contains many an expression of affectionate interest towards Ireland, like this in the letter to Father Daniel, which is autographed in *The Freeman's Journal*, in the number describing the Cardinal's burial, when twenty bishops, many noblemen, and twenty thousand people followed him to his grave at Rednall, a small village not far from his home at Edgbaston. On the 23rd of February, 1879, he wrote: "It is a great pleasure to me to be told that the Catholics of Ireland take an interest in me. I have never forgotten the kindness they showed me when I was in Ireland."

Among those who followed the sanctified remains of the aged Cardinal to what is wrongly called their last resting-place, was Lord Coleridge, who lately said in a lecture which he published in a magazine two months ago: "Raffaello is said to have thanked God that he had lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman."

This was said during his lifetime; and now that he is gone, he is praised, even by the organs of those creeds and opinions which he renounced, with a unanimity and an earnestness for which no

parallel can be found. *The Standard* says that "one of the greatest names in the history of the two Churches is now enrolled among the deathless dead!" *The Times* (which in this instance is supposed to be J. A. Froude) says that "the memory of his pure and noble life, untouched by worldliness, unsoured by any trace of fanaticism, will endure, and, whether Rome canonises him or not, he will be canonised in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." *The Morning Post* speaks of him as "a good man and a great Englishman, a man not only of genius but of the most admirable character." And finally—for we cannot prolong this litany of praise—the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "by the death of Cardinal Newman the Church of Rome loses one of its two great English Cardinals, the literature of England loses one of its great masters, and the world loses one of the chiefest of its saints."

This beloved and venerated name must of necessity be mentioned frequently in our pages hereafter. At present our hearts can only bless God for having given to us such a name and such a memory to cherish. What a full and perfect life! Forty-five years of study and prayer ending in his reception into the Catholic fold; and then forty-five years to rue the step if he chose; whereas he could say to the end, like St. Theresa, "Thank God, I die after all a child of the Church." His prayer, uttered long before, was granted and more than granted:—

" Whene'er goes forth the solemn word,
And my last hour is come,
Deal me the gracious stroke, O Lord,
Within a Christian home."

Every other word of the prayer was fulfilled. "The absolving words were said;" his most trusted and dearest friends were standing by—he did not "die alone." And his "name in sickness and in death was heard within the sacred shrine." Very many all the world over will pray fervently for the eternal repose and glory of this magnificent and tender soul, whom God has made use of to draw many towards that heaven into which we may dare even to hope that He has already admitted His servant, John Henry Newman.

R. I. P.

THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.*

"Far off, amid the melancholy main."—*Milton.*

"Inhabiting an island washed by a melancholy ocean."—*Lord Bedconsfield.*

Oh! the salt Atlantic breezes,
 How they sweep reviving through me!
 How their freshening spirit seizes
 Soul and sense, to raise, renew me!

Oh! the grand Atlantic surges,
 How they march, and mount, and mingle;
 How their spray exulting scourges
 Jutty cliff and sandy dingle!

Talk of melancholy ocean,—
 If thou feelest wane and wither
 Every germ of glad emotion,
 Come, O Vivian Grey! come hither.

Sit and mark the matchless glory
 Of the clouds that overshadow us,
 Afreets of the Eastern story,
 Titans such as Keats portrayed us,—

Till, majestically blending,
 Folded on the western billow,
 They await their lord's descending,
 Strewing his imperial pillow.

Not in youth's intoxication,
 Not in manhood's strange successes,
 Didst thou drink an inspiration
 Such as here the heart confesses.

Here where joy surrounds thee wholly,
 If thy thought a moment listens
 To intruding melancholy,
 It is born of reminiscence,—

Of the old forsaken causes,
 Of the higher fame's bereavement,
 Of a life time of applauses,
 Barren, barren of achievement.

* We rescue this from an old *Spectator* of twelve years ago: Its signature happily familiar in our pages.—*Ed. I. M.*

Genius in ignoble traces,
 Leading ranks whom thou despisest,
 Till thy self-willed fate effaces
 All that in thy soul thou prizest.
 For the prophet's fire and motion,
 Icy mask and sneer sardonic,—
 Be it so! Majestic Ocean,
 Thou art Melancholy's tonic.

O.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We have more than once commended Lady Margaret Domville's *Life of Lamartine*. We commend it again, though it is not now a new book, for the purpose of correcting a misstatement which in our last issue we copied from sundry newspapers. Lady Margaret Domville happily is living still to do other good work for Catholic literature.

2. The Archbishop of Dublin has published a "Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of Education, Primary, Intermediate, and University" (Dublin: Browne and Nolan). We read with amazement on the cover the words "price one shilling and sixpence," for what was probably intended to be a pamphlet has proved to be a fine octavo volume of 420 admirably printed pages. No one wishing to be acquainted with the past, present, and (let us hope) future of Irish Education, can dispense with the study of this volume—a study which is immensely facilitated by the table of contents which immediately follows the title-page, and which seems to us a model of clear arrangement, almost doing away with any need for an alphabetical index. Besides giving the history of the question, the Archbishop develops his views of the changes still required; and both in the body of the work and in a long series of appendixes he furnishes a vast number of pronouncements by persons of authority, and various other documents bearing on the subject.

3. "Forgotten Heroines, or the History of a Convent in the days of Luther," by the author of *Tyborne* (London: Burns and Oates), is, first of all, as prettily bound a book as one might wish to see. Mother Magdalen Taylor tells the pathetic and edifying story of the sufferings of certain generations of Dominican Nuns at Strasbourg, after the horrible Reformation, bringing in skilfully an allusion to their Irish Sisters in the Rose Convent, Galway, and Sienna Convent, Drogheda. She commemorates also, in a short sketch, the centenary of the French Nuns who suffered or died heroically in 1790.

4. The same publishers have brought out in excellent taste, "The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. Edited by Father Pius Kavanagh, O.P." It consists of some 250 pages, and is illustrated by eleven pictures of more than ordinary merit. That there should be room in English literature for such a popular and yet extended Life, after the great Life by Cardinal Moran's predecessor in the See of Sydney, speaks well for the devotion felt towards the Angel of the Schools.

5. Four small books may be grouped together. The cheapest and best is a penny tract published by the Catholic Truth Society—"The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary." As is usual with everything coming from Father Bridgett's pen, it contains strong and useful points put better than almost anyone else could put them. "Maxims and Counsels of St. Philip Neri" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is a reprint of the translation issued by Father Faber, in 1847. "The Life of Our Lord, prepared, chiefly in the words of the Gospel, for use in Schools," by T. Murphy, of St. Mary's Training College, Hammersmith (London: Burns and Oates), is a good idea very well carried out, and very much more readably and attractively printed than many similar books for the young. Lastly, very minute, but very clear type condenses into two hundred pages an immense quantity of information about the history, constitutions, and ceremonial of the Third Order of St. Francis (London: Burns and Oates).

6. "Illustrated Catholic Missions" (London: J. Donovan, 19 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden), is a monthly illustrated record, published in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It is an exceedingly interesting periodical, and ought to be a favourite, not only in convents, but also in Catholic households. The illustrations are numerous, and very good, and there is a great variety of information about the foreign missions and subjects connected with them. Is this threepenny magazine sufficiently known in Ireland?

7. *The Weekly Register* gives the following account of a tale which this magazine had the privilege of first giving to the world:

A new and popular edition of Miss Rosa Mulholland's *Wild Birds of Killeevy* will be widely welcomed. It is seven years since this entrancing story was first published, and every year since then has gained for it a new circle of readers. Fresh and original, this idyll of romance goes back to the simplicities of things of life, of nature, and of art. A story like this must be really more powerful than an intricate and sensational one, which with metricious aids, add to its interest, and works up a *tour de force* to its, perhaps, fine and forceful *dénouement*. Here each page seems to have been written for its own sake. The charm and poetry of the Celtic character and temperament, which is of the highest realism, and most real because it is of the highest, makes vital the opening chapters of the novel. Then on through a wide variety of scene the story winds, increasing in beauty, with glimpses every here and there of the heaven in human nature and of the Heaven beyond, until towards the close, where the affecting, yet withal quiet, climax of reward and fruition is reached. Love's ennobling, and love's sanctification, were never more affectingly, and less affectedly, put before us; and we wish that every convent in the land would give this pure and wholesome book to its girls—girls, nine out of every ten of them, meant in God's providence to know love and to love as wives and mothers.

OCTOBER, 1890.

UNDER THE GOLDEN SPEARS.

THIS is a typical Irish village of the more prosperous kind. It has four public-houses, two churches, the police barracks, where half a dozen fine specimens of manhood work frightful havoc amongst maidenly hearts; a grocer's shop, where you can buy boots, flannel petticoats, and newspapers; a post office, and about a dozen thatched cottages. Children swarm, dogs and chickens abound, able-bodied men in good round numbers lounge of an evening about the corners, and lean against the low white-washed wall yonder; while as for the old women they appear to be beyond all count. Our house, recently taken, is situated at the upper end of the irregular street, to which it turns its back; a pretty, rambling old mansion looking out on an antiquated garden. Opposite rises a majestic mountain, big and brown and bare; an efficient contrast to the lovely wooded glen on its right, and the velvety hillock to the left, where golden hay-cocks, of a size never to be seen save on this side of the Irish Channel, are scattered over the smooth green sward.

To reach our back-door it is necessary—bear our whereabouts in mind—to cross the front of the house. Privacy, therefore, is never to be calculated on; not only is our every movement visible to the stream of humble visitors who pass before our drawing-room windows, but such of the said visitors as have been unable to transact business to their satisfaction in the rear, make a practice of standing before the said windows, and persistently *curtseying*, until, out of sheer exasperation, we are forced to come to terms with them. The eggs which we have been obliged to buy, the honey which we have consented to consume, the fruit regularly, if reluctantly, purchased, because the vendor thereof pathetically

declared he had "wan fut in the gully-hole," would supply an average sized co-operative store.

Then there are the beggars of every age and variety, from the mite who can scarcely walk alone to the crone who remembers the Rebellion. Our stores of ancient garments are exhausted; our fingers, by dint of constant stitching, reduced to the condition of nutmeg graters. It seems to us that we must have clothed the entire village, and still they come.

The fact of our being a community of ladies, though in general rather an advantage from the beggars' point of view, as implying greater tenderness of heart and nimbleness of hand, has occasionally its drawbacks. While still at breakfast the other morning, we were informed that "a boy" wished to see us; the footman thought, bashfully, that he wanted clothes.

"Clothes! How old is he?"

"About twenty, ma'am!"

Not being outfitters on quite so large a scale, we were reluctantly compelled to "draw the line" at youths of twenty.

The old lady who favours us most frequently with her company is, to use the vernacular of the country, somewhat "crabby" as to her temper, and eccentric in her demeanour.

My mother having on one occasion presented her with (saving your presence) a fine, warm, flannel petticoat, stipulated that Mary was to wear it, and added—knowing how frequently such garments found their way to the nearest pawnshop—that she would expect to see it on the latter's next appearance.

Accordingly, when again in want of "a grain o' tay," Mary was descried making her way towards our house, with the white petticoat jauntily disposed *outside* her ragged gown.

"Why, you're very grand to-day!" remarked an acquaintance. "Who gave you the fine petticoat?"

Whereupon Mary, jerking her thumb forwards, replied respectfully: "A widdy woman beyant there!"

Subsequently, finding the garment in question deficient in the ventilation to which she was accustomed, she trudged up to remonstrate with the donor, asserting in much displeasure that she was "kilt wid the hate."

Most of the recipients of such charity as we can bestow, however, receive it in a more kindly spirit. I shall never forget the transports of gratitude into which one very ancient dame was

thrown on being presented with a pair of boots. The blessings which she showered on our heads, the prayers which she poured forth, the good wishes which she formulated, were as earnest as they were rapturous.

"May yez niver thirst!" she cried, after engaging a bed in Heaven for each of us, and invoking the nine "chores" of angels on our behalf, "may yez dhrink o' the river that runs through Heaven!"

After this poetical outburst she betook herself to the neighbouring convent to show off her treasures to the nuns, who would, she assured us, "be leppin' wid delight."

In about half an hour she returned, her wrinkled face flushed, her bright blue eyes almost starting out of her head with excitement. It did not transpire that the good Sisters had been so far carried away by their enthusiasm as actually to perform the anticipated athletic feats, but one of the community had been moved to some purpose, having bestowed a pair of stockings on our white-haired protégée, whose nether-limbs were now completely arrayed. Standing well in front of our drawingroom windows, and kilting up her tattered garments so as to afford us a good view of her poor old spindle-shanks, she gazed downwards on them with an expression of reverence almost amounting to awe, and exclaimed: "Glory be to God, to think I should come into the world to be wearin' the stockin's o' the consecrated to the Lord!"

Quaint and picturesque as is this village of ours, its delights are forgotten in the contemplation of its surroundings; the beauty of the mountains alone being enough to eclipse all other charms of scenery.

Here is form for those who admire most the grandeur of form. Here the rugged outlines of Bray Head with its patch of blue-green fir trees climbing the side, its deep hollows and bold expanse of rock; and there the Sugar-loaves, or Golden Spears—to use the more expressive and poetic name worn by them long ages before some practical Briton (of a commercial turn) bestowed on them their present title. A big, solemn, majestic figure is the greater of these Golden Spears; its rocky summit piercing the heavens; its imposing form changing in aspect with every turn of the many roads that wind about it, and dominating the surrounding country. Not a valley in the neighbourhood is complete without this sombre figure in the background; wherever we betake ourselves in our

daily walks or drives, shut in though we may be, in leafy glens, surrounded by chains of hills, there is still that stately presence looming above us, keeping guard over mountain and dale, and seeming to be the protecting genius of the place.

Again, besides these distinctive landmarks, are there not, stretching away behind them, range upon range of majestic hills, in every variety of shape, and of every shade of colour, some of them fantastically crowned with rocks, while others raise their heads from among a dusky growth of pines?

Then this undulating tract of country to the right, with its smooth hillocks, its wild, unkempt hedgerows, the quaint and picturesque—if occasionally comfortless—cabins dotted about amongst the trees: has it not also a beauty of its own?

As for colour, there was surely never such a place for colour as here amid the Wicklow hills. King Sugar-loaf wears proudly his royal mantle of exquisite bronze, relieved with amber trimmings, and further set off, as befits a regal garment, by abundance of gold—the gold of low-growing Irish gorse. His younger brother, Beanagh-beg, to give him his ancient title, is a blaze of yellow and purple, while the hues of the more distant hills vary from the most ethereal blue to a dense gloom that is almost black.

Colour! What about the hedgerows? Oh, those Irish hedgerows, the mere sight of whose luxuriant growth would drive a British farmer distracted, how lovely they are! Perhaps more lovely now than at any other time, for the last of the summer flowers still nestle at their feet and the tangle above is rich with the glories of autumn. Stretches of black-thorn that almost seem on fire, so brilliant are their oranges and reds, alternate with a wild confusion of gorse and bramble, of pale-leaved “sally” and sturdy hazel; while here and there a sapling of delicate ash or elder starts up, purest gold or bleached almost white from amid the ferns and mosses beneath. Those ferns, how they grow! With what grace they curve outwards from the ivy-clad bank, downwards to the tiny stream below; with what cunning, not to say coquetry, they creep in their still vivid green into such close proximity with a scarlet tuft of cranesbill, or peep out from amid a drift of lately-fallen russet leaves. Side by side with them grow ox-eyed daisies, dandelions of every denomination, brilliant poppies, delicate speedwells; and the irregular line of hedgerow above is broken every now and then by a full-grown hawthorn whose leaf-

less boughs are so thickly clustered over with berries that they resemble nothing so much as gigantic branches of coral.

Just climb up this wooded hill to the right, and you will see something in the way of colour. Through the wood, where the silver-stemmed oaks and yellowing larches contrast so vividly with those melancholy Scotch firs, upwards by that winding path, out on the furze-covered summit; take up your stand by this loose stone wall, and look around you.

Ah! you did not expect to find the sea so near. See it shining beneath us, its vivid transparent blue melting into slate-colour at the horizon where that delicate mist unites it with the sky. Grey and violet shadows flit across it, and here, where it tosses its white fringe upon the shore, the sapphire has changed to emerald. To our left, as we stand looking down on it, we have a view of Killiney Bay, almost ideal in its beauty. It lies bathed in light; Dalkey Island, wrapped in mist, being outlined with exquisite softness against the faintly-tinted hills beyond. Seeing it as we do, between the lesser Sugar-loaf and Bray Head, the very contrast between the picture and its framework heightens the charm of each; the two mountains with their rugged outlines and their vivid colouring rendering more ethereal the dreamy loveliness beyond.

The russet autumnal bloom on the distant woods is brightened in places by gold and crimson, while here a scarlet-leaved wild cherry-tree flames forth, and there a stately array of firs stretches out in solemn procession. Now that the sun sinks westward, sheets of gold shine out on the hill-sides where the fawn-coloured tips of their tall grasses catch its light. The yellow of the gorse gleams out from hedgerow and mountain-slope, and even the turnip-fields are aflame, the yellow ox-eyed daisy having made its home amid the ridges.

Gazing round one at all this beauty, one can understand how intense is the love of the Irish peasant for his native land, how closely his heart-strings are twined about his green valley and his purple hillside, and how natural it is that the parting from them should be dreaded almost more than death. One can realise the passionate tenderness with which the emigrant ever looks towards the old land across the glittering miles of ocean, the yearning which, even in the midst of new-found prosperity, will not let him rest; until at last he comes sailing back, with closed eyes that may

not weep for gladness, and toil-worn hands folded on his breast, to find his last home in some well-known spot, where his own green may wave undisturbed above him, and his heart lie at peace in Irish soil.

It has been said of late by one who laboured for years among Irish emigrants, that the children born to them in distant lands, inherit this strange love, and that many of them on reaching manhood are drawn by this transmitted longing across the wide seas to the old country which their parents have described in such glowing terms to them.

"But they never come a second time," says the emigrants' friend. Perhaps their younger, keener eyes, escaping the spell that fascinated their fathers, look on a poverty-stricken cabin, a waste of ill-tilled land, *as* a cabin and a waste, not as the *home* once counted all in all; or perhaps the ideal unconsciously formed within them was too lofty, and the fairyland of which they dreamt disenchant them with the reality, or again, it is perhaps because of a simple "hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt" that they are so ready to re-cross the desert ocean, and to turn their backs upon the Canaan for which the patriarchs of their tribe have sighed in vain. Poor Ireland! beautiful, deserted motherland! to those thou wert a reality, obstinately clung to, passionately beloved; to these but as a phantom-island, conjured up for a brief space amid the shining waters, and then lost sight of for evermore!

No evidence of the disturbance so widely spread over the country is perceptible (at least to a casual observer) in this quiet neighbourhood. The people are kindly and obliging, old-fashioned enough still to remove a pipe or drop a curtesy as they pass you, and readily giving a cheery word in answer to your greeting. That they have political opinions of the most advanced type is of course understood, but they are careful never to obtrude them on you. It was amusing to see the cautious way in which old Dan, the oracle of the village yonder, eyed me when I tried to extract from him an expression of his sentiments as to the state of the country. "There's others," he remarked, "ockypied about it at the present time betther able to dale with it than meself." Notwithstanding his assumption of humility, he is a very great personage in these parts, and his opinion carries considerable weight. His history, too, is curious. Born in '98 (his father's house

having been wrecked and burnt in those troubled times, and his twin-brother perishing in the flames), he sought his fortune by turns in England, in France, and in Algiers. Not succeeding in finding it, he returned to his native village, where he lives (in a loft) on such charity as is offered to him, for he will not stoop to beg. He has a great deal to say about his various experiences in a curious jargon of his own, where provincial English is mingled with his native brogue, and further embellished with not a few words of extremely eccentric French, which, however, he is careful to translate as he goes on. One anecdote in particular he relates with much gusto, descriptive of his arrest once by a gendarme who took him for a spy.

"He got a houl't o' me, an' he stripped me—savin' yer presence—an' sarched me everyway. An' all at wanst he comes upon one little medal hangin' round me neck. 'Commong?' he says, vous, Hangleterre, Catholique?' (meanin' 'are you an Englishman an' a Catholic?') 'Nong,' says I, 'Hirelandy,' says I—tellin' him I were an Irishman, ye know. 'O Hirelandy!' he says, an' he claps me on the back. 'Hirelandy, bong Christien, bong Catholique—Angleterre même christien que cheval!'"

The ideas of many of the country-people hereabouts with regard to England are to the full as uncomplimentary as is this surprising statement.

"England's a terrible bad place!" remarked one old woman of my acquaintance. "The wickedness over there is awful. Them White-church murders, now——"

"White-chapel you mean."

"Lord save us, ma'am!"—in deeply scandalised tones—"sure there isn't e'er a chapel *there* at all!" Chapel being the term generally employed to designate the Catholic place of worship, and the good old lady being convinced there could be none such in so unhallowed a spot.

The peasantry here is by no means entirely Catholic, however, unlike that of other counties, where a member of another persuasion is so great a rarity as to be generally spoken of as "*the Protestant*," or "*the Presbyterian*," much as we should mention the High Sheriff, or the Lord Mayor. Here, there are representatives of many religious denominations, and some who appear to make out a creed for themselves. An ancient dame belonging to this last category was heard to declare on one occasion that she wanted

no "embassador, nayther priest nor ministher," between her "an' the Lord." "I know I'm in the right road!" she added defiantly.

"Oh, *that* indeed, ma'am? maybe so, ma'am," responded a sarcastic Catholic neighbour. "Wait till you come to the *cross-roads*, ma'am—I'm afeard ye'll take a wrong turn thin."

It was the latter sturdy matron who, on being recommended to pray for the conversion of those with whom she differed instead of quarelling with them, returned indignantly that there were some in the neighbourhood that "all the divils in hell would be hard set to convert!"

But, while I am gossiping here so idly on the top of Kindles-town hill, the sun has dropped behind the mountains opposite, and the bank of clouds which has been slowly gathering, turns of a sudden fiery red. We must hasten homewards, for it is late and we have some way to go.

Through the shadowy wood again, our passage hailed by many shrieks and twitters of bird-voices, many whirrings and flutterings of startled wings—and out once more on the high road. Half an-hour's brisk walking, and we are at our own gates.

Our big black hill stands out against the background of lambent yellowish green, and, though the glowing crimson to the left has somewhat paled, the sky is still smeared and splashed in places, as though carelessly daubed over with a fiery brush. The last of the beggars has departed, the policeman's crying baby is asleep, a solitary rook sails homeward just above us, slumbrous shades rest upon the hill-sides, peace has descended on the valley, and the solemn Golden Spears, released from the necessity of guardianship, lean against the darkening heavens, and commune at ease with kindred piles of clouds.

M. E. FRANCIS.

THE IRISH REAPER'S EVENSONG.

BLITHELY in the tasselled corn
 We have toiled the whole day long,
 Hook in hand, from early morn
 Unto golden evensong.
 Now, as slowly lapses down
 Roseate evening in the west,
 Weary limbs and hands of brown
 From the swinging sickles rest.
 Ave Mary! now we pray,
 Gleaning o'er and toiling done!
 Keep us safe from sin alway,
 Till life's guerdon shall be won.

Well we've wrought with scythe and hook ;
 See, along the stubbly slopes,
 Golden sheaf and yellow stook
 Richly crown our April hopes.
 In this hour of sweet surcease,
 Hark! how gladly from afar
 Tolls the Angelus of peace,
 To the silver evening star!
 Ave Mary! rest is sweet ;
 Unto thee at set of sun
 Flock thy children's eager feet,
 For thy blessing, toiling done.

Softly, sweetly sound the chimes :—
 Ah! the tears are in my eyes ;
 From the graves of olden times
 They have roused old memories.
 Heaven bless our Irish home!
 Those we love are far away,
 Long since fled o'er sunset foam :—
 Let us for our exiles pray!
 Ave Mary! Comfortress!
 Star of mariners at sea!
 Ireland's wandering children bless,
 Wheresoever they may be!

See ! the full moon, round and large,
 Trembles in the orchard boughs ;
 Loudly from the river's marge
 Low the heavy-uddered cows.
 And the bleating of the fold,
 And the shepherd's baying hound,
 Sweetly through the twilight gold
 From the purple hillsides sound.
 Ave Mary ! now we pray,
 Gleaning o'er and toiling done,
 Keep us safe from sin alway,
 Till life's guerdon shall be won.

God be praised ! how richly ripe
 Glow the rows of golden wheat :
 Now for home, with flute and pipe
 Tuning to the dancers' feet.
 Ours is such a weight of woe,
 Tearful toil and grief and wrong
 Must have crushed us long ago,
 Save for solace of our song.
 Ave Mary ! rest is sweet :
 Unto thee at set of sun
 Flock thy children's eager feet,
 For thy blessing, toiling done.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

Philadelphia, U.S.A.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
 OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A SUDDEN DETERMINATION.

AS soon as Dora had written her note to Madge, and dispatched it safely by Mrs. Sims, a good-natured woman who occasionally did a little cleaning up and down the house, she grew restless and excited. She could no longer be still upon her sofa, and hemming the

blue frills became impossible. So she flung them aside, and began to walk impatiently round the room.

"Madge is later than usual, to-night," she cried at last, sinking wearily into a chair. "Just because I want her to be early, those people keep her grinding over their exercises. But, thank Goodness, she may soon give them all up. Sir Eustace is rich and powerful, and Sylvia will not forget us, I know. So if Madge is not too proud"—

A sharp knock at the door interrupted her reflections, and she started to her feet in surprise.

"I may come in, I suppose?" asked an unknown voice, and a tall lady, in a trailing silk dress, entered the room, and took the girl affectionately by the hand.

"You do not know me, dear," she said, "and really it is so dark that one can hardly distinguish one thing from another. But, by your fair hair, I know you are Dorothy. How it has grown since I saw you last. Do you often wear it like that?"

"I beg your pardon. May I ask you who you are?" said Dora, surprised at the strange, familiar manner. "I think you must have come into the wrong room. There are many people living in this house."

"So there are. But I fancy I have come straight to the place I wanted. You are Dorothy Neil. I am your friend, Lady Ashfield."

Dora trembled, and grasped the back of a chair.

"Lady Ashfield!"

"Yes, dear child. You see I have not forgotten you, nor my promise to assist you. You helped us, too, bravely when our horses ran away. Now we must find out what we can do for you. But pray light the gas. I want to see what you are like."

Dora struck a match, and silently lit the gas above their heads. She was very pale, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she remembered the cruel manner in which Lady Ashfield had treated her sister. She looked upon this visit as an insolent intrusion, and feared to speak lest she should betray the anger she felt.

"That is better," said Lady Ashfield, looking the girl curiously up and down. "Now I can see you, and very pretty you have grown, my dear. That hair is worth a fortune."

Dorothy crimsoned and turned away her head.

"I do not wish to make you vain, dear child," continued Lady Ashfield, taking off her heavy plush cloak, and laying it on the sofa. "But you are pretty, as I tell you—and yet," she added, examining her critically, "it is not the prettiness, the beauty I might say, of the

aristocracy. No one would ever pick you out in a room, as they would Sylvia Atherstone, for instance. *She* bears the stamp of nobility—of family in every feature and movement; whilst you—well, you are a sweet looking girl, but you come of a lower class. No living person would ever believe you to be an Atherstone. You do not look it in any way. Sylvia does. It is wonderful how birth shows itself in the very smallest particulars.”

And, leaning back in her chair, Lady Ashfield arranged her necklace, and held her satin-shod feet up to the fire.

As Dora looked at this fashionable lady, in her gorgeous evening dress and sparkling jewels, and heard the cruel words that fell from her lips, a great rage took possession of her. This woman knew the secret of her life, knew that she was really Sylvia Atherstone, and had come there to insult her, and accuse her and Madge of lying. For a moment the room seemed to spin round; her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; her lips refused to utter a sound.

“What a silent child you are,” cried her visitor. “You seem to have nothing to say for yourself to-night. I came here at some inconvenience to myself, on my way to a dinner party, to see you and Madge and find out what I could do for you. And, instead of being pleased to receive my visit and tell me all your troubles, you stand there staring as if you were dumb.”

“I am not dumb, nor am I deaf,” replied Dora with dignity. “I have heard your words and understand them perfectly. You are not our friend, and Madge and I must respectfully decline all help from you.”

“You are insolent.”

“No, only honest. When Madge”——

“Well, dear, what of Madge? Are you rehearsing for a play, Dora?” asked her sister, who came in as she was speaking. “Or—but I beg your pardon. I thought my sister was alone. Good evening, Lady Ashfield.”

And bowing coldly to the visitor, Madge put her arm round Dora, and having quietly removed the plush cloak to a neighbouring chair, made her lie down upon the sofa.

“You look ill, darling,” she whispered. “Close your eyes and rest. I will talk to Lady Ashfield, and get rid of her as soon as possible.”

“Oh, Madge, Madge, why is she here now?” cried Dora, clinging to her sister and kissing her tenderly. “I have such good news, dear, if she’d only go.”

“Hush, love, we must not be rude. We must treat our visitor with proper civility.” And freeing herself from the girl’s embrace, she went over to the fire and stood beside Lady Ashfield.

"A pretty picture. Such sisterly affection is truly touching."

Madge's lips were tightly set, and her dark brows met together in a frown.

"To what are we indebted for the honour of this visit?" she asked stiffly.

"To what? My dear Miss Neil, have you forgotten that I promised to help you? To find you pupils?"

"I remember every word that passed between us, Lady Ashfield," answered Madge quietly, "and I know that I declined to receive assistance from you. You treated me as though I were a madwoman or a liar. You would not believe my story, or help me to restore that poor child to her home and family. And so I told you that I would not take kindness from you in any shape or form. Is that not true?"

"Perfectly. But that was some time ago."

"Time can make no difference. I think the same to-night as I did then."

Lady Ashfield shrugged her shoulders. "You are very foolish," she said, "to refuse help when it is offered. You are poor." She glanced round the room. "Your sister is delicate and requires change of air and nourishment. This story of yours will never be believed. And whilst you are refusing the assistance of those kind enough to offer it, because they will not accept your account of the wreck and try to bring misery upon the Atherstones, Dora may die. Then, perhaps, all too late you may come to see the folly of your ways."

Madge looked at the girl upon the sofa, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Come now," said Lady Ashfield, observing her emotion, "be sensible. It is impossible to prove this story; then let it drop. Why bring up such a tale when it can do you no good, and only cause unhappiness to others? Promise never to mention it again, and see, I will give you two hundred pounds, and help you to get pupils as far as I can."

And, opening her purse, Lady Ashfield drew out a bundle of bank-notes and presented them to Madge.

Uttering an exclamation of horror, the girl started back. A flood of crimson rushed over her neck and brow, and her eyes shone with an angry light.

"Put back your money, Lady Ashfield. I am not—my silence never can be bought."

"But you are poor. It will be useful, and no one need ever know."

"I am poor—God only knows how poor," cried Madge, her whole

frame shaken with suppressed passion, "for this day I was dismissed at a month's notice from the school in which I teach."

"Madge!" Dora gave a little cry, and sat up on the sofa.

"I have not a friend in the world," continued Madge, laying her hand soothingly on Dora's head. "But not for all the riches of the universe would I sell my darling's birth-right. Did I do so, I should deserve to die."

Lady Ashfield laughed scornfully.

"You would make a splendid actress, Miss Neil. But I must confess your tragic manner does not affect me. You imagine that by talking nonsense like this, you may impose upon me and make me believe your ridiculous story. But I tell you such a thing is impossible. Neither I nor any other human being will ever believe it for an instant. Miss Atherstone is about to marry my son, Lord Ashfield——"

Dora started and caught Madge by the arm.

"And it is not probable," she continued, "that two poor girls like you could ever prove that Sylvia, grand-daughter of Sir Eustace Atherstone, and wife of a peer of the realm, was other than what she is supposed to be. Give up all thoughts of such a thing. And I will promise you to do for you whatsoever you may ask."

Dora rose slowly from her seat upon the sofa, and, walking over to the table, leaned heavily against it. She was very pale; but her sweet face wore a look of strong determination.

"Lady Ashfield," she said, and her voice rang out clearly through the room, "do not be uneasy. Neither Madge nor I shall ever disturb Sylvia Atherstone."

"Dora!"

Madge flung up her hands and looked wildly at her sister.

"Think of what you are saying, dearest," she cried in great agitation. "Think what such a promise means."

"I have thought, Madge. I know it well," and a little sob, checked her utterance, "I have not forgotten what a trouble it will be to you, darling. But my mind is made up. I renounce all claim to the name of Atherstone. Neither Sylvia nor Lord Ashfield shall ever suffer in any way through me. And—and I hope they may be happy."

Lady Ashfield smiled, and looked triumphantly at Madge.

"I am glad," she said with a sneer, "that one of you has sense. I suppose I may make this money over to you, my pretty Dora," and again she held out the notes.

But Dora shrank away, and flinging her arms round Madge, burst into tears.

"Lady Ashfield," said Madge, bitterly, "you have obtained the promise you required. Put away your money, and go."

"You may repent your insolence before long, Miss Neil," cried Lady Ashfield, angrily. "But, as you say, I have obtained all I require. So I wish you good night."

And putting on her cloak, she gathered up her silken skirts and swept proudly from the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

MADGE IS PERSUADED TO BE SILENT.

Dora's sudden declaration that Sylvia should be left in the full enjoyment of her present happy position, filled Madge with dismay. Was this then to be the end of all her dreams, all her hopes for the future? Was this poor child to droop and pine for ever in the midst of dreary poverty, whilst Sylvia spent her life in luxury, surrounded on all sides by the evidences of wealth and affection that did not lawfully belong to her?

For some moments after Lady Ashfield's departure the two girls were silent. Dora clung to Madge, her face hidden on her breast, her arms round her waist. She trembled violently, and, from time to time, a sob escaped her.

Madge sighed heavily, and, smoothing back the golden hair, kissed her lovingly.

"You are not angry, dearest?" whispered Dora. "Oh, say you are not angry with me?"

"Not angry, darling; I never could be that with you—but grieved and surprised. Why did you make that promise, Dora? Why did you cut the ground from under my feet?"

"Because—oh, Madge, when you know her, you will feel as I do. Sylvia is so good, so noble, I could not do her harm."

"But, dearest, that is no reason. Because Sylvia is good, you must not suffer. That would not be just."

"Just or not, I am determined not to interfere with her in any way. I shall remain Dorothy Neil all my life."

"But what if I object, Dora?"

"You must not, Madge. And you will not, I am sure, when you know how I long to leave Sylvia in the home she believes to be her own."

"But the poverty, Dora? Think of that. How can I bear to see you want when I remember what your life should be?"

"All that is at an end, Madge; we shall be poor no longer," said Dora, smiling through her tears. "Sylvia was here to-day."

"Sylvia? Why did you not tell me that before?"

"I did not care to do so before Lady Ashfield."

"Quite right, dearest. I forgot. But how did Sylvia find us out? Who told her? Oh, darling, our position grows harder and harder."

"No, Madge, there you are wrong, Sylvia came to us as a ministering angel—her hands full of gifts, her heart full of love."

"But we cannot accept either gifts or love."

"Not if we were planning her ruin. Not, if like Judas, we were accepting her love that it might help us to betray her. But I have resolved, and you, dear Madge, must agree to do like me, to become her friend, to take any kindness she or Sir Eustace may do us with gratitude, and never, by word or look, suggest that *she* was not born to the high position that she fills so nobly."

"Oh, Dora, how can I ever agree to this?"

"Very easily, dearest, when you think the matter out. And believe me, there will be no injustice done."

"But, Dora, what is to become of us? Mrs. Prim has dismissed me. In four short weeks my time at Penelope Lodge will have expired, and then what are we to do?"

"My dear, I am delighted to hear of Mrs. Prim's dismissal. It will save you the trouble of dismissing her." Dora laughed softly. "See here, these are the addresses of ladies, friends of Sylvia's, who require a music mistress for their children. You are to go there to-morrow, and I fancy you will not long regret the large salary you received at Penelope Lodge. Sylvia said these people would pay you handsomely. So now, dear Madge, you must not fret, but promise to do what I ask."

"My darling, I cannot refuse you. And the hopelessness of proving our story tempts me to accept these offers of friendship, and yet my mind misgives me. I wish it had not come to this. It would have been better had Sylvia stayed away."

"Madge," whispered Dora, with deepening colour, "her coming, her goodness was not the only thing. That was not what really decided me. She is going to marry Lord Ashfield. His wife must be of noble, of high position. No act, no words of mine shall cast a doubt upon her, since he loves her."

"My darling, two wrongs do not make a right," said Madge sadly. "However, I agree to do as you wish. To-morrow, I shall go and see these ladies."

So, with a heavy heart and many doubts as to the honesty of her conduct, Madge at last consented to be silent and gratefully accept

any favours that Sir Eustace might choose to bestow on her and Dora.

And these, she soon found, were beyond anything she had ever expected. There was no niggardliness in the treatment they received—quite the contrary; for Sir Eustace was as generous as he was wealthy. And Madge felt bewildered and amazed as she saw how effectually he was about to change their lives. She was obliged to leave Penelope Lodge at once. A pretty flat was taken for them in De Vere Gardens, and furnished in the daintiest manner possible by one of the first upholsterers in London. And an income sufficient to keep them in comfort, even luxury, was placed at their disposal by their kind-hearted benefactor.

"My dear," he said to Madge when she remonstrated with him for his generosity, "do not deny me the pleasure of helping you, and so making up, if possible, for my long years of neglect. I was wrong to believe you dead—wrong not to have tried every means to discover you. Had your father lived, he would have filled an honourable post in my employment. It was my son's great wish. He is dead, and I look upon you as a sacred legacy left to me by him. This little one," he continued, laying his hand upon Dora's head, "I shall call my second granddaughter. She is just my Sylvia's age, and has been beside her in death, I may say. The sight of her makes me remember with gratitude how merciful God was, when He sent my darling safely home to me. You will love me, Dora, and allow me to call you my grandchild?"

Madge coloured deeply, and turned impatiently away. She longed to tell him all—to put an end to this deception. But Dora looked at her warningly. Then, raising her beautiful eyes to Sir Eustace, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

"Yes," she said quietly, "you have been very good, very kind. I love you dearly, and will always think of you as my grandfather. I have never known my father. Your affection will make up to me for what I have lost."

"Dear little fairy, your life from this day shall be a happy one," he answered, returning her embrace. "Your future is in my hands, and second only to Sylvia in my heart shall be my granddaughter, Dora."

And from this hour Dora was indeed happy. All idea that she would be living on charity, did she accept money from Sir Eustace, had flown away. In doing so, she was only taking part of what was really her own, she now argued. And so there was nothing to embitter or annoy her in her present position. She loved Sylvia with

an absorbing affection, and took willingly from her hands the many gifts bought for her, with what she knew to be her own money. For this troubled her little. She had all, and more than she required. She was not ambitious, and was well content to see Sylvia reign supreme, as mistress of her grandfather's establishment.

So the days that were formerly spent in dreary loneliness, hemming frills for *Mdme. Garniture*, or mourning over her helpless condition, were now passed in driving with Sylvia, visiting museums, picture-galleries, and theatres; lunching at one house, and drinking tea at another. For as soon as Dora was seen with Miss *Atherstone*, and known to be her friend, invitations of all kinds poured in upon her.

Her extreme delicacy prevented her from going out at night, and so she could not go to either dinner or dance. But this she did not regret. In the evenings she had *Madge*, always eager to welcome her back, and ever ready to listen to her accounts of all she had seen and done during the day. For *Madge* rarely took part in these rounds of pleasure. She lived in the pretty rooms provided by Sir *Eustace*, and kept a tender watch over her darling. But nothing would induce her to sit down, and eat the bread of idleness. Their benefactor was generous; he was wealthy, she knew, and would never miss the sum of money he allowed them in the year. But *Madge* was proud. She had no legitimate claim upon him; she would not be dependent on his bounty. Through her connection with the *Atherstones* she soon obtained many well-to-do pupils. And so, though not worked so unceasingly as in the old times at *Penelope Lodge*, her days were well filled up.

And as she went from place to place, her thoughts were ever full of Dora and her future. She felt that things could not always go on as they were at present, and she wondered when the end would come. Where was *Anne Dane*? What would happen when they met? These questions rose frequently to her lips and troubled her sadly. Everything was pleasant now. But she was sure this tranquillity could not last, and she believed that the longer they all lived as they were doing, the more bitter would be the change when it came.

Yet, in spite of these misgivings, *Madge* was very happy. She rejoiced to see Dora living in comfort, prettily dressed, and temptingly served. She had never in all her life been so free from care, and she had money for all she required.

This sudden change in the *Neils'* position, and the strange manner in which Sir *Eustace* had taken them to his heart, annoyed Lady *Ashfield* extremely; and she lived in constant terror lest Dora should forget her resolution and tell someone the story of the wreck, that is, *Mudge's* version of that unlucky night. Not that she believed it, but

that she dreaded the misery and vexation that would come upon them all should the suspicion of such a thing get noised abroad. Unlike Madge, she felt sure that every day passed by the Neils in their present position was a decided gain, making disclosure more impossible, and binding them more emphatically to silence.

"Were Sylvia and Ashfield safely married, it would matter but little," she thought. "The settlements would be made, and such nonsense would not trouble them. Sir Eustace would soon hush the matter up, and Sylvia, away with her husband, would never hear of it. Even the gossips would not believe it so easily, once she was Lady Ashfield. But I confess I do not understand these two. At the Atherstone's ball they seemed devoted. Now—well, he goes to the house often, but things do not progress. He still declares they are nothing to each other. He is most provoking."

And as Dora saw more of Sylvia, and came to know her more intimately, she too wondered over her manner to Lord Ashfield. With him the girl was frank and gay; pleased to see him when he came, but indifferent as to whether he went or stayed. When he was absent, she rarely mentioned him, and, when she did so, it was in a casual way—friendly, but nothing more.

Lord Ashfield's behaviour soon became as incomprehensible as Sylvia's. He visited constantly at the house, drove with the girls in the Park, walked with them in the Row, accompanied them to concerts and teas. Yet, even to Dora's inexperienced eyes, his demeanour was that of a privileged friend, rather than that of an accepted lover. All this bewildered and saddened simple Dora, yet she tried hard to believe in the love of these two. For they were engaged to be married, she knew. Lady Ashfield had said so. She was his mother. She must surely know.

So Dora held aloof when Lord Ashfield was near. In the house, she buried herself in a book or worked industriously at her embroidery. In the Park and elsewhere, she gazed about her, or talked to Sir Eustace, doing everything she could to give her friends perfect freedom in their intercourse. But all seemed of little use. Lord Ashfield and Sylvia would not allow her to withdraw from their society. In all they did and said, she must take a part. And much against her will Dora felt constrained to do so.

Then followed a time of anguish—a time when Dora was one day miserably unhappy; the next full of joy and nervous excitement. She ought to have been happy, she felt. She wished, yet dreaded to be so, for her mind was torn with doubt and the fear of causing grief to Sylvia.

When she first met Lord Ashfield at the Atherstone's, he showed

great pleasure at renewing their acquaintance. He was polite and attentive, treating her with the same consideration as he might have bestowed on the highest lady in the land. To her past life he never alluded. And when Dora thanked him tremulously for his goodness in discharging their debt to their cruel landlord, he implored her earnestly never to mention it again. It grieved him to remember it, for it proved how he and his mother had neglected their promise of helping the orphans in their hour of need.

Full of the idea that he was engaged to Sylvia, Dora was distant and reserved. Since the day of the accident in Cornwall he had been a hero in her eyes. The sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, thrilled her. The feeling that he was near filled her with happiness. Yet Sylvia was to be his wife, and no word or look of hers should disturb her peace. That these two might be happy she had renounced her birth-right, and left Sylvia in undisputed possession of her home and fortune. For their sake she would do more. She would conquer her own heart, and kill the great love that was growing up within her.

But in a short time Lord Ashfield's conduct began to perplex the poor girl, then filled her with alarm. Instead of talking to Sylvia or Sir Eustace, he devoted himself to her. His long visits were spent by her chair, watching the progress of her embroidery, or conversing with her in low, earnest tones. To Dora the hours went past all too rapidly. She lived in a dream from which she frequently awoke with a shock, as she remembered how cruelly she was deceiving herself, how bitter would be the end that would surely come to these blissfully happy days.

One afternoon the girl was asked to sing. She consented and went to the piano. Her song was a simple setting of Mrs. Browning's poem :—

“ Love strikes one hour—Love ! Those *never* loved
Who dream that they loved *once*.”

Dora sang with pathos. She forgot the company. She put her whole soul into her voice, and the words rang out clearly, pathetically through the room.

Lord Ashfield stood by the piano. He listened with rapt attention, and when the last sweet note had died away, he bent his head and thanked her in a low whisper for the pleasure she had given him. Dora looked up, her thoughts full of the sad idea of the song. Their eyes met for an instant. A deep blush overspread the girl's delicate cheek, her eyelids quivered slightly, and, rising slowly from the music-stool, she walked blindly to a distant seat.

The next morning Dora complained of not feeling well, and announced her intention of remaining at home that day. Madge was frightened and uneasy.

But Dora declared she only required rest, and implored her sister to leave her to herself for a little. Madge was obliged to go out to give her lessons, and went away with a sinking heart. She had hoped that Dora was outgrowing her delicacy; but now her extreme pallor and weakness alarmed her beyond measure.

About three o'clock Sylvia drove round to De Vere Gardens, and climbing up to the flat inhabited by the Neils, insisted on carrying Dora off for a drive.

"You need not come home to tea with me if you do not feel able. But the fresh air will do you good," she said. "So out you must come, my sweet Dora."

Dora could never resist her dear friend, Sylvia, long; so, after a little judicious coaxing, she at last consented to go.

It was a bright day in February; the air was sharp and frosty, but, as the girls were well wrapped up in furs, they did not feel the cold as they drove rapidly round the park.

Sylvia was in high spirits. Her beautiful face was full of happiness; her eyes shone with some secret joy. Dora looked at her and wondered. *She* felt so depressed and weary, that it almost angered her to see her companion so bright and joyous.

"What a contrast we are," she thought, despondently. "She was born to be happy—I to be sad. But Madge must take me away. I cannot—will not meet and talk to him again. Sylvia loves him. He—my God, help me, such a state of things will kill me. It must not go on."

Meanwhile Sylvia chattered away. If she noticed Dora's sadness, she did not appear to do so, and talked incessantly of her own affairs. She had been to a fancy ball the night before, which had apparently amused her much. She laughed over her partners, criticised their costumes, described the decorations of the ball-room, and praised all the arrangements.

"This ball seems to have excited you greatly, Sylvia," said Dora, somewhat pettishly. "I never saw you so unduly elated before."

"It is not the thought of the ball, or anything that happened there, that makes me feel so gay, dearest," replied Sylvia, with shining eyes; "but a little piece of good news that grandpapa told me this morning."

Dora sighed, and looked out across the Serpentine.

"I am glad you are happy, darling. I'd—I'd do anything to make you so."

Sylvia glanced at her inquiringly.

"Of course, I know you would, dearest. And I would do the same for you. But your happiness will be quite secure without my help, now. There is little doubt of that."

"No, Sylvia. There is no real happiness possible for me. Sir Eustace and you have been good and generous. You have surrounded me with comfort and luxury. I have all I want in that way. But"—

"My dear Dora, you require change of air. You are suffering from depression. Grandpapa and I go into Surrey soon, to our dear, delightful Summerlands. You must come with us. Will you?"

"Yes; I should like to. I do want change, dear."

"That will be charming. And now we shall go into the streets; the park looks gloomy. Thomas," to the footman, "drive down Piccadilly and up Regent street."

"Yes, miss."

The coachman turned his horses and went out at the Wellington Gate.

After this the girls relapsed into silence. Both seemed lost in thought. The carriage went on as swiftly as possible through the crowded streets, and many heads were turned, many glances of admiration were bestowed upon its two lovely occupants as it drove along.

At Piccadilly Circus they were suddenly stopped, their horses kept back by the policeman, to allow a number of pedestrians to cross the road.

A young man, well-dressed and happy looking, stood amongst the crowd. As Sylvia's carriage drew up close to him and he recognised the girls, he uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and raised his hat.

"Sylvia."

The girl started and looked round. Her colour deepened, and she smiled radiantly.

"Paul."

Her eyes met his in one long searching glance of enquiry. They were not near enough to speak nor shake hands. But that look told her much, and set her heart beating gladly, triumphantly.

The policeman stepped aside, the horses dashed forward, and she was soon far away up Regent Street.

The meeting had been short, no words had passed between the two, yet it filled Sylvia with joy. She had not seen Paul since the day in the Neils' lodging, and the change in his appearance and bearing was remarkable. She had heard he was doing well, working steadily at his profession; she now saw that he had recovered his self-respect,

and was happy. To see him thus, to know that he was leading a life of industry, acting as she had wished and advised him to do, was, indeed, a pleasure. And as he vanished from her sight she sank back in the carriage trembling with excitement and delight.

Dora looked at her in surprise. What did this mean? How did Sylvia know Paul Vyner, the artist? What could he have to do with her? Why was she so agitated on seeing him? All these questions passed in quick succession through her mind. But she did not dare ask her companion why she was so much disturbed. Sylvia seemed unconscious of her presence. So Dora kept her thoughts to herself.

As the carriage turned into De Vere Gardens, Sylvia started from her reverie.

"Must you really go in, Dora?" she asked.

"Yes. I could not go home with you to-day. I must rest. I feel—not very well."

"Poor little Dora! I am sorry. I wish you were happy like me." Sylvia blushed deeply. "You have seen Paul. He—you must have noticed my joy, my delight at seeing him. He is going through his time of probation, Dora, and is doing well—nobly. Hence, my happiness. Good-bye."

Dora listened as one in a dream. She kissed Sylvia tenderly, and turning away swiftly, ran into the house and up the stairs. Her head was in a whirl; her eyes sparkled brightly; her lips were parted in a happy smile. The clouds of misery had suddenly rolled away, and her heart was beating joyfully.

Sylvia loved Paul Vyner. Of that she was now quite certain. Therefore she did not love, nor could she be engaged to marry, Lord Ashfield.

CHAPTER XXII.

DORA IS TRIED BEYOND HER STRENGTH.

That evening when Madge returned to dinner she was surprised to find Dora looking bright and well. She was dressed in a dainty white muslin, with pale blue ribbons and clouds of filmy lace. One lovely tea-rose nestled amongst the folds on her breast, and her golden hair was tastefully arranged on the top of her little head.

Madge looked at her admiringly. She had never seen her look so beautiful.

"This is a wonderful resurrection, my pet," she said, kissing her. "Do you feel quite well this evening?"

"Quite."

Dora fingered her rose; her colour deepened and paled again.

"What an exquisite flower. Where did you get it?"

"Lord Ashfield sent it and some books. He heard I was not well."

"He is very attentive. I suppose for Sylvia's sake he likes to be kind to her friend."

"Madge"—Dora's sweet face grew crimson—"it is not for Sylvia's sake. It is—they are not engaged."

Madge looked up in surprise.

"Not engaged? My dear, you are mistaken. Lady Ashfield said"—

"Yes. But she was wrong. Sylvia cares nothing for Lord Ashfield, and he"—

Dora paused, and touched her rose with loving fingers.

"Well, dearest? He is grieved, I suppose?"

"No, I think not. I don't fancy he cares. From things I know, have seen, and felt, I think he cares for someone else."

"So your sacrifice, your promise not to interfere with Sylvia, was not necessary and will not affect him whom you wished to save from annoyance."

"No. It will not make any difference to him—at least, as far as Sylvia is concerned. But, Madge"—

Dora sank upon a chair; her colour faded, a look of anguish came into her eyes.

"What is it, darling? Are you ill?"

Madge sprang to her side and flung her arms round her.

"No. But an awful thought has come to me," she gasped. "I have promised Lady Ashfield. I am fond of Sylvia, pledged in a thousand ways to keep that promise. And yet—oh, Madge"—she hid her face on her sister's shoulder—"I love Lord Ashfield—and—if—he—should care—ask me to marry him, what shall I do?"

Madge grew deathly pale. She pressed Dora close to her heart, and raised her eyes appealingly to Heaven.

"Oh, my God," she murmured, "help this poor child. In Thy great mercy soften this trial that has come upon her. Help her to bear it patiently, with resignation."

"Speak, Madge," whispered Dora, "what shall I do?"

"Alas! my darling, I am afraid to tell you what I think, what I feel to be the only course open to you. By your own promise, made in impulsive generosity to secure the happiness of this girl who had acted kindly towards you, you have placed yourself in a terrible position. Having made this promise, you cannot reveal the secret of

your birth, and, unless you make it known to Lord Ashfield, you must not marry him. The existence of such a secret, the wrong you would feel you had done him, and, perhaps, others you loved, would make you wretched—ruin your happiness and his.”

Dora raised her head and looked at her sister wildly, despairingly; then, with a deep groan, fell back unconscious in her arms.

Full of tender pity, Madge laid her on the sofa, and bathed her face with eau-de-Cologne. At last she opened her eyes and looked around. But she was very weak, and trembled all over; so the pretty dress was removed, the golden hair unbound, and she was helped to bed by Madge's loving hands.

The next day Dora was seriously ill, tossing about from side to side in the wild delirium of fever. So Madge gave up her tuitions, and took her place by her darling's bed-side.

The girl talked strangely at times, uttered words that would surely have told anyone near the real state of affairs. She revealed her love for Lord Ashfield, her affection for Sylvia, and the false position she occupied. All this Madge wished to keep secret; so she stayed with the patient night and day, allowing no one to approach her but herself.

This grieved Sylvia. She loved Dora, and longed to help to nurse her. But Madge was stern; she would admit no one, and Sylvia was obliged to content herself with making enquiries at the door, and sending delicacies that might tempt the poor invalid to eat.

Lord Ashfield came constantly to De Vere Gardens. Madge was touched by his evident anxiety about Dora, and felt sorry when she saw the great love he bore her. His extreme earnestness and nobility of character, his kind and thoughtful ways, won her heart, and impressed her with a thorough belief in his goodness.

“What a noble fellow he is! How gladly would I give my darling to him,” she thought, after one of his many visits. “And, if she gets well, perhaps”——

But then, with a thrill of pain, she would remember the barrier that Dora had placed between herself and happiness. For to Madge's honest mind, a promise was as binding as an oath. Without Dora's co-operation her hands were tied. She was not bound to silence by any promise, but she was powerless. She could do nothing. Her speaking would be utterly useless, unless Dora were free to stand beside her, and vouch for the truth of her story. This she could not do now, and she could see nothing but sorrow and disappointment for the poor girl in her future life.

For many days Dora was in imminent peril, and Madge was wild with grief. She watched her every movement with a heart full of

pain, and offered fervent prayers to God that He would be merciful and spare her darling. Then, at last, the fever passed away, and the patient came slowly back to life. The doctors pronounced her out of danger, and gave great hopes of her ultimate recovery.

But her convalescence was long and trying. She seemed weary of living, and expressed neither wish nor hope that she might grow stronger. This apathy filled Madge with terror. What if her pet should fade away and die in spite of the doctors? And, as she gazed at the girl as she lay listless and indifferent upon the sofa, she longed for something to rouse and interest her.

Dora was now but the shadow of her former self. Her long golden hair had been cut close to her head; her figure had shrunk, and was thin to attenuation. Her chest, always narrow, had a look of contraction, painful to behold; her face was white and wan, and her lovely eyes were abnormally large, and surrounded with wide, black circles.

During all this dreary time, the girl's friends were constant in their attentions. But Dora would see no one. She begged to be left alone. Nothing daunted, Sylvia continued to implore for admission, and, after some time, the invalid yielded, and allowed her to pay her a visit. The sight of the girl's beautiful face did her good, and renewed the deep affection she had always had for her. Sir Eustace speedily followed in his granddaughter's footsteps, and Dora received him with something like an expression of pleasure in her weary eyes.

"You must have change of air to brace you and set you up, my dear," he said. "Sylvia and I go down to Summerlands next week. You must come with us."

Dora protested feebly. She did not wish to leave home. Then Madge was appealed to. What did she think?"

"I must ask the doctor, Sir Eustace. If he says it will agree with Dora, she shall go. I am sure it would be very good for her."

Change of air was exactly what she required, declared the doctor on his next visit, and Summerlands the place of all others that he would recommend. It was bracing and healthy.

So, notwithstanding Dora's disinclination to move, all arrangements were made, and it was resolved that in a few days she should travel down into Surrey, in a close carriage with Sir Eustace and Sylvia. Madge, who had some affairs to settle in town, would follow in as short a time as possible. Meanwhile she knew her darling would be in good hands and would be carefully and lovingly tended.

On the afternoon before the day of her departure for the country, Dora seemed restless and excited. She appeared anxious to say something to Madge, yet apparently dreaded to speak.

Madge was busily occupied in packing, and did not at first notice the girl's nervous manner. But after a time, something unusual in her appearance caused her to pause in her work, and then she remarked, with wonder, the burning spot upon each wan cheek.

"What is it, pet? Are you not feeling well?" she cried anxiously. "Shall we postpone this visit to Summerlands? You can go down with me. I'll write"—

"No, no, Madge. We must make no change. I am restless—that is all. I want to get away." She covered her face with her almost transparent hands. "I dread, yet long to see, Lord Ashfield."

"My darling!"

"You may, perhaps, see him, Madge, and I want you to tell him"—

The servant suddenly opened the door.

"If you please, Miss Neil, there is a gentleman outside, who wishes very particularly to see Miss Dora."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, miss. Lord Ashfield."

Dora gave a little cry, and fell back upon her pillow.

"You shall not see him, dearest," cried Madge. "You must say that Miss Dora is not able to receive visitors, Mary. Or stay, I will speak to him myself."

"Madge!" Dora caught her dress and would not let her go. "I must see him. Mary, admit Lord Ashfield."

"This is foolish. You are too ill—too weak, Dora."

"No, my joy will give me strength."

And it seemed as though she was right. For when Lord Ashfield took her hand and asked her how she felt, she answered quietly that she was better, and begged him to sit down.

Madge could not but wonder at this sudden change. All trace of nervousness had vanished. The feverish colour had faded from her cheeks, and she was now white as alabaster. And in her eyes was a look of peace, an expression of content, that Madge had not seen in them for months.

"She loves him, ah, how dearly, my poor darling," she thought with anguish. "How will it all end?" And unable to check the rising tears, she hurried from the room.

When Lord Ashfield found himself face to face with this girl, whom he tenderly loved, he was deeply agitated. He was shocked at her appearance. He had not met her since that afternoon at the Atherstone's, when she had touched him greatly by the beautiful pathos of her song. And now? But he soon recovered his usual calm demeanour, and Dora had not a notion of what he suffered.

"My God, what a change these weeks of illness have made in this poor child," he thought. "Will she ever be strong? Could care, love, and affection bring roses to her cheeks, strength and health to her limbs?"

But Dora's sweet voice disturbed his reverie, recalled him to himself.

"It is very good of you to come to see me, Lord Ashfield," she said. "But you were always kind and"—

"Good of me!" he cried passionately. "Oh, Dora, do you not know that I have been at your door morning and night? Do you not know that all my hopes of happiness are centred in your recovery? That, had you died—I—my life would have been a blank—for I love you, darling, and have but one wish on earth—to win you as my wife."

Dora gazed at him with dilated eyes and heightened colour. She tried to speak, but no sound came forth.

"Have you nothing to say, Dora? Have I startled you? Frightened you by my eager words? You are weak. I should not have spoken so soon. But oh, my love, my love, these days have seemed long and weary, yearning as I have been, to know my fate. Do you love me? Can you be my wife?"

Dora lowered her eyes. She could not bear to meet that tender, pleading glance. Her heart was his, but she dared not say so. Between them and happiness lay the secret of her birth, and the promise she had made never to reveal it.

"No," she said, and her words were so low that he had to bend forward to catch them. "I cannot be your wife."

Lord Ashfield staggered to his feet. His face was livid; his eyes full of sorrow and disappointment.

"Do you mean this?" he asked in tremulous accents. "Have I been deceived—have all my efforts been in vain? Do you not—could you not love me—even a little, my darling?"

The girl looked up, her face full of radiant light, her lips parted in a happy smile. "Oh, yes, I love you dearly," she whispered low.

"Then," he cried, flinging himself on his knees by the couch, and taking her little hand in his, "why can you not marry me? If you love me, why do you hesitate?"

"Because"—Dora drew herself away from him—"I cannot, I dare not. There is a reason."

"A reason? My darling, surely that is impossible. If we love each other, what reason can there be to prevent our marriage? Tell me what it is. I"—

"I cannot," murmured Dora, faintly. "It is a secret. Madge——"

"Madge!" he cried indignantly, and he spoke in such a loud tone that the girl believed he wanted her, and came in at once from the adjoining room.

"Did you call me, Lord Ashfield?"

"No; but as you are here, perhaps you can explain matters a little." And, leaving the sofa, he looked at her anxiously. As he did so, he felt strongly moved. Madge seemed in great sorrow. Her eyes were red as with much weeping.

"Explain what, Lord Ashfield?" she asked, glancing quickly at Dora.

"I have asked your sister to marry me," he said with deep emotion. "I love her with all my soul. She—I thank God for it—confesses that she returns my love, but declares she cannot marry me, and that there is some secret reason why our marriage should never take place. She mentioned you; can you tell me what it is?"

"Your mother can give you all the information you require, Lord Ashfield, if she chooses."

"Madge!" Dora stared at her in surprise. "You cannot wish Lady Ashfield to do that?"

"I would wish her to do anything that will end this mystery, and perhaps, lead to your happiness, dearest. Lord Ashfield is generous; he would spare his friends, I am sure"

Lord Ashfield started violently. He felt perplexed and annoyed. What was this mystery? Why should he be generous? Was it possible there was any disgrace attached to these girls, who had always seemed so perfect in his eyes. No; that could not be. Such a thing was impossible; and, yet?

He looked earnestly at Dora; but she had turned away her head, and was weeping silently upon her pillow. This sight filled him with compassion. He remembered only his love.

"My darling," he cried, "do not weep. Keep this secret, whatever it may be; I can trust both you and Madge; so look up, Dora, and say you will be my wife."

Dora made no response. Her slight frame was shaken with sobs, but she did not take any notice of his fervent prayer.

"My sister has already been tried beyond her strength, Lord Ashfield," said Madge, sadly. "She is too weak for a scene of this kind. She has given you the only answer it is in her power to give. To marry you with this secret in her heart would be fatal to your happiness. She is not now at liberty to reveal it."

"But my mother, she knows all? Ah! a light breaks in upon me. It was because of this that you—that my mother quarrelled with you the first time she saw you."

Madge blushed deeply, but she raised her head proudly, and looked at Lord Ashfield.

"Yes, it was, partly. Lady Ashfield would not believe my word."

"Then this secret is connected with you, not Dora?"

"Pray ask no more, Lord Ashfield; it is Dora's wish and your mother's that I should be silent. But this secret must surely leak out sooner or later. However in the meanwhile, please believe that there is nothing to be ashamed of in it; nothing the least disgraceful to either Dora or me"—

"I can well believe that," he cried. "And now, good-bye, I must see my mother, and implore her to reveal this secret to me at once. When I know all, Dora may then consent to be my wife."

"I hope so most sincerely; but Lady Ashfield has other views for you—she may not be willing to tell you all she knows."

"She must. My mother and I do not always agree in small matters, but I generally manage to make her do what I wish."

(To be continued.)

TO THE NIGHT.

MOST holy night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me, when my tired eyelids close,
Give thou repose.

And bid the drowsy songs of them
That chant the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Bid them that guard the hornéd moon
By my bedside their memories croon;
So shall I have strange dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most holy Night.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

GOOD-BYE TO OBER-AMMERGAU TILL 1900.

THE valley of the Ammer, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is cool and fresh and green, with a freshness and greenness born of mountain rains and mountain streams. It is closed in at its upper end by lofty peaks, over whose pine-clad crags wreaths of white mist often linger, as though entangled among the trees. The hills at the other end are less rugged, being grass-grown on their lower slopes, and appear to merge finally into the level uplands. Through the valley flows the Ammer, its gently moving waters giving life to the quiet scene. The two villages of the valley, Ober-Ammergau and Unter-Ammergau, are built upon its banks. The former consists of a number of houses with high, red-brown roofs, somewhat irregularly arranged, the intervening spaces forming grass-grown streets, and sometimes small gardens. Wooden foot-bridges span the Ammer, a portion of whose waters has been diverted from their course to turn a saw-mill. The houses are two stories, each containing several small rooms. There are no huts or cabins to be seen, and the whole place wears an air of homely prosperity very pleasant to witness. The inhabitants are a fine race, well-built and good-looking. I do not think I have seen a mean face since I came here, some of the visitors, of course, excepted. Such of the villagers as take part in the play generally wear their hair long, which gives them a picturesque appearance. I often meet St. John, who takes off his hat to me, and St. Peter once set me right when I had lost my way. I regret to say, however, that I saw two little long-haired angels smoking cigar stumps in a quiet nook by the river, a state of affairs for which some of the tourists are probably responsible.

The church, which stands near the river at the upper end of the village, is a spacious building in the renaissance style. To me it appears much too highly decorated. There are always a number of priests among the visitors, and most of these say Mass in the church, the result being a constant succession of Masses for two or three hours in the early morning, four or five being often said at the same time. Rows of priests of various

ranks and nationalities sit in the choir awaiting their turn. Purple-capped dignitaries, white-robed Dominicans, brown Franciscans, secular priests in their graceful soutanes and birettas, all lend picturesqueness and variety to the scene, which forms a fitting prelude to the play.

There are few subjects on which we hear so many and such varied opinions as the Passion Play. There are some, usually those who have not seen it, who speak of it with strong disapprobation. They consider any attempt to put such a subject on the stage revolting, irreverent, wrong ; while others are enthusiastic in their praise, and say that the play has enabled them to realise the scenes it represents in a way that would have been otherwise impossible. Certainly there are associations connected with the modern stage which make us shrink at first thought from using it as a medium for the representation of religious subjects. But we must remember that the Ober-Ammergau play has its roots deep down in the middle ages when such associations were unknown, and when the drama was considered quite as appropriate a means of bringing religion home to the people as either painting or sculpture. It is true that the vow of which the Passion Play is the fulfilment was not made until 1633, but it is not to be supposed that the idea of it originated with the people of Ober-Ammergau. The mysteries and miracle plays which were performed in England in the sixteenth century probably lingered much later in the Bavarian Highlands, and the actors in the first Passion Play had, doubtless, seen many rude attempts at similar subjects. It seemed to them as fitting a means of doing honour to God as it would to-day seem to us to paint a picture or chisel a statue. And this germ of faith and gratitude has never died out, though it has developed into something of which the original actors never dreamed. It is living, and therefore possesses the power of assimilation, and it has taken to itself and incorporated with its own substance modern ideas in literature and art, and utilised the products of modern science. The original actors would not recognise their play in its present guise, but the two are identical. The Passion Play of to-day is the result of the labour and thought of generations, while the artistic and dramatic powers of the actors are inherited instincts, fostered by their occupation and surroundings.

We are seldom able to realise what we read for ourselves as

thoroughly as we do that which we have seen dramatically represented. I do not think that any amount of reading or meditation on the Gospels would enable us to comprehend the hatred of the Jewish priests for Our Lord, or the manner in which they hunted him to death, so clearly as we do in seeing the Ober-Ammergau play. Their discussions among themselves; their interviews with Judas; the pressure they put upon Pilate and Herod; the manner in which they influence the people; all these show the malignity of their hatred, and the desire by which they are, as it were, possessed to compass the death of the man whose precept and example are, as they fear, undermining their prestige and authority. The principal scenes of the Passion are familiar to us from painting and sculpture, but no picture can bring them so vividly before our eyes as do these scenes where voice and motion lend their aid to form and colour in the realization of those tremendous events in the history of our race.

The way in which the crowds of people, priests, merchants, artisans, Roman soldiers, women, and children are moved hither and thither, not only without confusion, but so as always to present an effective appearance, shows considerable knowledge of stage business; the correctness of detail in dresses and accessions would satisfy an antiquary, while their harmonious colouring and graceful folds would delight an artist.

The people shout simultaneously, so that every word is audible, and the effect of these shouts is very fine. The tableaux vivants, of which one or two are given before each scene, are perfect in themselves, and yet the man who arranges them, grouping the figures, and combining the colours, is a simple workman, a wood carver. The stuffs for the dresses are procured, some from Munich, some from the East, but they are made up in the village. They are all picturesque, while those of the priests, Herod and Pilate, are magnificent. The Christ is clad in dull lavender and purplish crimson, St. John in rich, dark crimson over soft yellowish green, Peter in greyish blue and yellow, Judas in a sort of orange terracotta and yellow, while some of the other apostles are in subdued tints which tone down and harmonise with the brightness of their companions.

Most of the spectators seem to me to look on the play merely from an artistic point of view, as a sort of pageant or succession of pictures, but the text as it stands at present, revised and rearranged

by the late parish priest, Herr Daisenbergl, possesses literary and dramatic qualities of no mean order. It adheres when possible to the words of Scripture, but when these have to be amplified, as in the discussions among the priests, and their interviews with Judas, the language forms no unworthy setting for that of the inspired writers. But it is in the conception of some of the characters that the wonderful dramatic power of the play is most apparent. The character of a Christus cannot, of course, be discussed. But Joseph Mayer brings to the part a dignity and sweetness of demeanour which is all the more wonderful when we remember that his features are somewhat heavy, their beauty being altogether that of expression. He seems to have lived up to his part for so many years that his face has acquired the stamp of holiness. He is very tall and singularly graceful in his every movement. His voice is deep and sweet, and his articulation perfect.

The part of the Blessed Virgin is in the text full of beauty and dignity. The girl who undertakes the part does not, I think, do it full justice. If the same part is intrusted to her in 1900, she will probably realize it better.

But as it is the shades which bring out the pictures, we should expect to find the most power shown in the characters of Judas and Pilate, and such is the case. Judas as here depicted is at first a man free from crime, but totally devoid of imagination, and giving all his thoughts to the sordid cares of life, and all his anxiety to the securing of his own future. This is indicated in the first words he speaks: "But, Master, when Thou hast given away Thy life, what will become of us?" He has apparently joined the ranks of the disciples as a means of livelihood, being in this, as in all else, a type of the unworthy priest. He again expresses his anxiety for his own future when Christ warns him, telling him to beware lest the tempter overtake him. The warning is disregarded, however, and Judas left alone explains that he had hoped the Master would restore the kingdom of Israel, but that he allows every opportunity of doing so to pass by. He himself has hoped and waited long, but he has become tired of hoping and waiting, and now that trouble appears to be coming on the Master he means to withdraw from the company of the disciples and seek some other means of livelihood. He has taken advantage of his post of purse-bearer to lay aside something for himself, and he again bewails the wasted

ointment, and thinks how its value would have added to his store. His lack of imagination makes him unable to understand the Master, of whose divinity he is apparently quite unconscious, while the same defect blinds him to the designs of the priests. When at length, his treachery accomplished, the plain words, "Noch vor dem Feste soll der Galiläer sterben," bring the truth home even to his dull mind, his agony is fearful to witness. "What have I done? Must He die? I did not intend that. I will not have that." He wanders about trying to obtain tidings, and finally makes his way into the presence of Caiphas and the priests, who reiterate their determination, "Er muss sterben," and when Judas tries to shift the responsibility from himself by protesting, as Pilate does later, that he is free from blood-guiltiness, they tell him contemptuously, "Thy Master must die, and thou hast given him up to death." Judas here flings back the purse containing the thirty pieces of silver and goes out, telling the priests that they shall sink with him into the depths of hell. His despair becomes more and more terrible; the same want of imagination which prevents his understanding his Master is also an obstacle to his finding comfort in the thought of pardon, and throughout his passionate self-upbraiding there is scarcely a word which shows his knowledge of who it is he has betrayed. His regrets are for the kind Master, the guiltless man who is to die, not for the outraged God. He does indeed express a wish that he could once more behold his Master's face, and cling to him, the only safety. But he seems incapable of understanding the real nature of Him whom he has betrayed, and because he cannot stand face to face with Him and express his sorrow, he deems himself without hope or safety, and resolves "to breathe away his accursed life." The curtain falls as he loosens his girdle and prepares to bind it round his neck.

The name of Pontius Pilate has come down to posterity in the words of the creed as that of the person responsible for the death of the Saviour; in irony, as it were, of his weak attempt to cast off that responsibility. Those who are familiar with the Gospel narrative know that he was but the unwilling instrument of the Jewish priests, but I think even to them the character of Pilate as set forth at Ober-Ammergau must be a revelation. The actor who takes the part is a man of considerable dramatic power, and succeeds in enlisting our sympathies on behalf of the Roman noble whose loftiness of character inclines him to reverence the Teacher

of whose wondrous deeds he has already heard ; while his judicial mind and innate sense of justice compel him to see that the charges brought by the priests are, even if true, quite inadequate as the basis of a death sentence. He is much impressed by the countenance and bearing of Christ, and some glimmer of the truth seems even to have reached his mind. "Who knows," he says, "that this man may not be the son of some god?" But, Roman though he is, he has not sufficient force of character to enable him to hold to the right, or perhaps it is because he is a Roman that he is ready, Brutus like, to sacrifice his own feelings and sense of justice to the welfare of Rome, which would be compromised by the enmity of the Jewish priesthood. And when he finds himself yielding to the pressure of the priests, he pleads for the prisoner before him in eloquent and pathetic words.

"Is then your hatred of this man so deep and bitter," he says, "that even the sight of His bleeding wounds cannot satisfy it? You force me to speak my thoughts plainly. Urged on by unworthy passion, you persecute him because the people follow Him rather than you."

And when Pilate has been, as it were, caught in his own toils, and his confident appeal to the people has, through the unscrupulous manoeuvres of the priests, resulted in the choice of Barabbas, and the cry of "Crucify him, crucify him," he breaks forth, "I cannot understand these people. But a few days since you led this man through the streets of Jerusalem with shouts and rejoicings. Can it be possible that it is the same people who to-day demand his death? Such fickleness is past belief."

And when Barabbas has been brought out, and Pilate shows him to the people, he says: "Look upon these two men; the one of gentle aspect, dignified demeanour, the type of a wise teacher, in which character you yourselves have long honoured him; guiltless of a single evil deed. The other—a hateful, lawless being, a criminal. I appeal to your better judgment, to your feelings of humanity—which shall I release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus who is called Christ?"

And when the people have repeated the expression of their choice, and the priests demand the fulfilment of his promise to abide by that choice, he tells them that he yields to their demands to avert a greater evil. He calls out his secretary, who reads the death sentence in due form, and Pilate says, in a voice which he

can scarcely keep steady: "Now take him and crucify him." He breaks his wand of office, flings aside the fragments, and goes hastily into his house, as if able to bear no more.

The actor who plays Pilate is St. John's father. He is also the understudy for the Christus, and takes the part when Mayer is ill. I have been told that he plays it exceedingly well, but that, as his own hair and beard are short, he has to wear false ones, which is a pity, one of the charms of the play being the absence of make-up on the part of the actors. St. John will, in all probability, be the Christus of 1900. He will then be just the right age, and will play the part to perfection; but I doubt if he will have the dignity of the present Christus.

I once got into conversation with the old grandmother of the house in which I was staying, and obtained from her certain scraps of information concerning the players of former years. Franzisk Pflunger, the Mary of '50 and '60, is still living in a neighbouring village. She has four daughters, one of whom is settled in Munich. The Mary of '70 and '80 is also married and gone from Ober-Ammergau. Tobias Pflunger, the Christus of '50 and '60, only died a few years since. The old woman, who must have been his contemporary, showed me a photograph of him which hung with many others on the walls of the little sitting-room, saying with a bitter sigh, that she thought he was "schöner" than the present Christus. I agreed with her that it was "schöner." It was a beautiful face, but far less expressive than Mayer.

In thinking over this play in the past and present, one cannot help wondering what will be its future.

Will the often repeated threats of suppression be carried out? Or will a middle course be adopted, and the people of Ober-Ammergau be allowed to carry out their vow on condition of allowing no strangers to witness the performance? In this case they could no longer afford the costly dresses, and the zeal of the less conscientious might flag when deprived of the stimulus of admiration. But the vitality of the play is too strong to be crushed out by circumstances, and such suppression could only be temporary. Let us hope, however, that no such period of darkness is in store for the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau, and that their play may go on, unchanged in essentials, but improving decade by decade in its external features, and affording as much pleasure and edification to the audiences of the twentieth century as it has done to those of the nineteenth.

K. R.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

OH, great, pure soul, gone from our earth !
 Finished is now thy mortal life.
 God, in His kindness, lent thee long
 To this dark world of sin and strife ;
 And, in His tender love to thee,
 Ordained that, purified below,
 Thou might'st on rapid wings ascend
 To where bright "angel faces" glow.
 Consecrate from thy early youth,
 As if some instinct, dim, abstruse,
 Warned thee no earthly tie must bind ;
 That so thy Church for highest use
 A mind so rich in varied gifts,
 And heart in graces rare, could claim,
 Set as choice gem upon her brow,
 And 'mid her saints enroll thy name.
 The world can ill afford to lose
 A soul so true, so strong, so sweet ;
 But Heaven has won another saint,
 And angels fit companion greet.
 From off that distant, shadowy shore,
 Oh, come there not some echoes dim,
 Borne on our eager, straining sense,
 Of that seraphic, holy hymn ?
 Yet mighty leader in the realms
 Of thought and spirit, thou hadst foes,
 As they must ever have whose aims
 Are highest, purest,—who 'mid throes
 Of deep heart-anguish, leaving all,
 Follow o'er dim and tangled ways,
 And toilsome hills, the white bird, Truth,
 Led on through gloom by heavenly rays.
 Yes, there were those who dared defame
 That noble spirit, failed to know
 A great soul and a master-mind—
 What matter, since to this we owe

That record of his inmost life, *
With all its struggles, doubts, unrest,
Ending in perfect peace at last,
Peace here, and peace now with the blest.

Oh, how our hearts seemed knit to his,
As by some strange and mystic power,
In all his upward strivings, griefs—
And it was in that very hour,
When time and space between seemed nought,
The sad news came that he was dead,
We never now could see that face—
That vague but cherished dream was fled.

In pace requiescat ! Slow
And solemn swells the Requiem Mass;
On through the black-draped, silent church
The deep, pathetic echoes pass.
And as the laden censers swing,
And on the heavy, odorous air
The last sad *De Profundis* sounds,
Entreat we, in our turn, his prayer.

Oh, saintly soul, for ever safe !
Pray for us, that the "kindly light"
Which led thee on o'er "moor and fen,"
O'er "crag and torrent," through the night,
May guide our steps—where'er it will—
And may we follow, blind to all,
Save only to that heavenly beam,
And deaf to every earthly call.

The "one thing needful" but our thought;
What of it, should we suffer pain?
When the sweet Voice Divine we hear,
Saying; "My child, 'tis for thy gain,
Follow thou Me," as NEWMAN heard,
And, hearing, ever onward pressed,
On, with pure heart and steadfast aim,
On—to the perfect Morn, and rest.

M. NETHERCOTT.

* The *Apologia*, which the writer was reading when the news came of Cardinal Newman's death.

ST. YVES OF BRITTANY.

"Sanctus Yvo erat Brito,
Advocatus et non latro :
Res miranda populo."—*Old Rhyme.*

THE Rome of the stranger who dwells but for a time within her walls may truly be said to comprise many little worlds within its own. There is the mere tourist who comes to "do" his Rome, as much of it as he can accomplish under favour of Messrs. Cook or his Baedeker; there is the visitor who has established himself to spend his winter there, and enjoy its mingled educational, climatic, and social advantages; there is the historian and antiquarian, full of eager interest in ruins and relics, in brick and stone, in sites and scenes, which every corner and cranny are holding for him in fullest profusion; and there is the pilgrim proper, who has come to revel in all ecclesiastic Rome can yet give of ceremony and shrine, of memories and worships, of the footsteps of the dead saints and of their living successors.

Yet with all these varied vocations, these multitudinous and keen-eyed interests, there is one little corner in her midst which we will venture to assert that many of these Rome-lovers have missed, and so guess not at its peculiar associations of half romantic, half clerical interest. When they visit the Church of San Luigi dei Francesi, the national shrine of the once Eldest Daughter of the Church, they probably pass without notice a little old, very obscure church, in the Via Ripetta, a few steps only distant from that well-known national sanctuary, and bearing over its dim portals the following inscription:—

"Divo Yvoni, Treconensi pauperum et viduarum advocato Natio Britannicæ sædem hanc jam pridem consecratam restauravit, Anno 1568."

"In the year 1568, the nation of Brittany restored this church, already consecrated to St. Yves of Tréguier, the advocate of the poor and of the widow."

For this humble sanctuary, so insignificant and unnoticed now-a-days, claims the proud distinction of being a *National Church*, no less than is its sister, St. Louis de France, hard by. It

is the Church of the Breton nation—a people strongly conservative, closely tenacious of their own rights and privileges, resenting every appearance of similitude to, and disdaining compatriotism with, their kindred in the East, and proudly, if a little comically, designating themselves as *not* Frenchmen, but Bretons. Merged, to the eye of Europe, in the greater State, their care has but been the greater to preserve all Breton rights and usages, and Breton pilgrims, repairing to Rome in pilgrim-days, received the gift of a separate church and hospice, served by Bretons and dedicated to a saint of their own nation, where year by year the feasts of their country were celebrated, and all Rome flocked thither to listen to the panegyric of their great patron, the protector of the lawyer and of his poorer clients.

When the “Duchess Anne,” whose massive tower still uplifts its grim walls beside Duguesclin’s fortress, bestowed, with herself, her still fairer heritage of Brittany upon the king of France, the freedom and glory of the Duchy died out; and by degrees, through the jealousy of France, the administration of this little Breton church in Rome became merged in that of the more important French one, its revenues added to those of St. Louis, and its rights slowly but surely swamped, in spite of some pitiful protests from the States of Brittany. At first the clergy of San Luigi dei Francesi were bound to number among them two curates of Breton origin; but gradually this rule fell into disuse, and the old but venerable building, filled with Breton altars, tombs, and inscriptions, is all but deserted and absolutely without revenues or ecclesiastical status, so that the very confraternity which bears its own and its patron’s name—that of St. Yves, for lawyers only, now holds its meetings in another church. According to a recent account of this confraternity, said still to exist, the lawyers who form its members (some of the most distinguished legal luminaries in Rome) meet together every Sunday, and after reciting certain prayers, retire to an adjoining room to examine together the various civil causes in which poor persons may have become engaged. If the cause of such poor person appears to be a just one, the confraternity, in the person of one of its members, undertakes, gratuitously, his or her defence. The Archconfraternity is composed of a Cardinal-Protector, a Prelate, who must be a member of the magistrature, and a number of associates. Any poor man who wishes for the help of the society must address his

request for aid to the Cardinal-Protector, who sends it to one of the members to lay before the meeting. This associate examines the case, and if the two conditions of poverty and a just cause are found to be fulfilled, an advocate is chosen by the brethren assembled from among their number, and an eloquent defence in court not seldom follows, for, as we have said, some of the most illustrious of the Roman lawyers are numbered in its ranks.

Another chapel and confraternity of St. Yves were erected at Paris in the year 1348, and this confraternity also was principally composed of lawyers and priests. It flourished up to the time of the Revolution, and the chapel became the resort of all who were in legal difficulties, and was said to be thronged with people of every class, from the prince to the peasant, who came to beg for success in their undertakings and a favourable decision in the causes in which they were engaged; while successful claimants would bring copies of the judgments obtained, and hang them upon the walls as *ex-votos*. The ancient Cathedral of Paris had a special office of St. Yves among its rites, and a curious and interesting picture of the Saint was hung on its all-embracing walls, presented by a Breton Seigneur, and representing St. Yves prostrate before the Blessed Virgin, presenting to her, on one side the lawyers of France, and on the other all those who were engaged in legal suits.

There is a story told in Rome—or, perhaps, rather there *was* one—for the little ecclesiastical quips and jokes with which the air of old Rome was once so full, must all be stifled and forgotten now, in that new city of bricks and mortar, railways and placards—however, there was, we say, a story running thus: Among all the professions and trades of civilisation, each of which boasted their own special patron saint—as St. Luke for the painter, St. Crispin for the shoemaker, SS. Cosmas and Damian for the physician, St. George and St. Maurice, in his fair youthful strength, for the soldier, St. Nicholas for both sailor and merchant, as well as for “good children” of every clime, St. Hubert for the huntsman, St. Barbara, with her tower, for the armourers and gunsmiths, St. Phocas for gardeners, St. Cecilia for musicians, St. Blaise for woolcombers, St. Eloi for goldsmiths, locksmiths, and all kinds of metal workers, St. Julian Hospitator for ferry-men and boatmen, St. Geneviève for shepherdesses, and so on—the lawyers, alone of them all, found no saint to bless the craft. And

so, one day a deputation from their number waited upon the then reigning Pontiff, and besought him that he would name some saint whom they might claim for their own. The Pope listened gravely to their request, and then, "Go," said he, "let one of your number be blindfolded, take him into the Church of St. John Lateran, whose vast nave is circled around with statues of saints; let him then boldly advance and lay hands on one of the statues, and whichever he shall hold that one shall ever after be your patron."

Joyfully then did the men of law hasten to obey the Pontiff; a representative was chosen, blindfolded, and sent forth upon his momentous errand down the grand, marble-paved nave of that majestic Basilica which bears the proud title of "Mother and Mistress of all Churches," taking precedence even of St. Peter's. Some half way down, impatient for the result, he turned, clasped the nearest figure, and tore off the blinding bandage from his eyes, only to find, to his horror, that he had halted before *St. Michael and the Devil*, and clasping the latter to him, held, as his choice, the arch-enemy of mankind. From thenceforth it is said that the devil is the patron of lawyers.

Rome in those days was a long way from Brittany, else they would have learned for their comfort that that remote district boasted the proud distinction of possessing a true lawyer-saint to redeem that most unsaintlike of professions from its opprobrious state of unblest ignominy in St Yves, parish priest and ecclesiastical lawyer, co-patron of Brittany with St. Anne, and who was born, lived, died, and was buried within its limits; one to whom the most jealous patriot could not refuse the title of "un vrai breton" by name, family and inheritance. He has managed to win for himself an almost unparalleled popularity in his native province, and even beyond it, and it is a curious fact that thousands though the numbers be of "beatified" and "canonised" saints among all possible orders in religion or states of life, the Breton, St. Yves, besides being the only lawyer, is also the only secular parish priest who has yet been raised to the altars of the Church.

He was born on the 17th of October, 1253, and was the son—apparently the only one—of a gentleman and landed proprietor, as we should now term it, whose property lay close to Tréguier, in Lower Brittany. His parents sent him to Paris to study law at a somewhat early age, and, after successfully going through a course

of study, he returned to Rennes, then, as now, one of the chief centres of legal learning in France, and became a sort of ecclesiastical lawyer there, attached to the court of the archdeacon of that place, a personage then of far more importance than are such dignitaries now.

For several years he was occupied in travelling about from place to place, reforming abuses, pleading in trials, investigating and redressing wrongs under the direction of his superior and employer, the Bishop of Tréguier, and purging the diocese of various open and crying scandals. His private life was as holy as his exterior one was renowned, and when, after some years, the Bishop presented him with a living in recognition of his services to the see, Yves, perhaps somewhat to the surprise of his superiors, immediately solicited and obtained ordination, and proceeded to lead the life of an obscure *curé de campagne*, giving himself up entirely to the service of the poor and sick, and devoting his splendid eloquence to the preaching of the word of God. Like a true lawyer, he is said to have been literally untiring in speech, and, when his bishop would take him in his train on some of the episcopal visitations, Yves felt the passion of pleading so strong within him that he would turn aside by the way to preach to any little groups of hearers he encountered, and seemed as though he could not repress the torrent of burning words which rose to his lips whenever he chanced to encounter an impromptu audience. Four or five sermons a day would he pour forth, sometimes becoming so exhausted with speech and fasting that he had to be carried out of the pulpit. He is described as a very noble-looking man, tall and stately, with an air of birth and distinction about him which, joined to his flashing eye and eloquent tongue, could not fail to impress any audience. One of his brother-priests has left on record the following description of St. Yves' daily life as parish priest:—"Early every morning he said Mass in his chapel, and then read aloud a long portion of the Holy Scriptures; then he distributed alms to the poor who happened to be present, and preached a sermon which lasted till midday. He then dined, sharing his dinner with those poor persons who had been in the chapel, and afterwards retired into his chamber and gave himself to prayer and meditation until the evening, when, joining the other priests who lived with him, they said their office together, and conversed or discussed questions on religious subjects till nightfall." The only variations in this

simple manner of life were the works of charity in which he delighted, and foremost among which were his long visits to the ever well populated hospital of the town, where he would spend hours in nursing the sick, preparing the dying for their last hour, wrapping them, when dead, in their winding sheet, and often actually carrying them himself to the grave, particularly in such instances as where, from the peculiar loathsomeness of the disease—black small-pox, or plague, or other fearfully contagious malady—those whose duty it was to perform these last offices shrank from doing so.

We find, too, many instances of the true saintlike love of poverty and self-abnegation so common in the lives of all holy men; how, on one occasion, he actually stripped himself of all his clothes to bestow them on some poor man, and was forced to wrap himself in a counterpane until he could procure others; and how, though as a “landed proprietor,” with presumably inalienable property of house and land, his possessions were not always so easily disposed of as his raiment, he generally managed to dis-embarrass himself even of the less disposable parts of his property. As, for instance, his neighbours would tell how one harvest time, when all were threshing and garnering their corn, St. Yves, who owned rich fields and well stocked granaries like the rest, but, unlike them, regarded all as but the inheritance of his beloved poor, was so impatient to give it away, that he began to distribute it even in the sheaf, and his barns and granaries were consequently but little used. A neighbouring proprietor remarked to him that “it was a bad practice to give away freshly out corn, as, by keeping it awhile, it would become more valuable.”

“But who knows whether I shall be alive then?” asked the saint; and when at the end of a year, this same neighbour boasted of how he had gained one-fifth on the corn which he had stored, “And I,” answered Yves, “have gained far more on the corn which I have laid up and garnered.”

Like St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Yves was at one time called upon to defend the rights of the Church against a too rapacious sovereign; for the king of France having laid claim to certain tithes of the ecclesiastical revenues, Yves encouraged his brethren in a bold resistance to these wrongful claims, and undertook the guardianship of the disputed property, spending his nights at one time in the cathedral, so as to protect its treasures effectually,

and opposing the crown officers who had been sent to seize them so valiantly that they found their utmost efforts completely foiled. It is told that one day he met an official leading off a valuable horse belonging to the bishops as payment of the disputed tithes, no one daring to say him nay; but Yves, calmly taking the horse by the bridle, put aside the astounded *sergent*, and led it back to the stable, while its conductor indignantly muttered, "You rogue, you are placing us in danger of losing everything we have, while you care not because you have nothing to lose."

"You may talk as much as you please," said Yves, leading away his prize triumphantly. "As long as God preserves my life, I shall use it to defend the Church and her liberties."

And it was probably deemed unwise to prolong a contest with one so venerated as was our saint, for we hear of no more spoliations of that nature.

Many stories are told of the miracles which he wrought during his lifetime; how he healed the sick, and cast out devils like the apostles of old; how food multiplied beneath his hand, and rivers parted before his feet. Like St. Gregory and other saints, he sometimes "entertained angels unawares." One day, after he had made his usual distribution of bread to the poor, a particularly loathsome beggar presented himself, too late to receive alms with the others; whereupon Yves took him to his own table, and made him eat from the same plate with him. When the man had eaten a little, he rose from the table and went towards the door; then turning to his host, "Farewell," he said, speaking, as is specially noted by the chronicler, not French, but the Breton tongue, "may the Lord be with you," and, as he spoke, he grew radiant in wondrous beauty, so white and shining that the whole house was filled with his light, and as he disappeared, St. Yves burst into tears, exclaiming: "Now I know that the messenger of the Lord has been among us."

But perhaps the quaintest of the popular legends surrounding his name, and undoubtedly the most uncommon, are those which tell of his lawyer-life—that passion for justice which has made his name the synonym of all that is grand and gracious, sagacious and chivalrous; the successful defence of the poor against the rich, of the weak against the strong, of right against might, in public and private alike. One of these, as illustrative of the manners of the times, may here be given. It runs as follows:—

On a certain day St. Yves came to Tours on some legal business, and went to lodge at a hostelry where he had been accustomed to put up, and was therefore acquainted with the hostess. On his arrival he found the good woman in a terrible state of distress, and asked her what ailed her.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I am a ruined woman. I have been summoned before the judge by a wicked man, and to-morrow I shall be summoned to pay 1200 gold écus, which I cannot do without selling all my possessions."

The saint spoke some words of comfort, and desired her to tell him the particulars of the affair, which she did, saying that about two months before, there came to her hotel two well-dressed men, representing themselves as merchants. On their arrival they placed in her charge an iron coffer duly looked and very heavy, and charged her not to deliver it up to either one of them in the absence of the other. This she promised, and they left the box in her keeping. After five or six days, as she was standing at the hotel door, these two "merchants," with some other men, passed along the road, and called out to her as they passed that she must prepare them some supper.

When they had passed, one of the two turned back and said: "Good hostess, give me our box, for we have to make a payment from it to those merchants whom you see with us.

So she fetched the box and gave it to him, and he disappeared.

Bye-and-bye the other man came back and asked if she had seen his companion.

"No," said she, "I have not seen him since I gave him the box."

"You have given him the box?" exclaimed the man. "Then I am ruined!" And he proceeded to upbraid her in the strongest terms, saying that she had been forbidden to give up the box to either one of them alone. Whereupon he summoned her to court, and related, on oath, what had occurred, saying that the box contained 1200 pieces of gold, besides valuable papers; "and to-morrow, she concluded, "judgment will be given, and I shall be condemned."

St. Yves, after interviewing her avocat, and finding that everything was as the poor woman had stated, accompanied her to the court next day, and asked leave to take up her case. Permission being given, "My lord, the judge," said he, "I have

to bring to your notice a fresh piece of evidence which has transpired since yesterday, and which must materially affect your judgment. It is that, thanks be to God! the box in question has been found, and shall be shown as evidence in due time by the defendant."

On this the counsel for the prosecution demanded that the box should be brought into court at once, or judgment be given against the landlady.

"My lord," replied the undaunted Yves, "the express injunction of the prosecutor and his companion on giving the box to their landlady was that it should not be given up to either one of them *save in the presence of both*; let, therefore, the prosecutor summon his companion, and in their joint presence she will produce the box."

The judge agreed that this demand was just, and, at his decision, the soi-disant merchant turned pale and became evidently much disconcerted, so that all eyes were turned on him, and suspicion grew strong. He was imprisoned while awaiting further evidence, and it finally transpired that the famous box had been filled, not with gold pieces, but with iron nails, and the whole affair a concerted plot for extorting money from the poor woman. The pretended merchant confessed his guilt and was executed.

It was this marvellous combination of sagacity and benevolence, the lawyer's wit joined to a saint's all-embracing charity, which has won for Yves of Brittany such passionate and enduring devotion that he is looked upon by the descendants of those whom he succoured in their need as something more than half divine—a wonder-worker, like the Christophers and Thaumaturgi of old. In the popular mind he grew to be almost ubiquitous; wherever the poor were slighted, the feeble wronged, there stood Yves at their side, ready, not with the sword of St. George or the spear of St. Michael, but with the one magic word—justice! And human malice failed, and plotters owned themselves outwitted, when Yves de Kermartin entered the lists against their most skilful combinations.

One darker side indeed there is to this grand spirit of faith which has lightened so many hearts, and lifted so many burdens during the six centuries which have elapsed since Yves the lawyer passed from town to town of his native Brittany, bringing justice and peace to all. The Breton people are, as we have said, essentially

a conservative race ; more, they are slow, stolid, difficult to teach or to convince. But when once an idea, a thought, a faith has penetrated the heavy but tenacious soil of their understanding, it remains there irradicably fixed for good or evil. What they have been taught in childhood, that they do ; what their fathers worshipped, to that they cling. It is, in some respects, a safeguard and a precious instinct ; only, as one's enemies are keen to remind us, popular faith is apt to degenerate into superstition ; and it seems that the devotion to St. Yves is not exempt from this defect. Among the untutored minds of the lower classes there has sprung up, and still lurks in spite of the "cultivation" of the nineteenth century, a curious perversion of true devotion. The peasants of Brittany believe in *two St. Yves* ! The one is St. Yves de Kermartin, the real, historical saint, venerated with what their French brethren wouldterm "un respectueux dévouement" ; the other is *St. Yves de Verité*.

St. Yves de Verité is a kind of fetish, a creation of superstition and fear—a name to be whispered with shuddering awe. The plaintiff of olden days, believing in the justice of his cause, would boldly invoke St. Yves to be his protector, and obtain for him a favourable verdict. But the peasant of modern times, gleaning from the past faint echoes of some of those magnificent appeals to Supreme Justice which the saints might impetrate, now calls upon St. Yves de Verité for vengeance rather than justice. If any wrong is done him, if the author of some theft cannot be discovered, or trespasser tracked and punished, the aggrieved peasant calls out a solemn summons to his adversary to appear before St. Yves de Verité ; and it is believed that whoever is in the wrong will die within the year by the hand of the Saint of Brittany.

Strange attribute, that of a dark and gloomy vengeance, to be given to one who lived so gracious a life, who died so gentle a death, that, as the old story gives it, his first intimation of his approaching end came from his own lips to his people, when "conversing one day with a pious member of his flock, the Dame de Keranvais, he told her that he believed the end of his earthly career to be at hand."

She was struck with consternation at his announcement, and began to beg him not to ask for, not even to wish for, what would be to his people such an irreparable loss. But he answered her quaintly and solemnly, "Madame, will you not let me think of my

own interest as well as yours? You would feel glad, would you not, if you had overcome an enemy? I feel the same gladness at the approach of death, since I know that my enemy is at last conquered by God's grace." And so it came to pass that after this he grew weaker and weaker for some days without any apparent cause, till all could see that his end was at hand. On the eve of the Ascension, though too weak to dress himself, he said his last Mass and heard his last confession; then, completely exhausted, he sank on his rude bed to rise no more. His brethren entreated him to let them put a little straw under him, and rest his head on a pillow, but he refused, saying that he was not worthy of such indulgence, and that he was more at ease, as he was accustomed to lie, with only a stone to support his head. Then he began to speak to those about him of spiritual things, refusing to call in any doctor, and saying he desired no physician save Jesus Christ; and so he lay for three days, his life ebbing slowly away, until feeling himself near the end, he asked for and received the Sacraments. He joined fervently in the prayers said over him, and then remained rapt in contemplation throughout the remaining hours, until, on the Sunday after Ascension Day, May 19, 1303, he fell asleep without a struggle.

How the thoughts and love of his people followed him, and how miracles were wrought at his tomb, it needs not here to enlarge upon. This very year, in the month of September, a splendid shrine was unveiled over his tomb in the Cathedral of Tréguier, where his body lies; and even apart from any hagiological interest, the throngs of Breton worshippers who there assembled presented very many features of unusual and varied interest. We wonder whether any Breton mother there related to her children the odd little story to be found among their numerous popular anecdotes, of "How St. Yves entered Heaven." "Among the crowd of souls who were entering the gates of Paradise, Yves slipped in without being noticed. St. Peter, the doorkeeper, finding this out, wished to eject him, but St. Yves declared, lawyer-wise, that having once obtained possession, he could only be turned out *by a huissier*.* St. Peter recognised the justice of this, and immediately went all over Paradise hunting for a huissier; but in vain, *for no huissier has ever entered Heaven*. So Yves remained there!

* A huissier is a "Sheriff's officer" or "Bailiff."

According to another account, Yves presented himself at St. Peter's gate in company with a number of nuns. "Who are you?" said St. Peter to one of these. "A religious," she replied. "Oh, go to Purgatory for a while, we have nuns enough here!" Then to Yves, "And who are you?" "Avocat." "Ah, we have none of those here, so come in!"

THEODORA LANE TEELING.

A CAOINE.

IT was hard to hearken the tale they told,
That Boyle O'Reilly was dead and cold,
In his golden prime, in his country's need
Of each noble word and each worthy deed.

We loved him truly and well and long,
Who only knew him by word and song;
But around the feet of one motherland
Brethren quickly see and soon understand.

The gallant life was a wave of light,
Setting fair his race in the wide world's sight.
Sore stricken now in her loss and pain,
When will Ireland look upon his like again?

Well may she mourn him in whose heart her love
Burned pure and warm as God's sun above.
Well may she moan for him who could not rest,
E'en in death, his head upon her hallowed breast.

God's peace be with him where he sleeps to-day
'Neath the friendly flag of free America;
But with us is sorrow, and woe, and dread,
For John Boyle O'Reilly now lies cold and dead.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

PARADISE LOST.

FAIR at my feet the lake of Como lies ;
 I hear its murmurous ripples ebb and flow.
 Around me, ranging proudly row on row,
 The dreamy, purple-crested mountains rise.
 All bright before me when I lift my eyes
 Stands quaint Varenna in the sun a-glow ;
 And everywhere the crowding roses blow
 In this most perfect place, this paradise.

And yet my wayward thoughts will not be bound,
 Nor rest at all in this enchanted ground ;
 They wander forth far over land and sea,
 And through the London streets in chill and gloom
 They thread their way to some one, wanting whom
 Even Paradise is Paradise Lost for me.

Menaggio, May, 1890.

FRANCES WYNNE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We have before us two pages of criticisms, a sentence or two from each, passed on Judge O'Hagan's masterly translation of *The Song of Roland* by the various organs of literary opinion, *The Edinburgh Review*, *Saturday Review*, *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Academy*, and all the rest. All combine to praise the consummate skill displayed in this version. We refer to it for the purpose of claiming the same literary skill for a much less dignified production of the same pen, namely, "The Children's Ballad Rosary" (London: 18 West Square, S.E.) Judge O'Hagan has perfectly fulfilled his intention, which was, as he tells us, "to give the divine facts commemorated in the Rosary in a form which may aid in imprinting them on the minds of the young at a time of life when the memory is strong, and more tenacious of verse than of prose." He devotes a dozen four-lined stanzas to each of the fifteen mysteries, describing all the circumstances almost in the words of the Gospel, and yet in true ballad form. This penny book, which even in its daintiest binding costs only fourpence, will help many, both young and old, to practise with more profit and pleasure this most solid and scriptural devotion of the Rosary.

2. Messrs. Charles Eason and Son, of Dublin, have brought out with great taste and skill a charming volume, "A Summer Holiday in Europe," by Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston. Mrs. Blake's literary reputation stands very high in the city which is now in mourning for John Boyle O'Reilly. The best of her prose writing has been given to sketches of travel in Mexico. In the present volume, out of twenty-five chapters, the three first are devoted to Ireland, and the two last to London. The intermediate twenty chapters take us through France and Switzerland, Paris herself occupying ten delightful chapters, which will have much novelty and freshness even for those who have themselves ascended the Eiffel Tower. Mrs. Blake does not aim at the painfully picturesque manner of some travellers. Her style is as lively as possible, but always pure and correct. No pleasanter book of travel has appeared for many a day.

3. The same Publishers have issued a new "Life of Father Mathew," anticipating the celebration of his centenary. The biography compiled by Mr. John Francis Maguire has been abridged and re-edited by Miss Rosa Mulholland. A youthful student of style might learn many useful lessons by comparing the original with Miss Mulholland's condensation of it. Her work will help to make Father Mathew's career known to many who could not consult the books already published on the subject.

4. "The American Home Confectionery Book" (London: Burns and Oates) contains receipts for all kinds of cakes, sweetmeats, preserves, pastry, puddings and pies, as prepared in both America and the Indies. A certain Miss F. has adapted these mysterious formularies for the use of American and English housekeepers. The book furnishes exactly three hundred of these enticing recipes. Though printed in Paris, we notice no misprints, but *rum* (which figures too prominently) is always spelled *rhum*.

5. "Sayings of Cardinal Newman" (London: Burns and Oates) is a somewhat misleading title for an extremely interesting collection of the less formal and more personal addresses of him whom one enthusiastic admirer used to call many years ago "the divine John Henry." Except in a few instances, these are only fragments, "crumbs from the Master's table," but many of them are very characteristic, and therefore very precious. Perhaps fuller notes of some of them may be found among the Cardinal's papers, such as the first "on the characteristics of poetry." It is very well for us to have in this eminently readable form Cardinal Newman's exquisite answers to addresses, for in these cases we have the *ipsissima verba* of a consummate master of words. The headings used in the table of contents are very apt and appetising; but why are not the pages

specified where each item may be found? The frontispiece is a very pathetic portrait of the beloved old man, taken a few weeks before his death by Father Anthony Pollen.

6. We venture to draw special attention to a series of penny sketches of "The Children of Holy Scripture" (Glasgow: H. Margey) by revealing at once the interesting fact that "C. E." on the title-page are the initials of the Most Rev. Charles Eyre, Archbishop of Glasgow. The highest priced of eight other publications of His Grace is a biblical drama, "Joseph and his Brothers," which costs sixpence—twice as dear as "The Mother of Mercy: a Mystery Play." Two others are "Child's Life," and "Our Children, their privileges and teachings." The Scottish Archbishop seems to have a special share of the spirit of Him who said: "Suffer the little ones to come to Me." The first four numbers of his new series are "Ismael, or God's care of children," "Isaac, or the Child of Promise," "Joseph, or under God's special providence," and "Benjamin, or the beauty of family affection." When Dr. Johnson said it was easy to write fables about talking animals, Goldsmith very properly retorted that, if the Doctor tried his hand at it, he would make the little fishes talk like whales. Perhaps it was a fear of this kind that has made our Archbishop shrink from attempting to tell these stories about children to children themselves in the language that children understand. He does not speak to children directly, but through their parents and teachers. But even children may prefer this calm, sober style, for they dislike being talked down to. Dr. Eyre gives all the circumstances about each of his young heroes very fully and clearly, and deduces from each very useful lessons for the young. In his first page we learn that of these Children of the Bible there are nineteen in the Old Testament, and about twelve in the New. But, probably, there is not enough told about many of these childhoods to furnish matter for thirty separate penny booklets.

7. *The Illustrated Catholic Missions* for September (Donovan: 19 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London) has a particularly interesting answer to the question, "Who were the first Christian Missioners in America?" It seems that recent researches of eminent Americanists, especially M. Beauvois in his work, "La Légende de S. Columba chez les Mexicains du Moyen Age," tend to show that the good tidings were carried even as far as Mexico in the ninth century by Irish or, at least, Keltic monks, disciples of St. Columba, of whom they find numerous traces in Mexican tradition. The Irish race have certainly done much for the Faith in the New World in the nineteenth century. What if they began that work in the ninth?

8. Another Magazine—*The Lamp*—seems to have made a new departure. Its cover has assumed a brighter hue; and within there is much excellent matter. The most interesting item is, of course, the reminiscences of Cardinal Newman by an old Edgbaston boy. This is one of the very best of the countless tributes paid to this most venerable and most amiable memory. We cannot pretend to have read all the stories, but we have read "Odysseus the Younger," by Hilaire Belloc, which, slight as it is, and simple and even hackneyed as are the incidents of the tale, appears to us to be a literary achievement of remarkable merit, making us see very vividly what the writer describes, and making us feel what he felt in telling the little story. The style has a peculiar charm.

9. The Rev. Arthur Devine is an Irish disciple of St. Paul of the Cross. A Passionist could choose no more appropriate subject than the "History of the Passion" (London: Burns and Oates). The notes and comments added to the gospel narrative are manifestly the fruit of long and earnest meditation and study. Space is not taken up with rhetorical reflections, but solid matter is furnished which must suggest many reflections. Father Devine has selected with very great industry the opinions of the best authorities on each incident of the Passion, and the whole is woven together in a clear and correct style which suits the solemn theme. The priest who turns over the three hundred pages of this volume at a bookseller's counter will be very likely to add it to his working library. The faithful also may consult it with profit and edification.

10. A second edition has appeared of "Principles of Anthropology and Biology," by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger). A Catholic Teacher, "E. M.," has compiled, with a special view to the Intermediate Examinations, "The Catholic Child's History of England." It is comprised within three hundred pages of rather large type, well bound, for two shillings. "The Catholic Church and Socialism," by Conde Pallen (Herder: St. Louis), is a solution of the social problem on Christian principles.

THE MONTH'S MIND AT EDGBASTON.

ENGLAND, thy mighty heart hath pulses strong
 As death, what time the battle-crimsoned chief
 Is borne to glory's grave; nor less thy grief
 Though Newman sleeps not 'mongst the mighty throng.
 Life is a combat: his was drear and long
 'Gainst princedoms dark; not every gleaner's sheaf
 Shows in the gloaming golden grain and leaf;
 Not riftless every victor's evensong.
 O timely champion, sent at sorest need
 Of battle-brunt, peace comes of battle won:
 And he who trod the wine-press in sheer night
 Of the world's travail, toward the risen sun
 That sinks no more, hath led thy footsteps right
 Homeward. To God the praise, to thee full meed.

Lo! on the everlasting hills afar
 Stands Christ in glory gleaming: 'twere most meet
 To kiss the rubies of His hands and feet;
 While She whose emblem is the morning star
 Beams from the radiance, where the virgins are
 In raiment white, the bidden guest to greet:
 Heart unto heart* throbs utterance strange and sweet,
 Nor note of dissonance may their music mar.
 The lordly mansions of eternal life
 Enthroned their monarchs: Athanasius' peers
 Acclaim a compeer to the red-robed choir:
 Dear Father Philip leads the choral strife
 Of saints with seraphim: nor mute the seers
 Who spake in elder time with tongues of fire.

Though England erstwhile stood in stern array
 Of scorn, mistrust, and bias—these to thee
 Were but as chafings of the sullen sea,
 When skies are clear, to mariners in bay;
 The "kindly light," descried through fierce assay
 Of stressful storm, revealed the sheltering lee.
 Thou hast kept the Faith—sped through the night-gates free
 From out these shadows unto perfect day.
 O witness that God liveth to this hour!
 O coheir with the quickened just on high!
 In sight of the unwise they seem to die,
 Whose end is peace. Crown, Lord, with budding flower
 And clustering fruit the vine of Christ, the King.
 In glad-voiced summer after second spring.

September 11, 1890.

JOHN D. COLCLOUGH.

* *Cor ad cor loquitur* was the characteristic motto chosen by Cardinal Newman.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

JOHN PIUS LEAHY, O.P.,
BISHOP OF DROMORE.

IT is only two or three months since this Magazine brought at last to an end its tribute to Dr. Michael Blake, Bishop of Dromore, a full quarter of a century after his death. We must be more prompt in offering our loving homage to the memory of his immediate successor, for he, too, is now a memory. Dr. Leahy died at Violet Hill, Newry, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the sixth of September, 1890, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The following dates and facts in his life, up to the time of his episcopal appointment, are given—and nothing more—in a memorandum found among the Bishop's papers, in his own handwriting:—

“Born 25th July, 1802, in the city of Cork. Parents, Daniel Leahy and Jane O'Driscoll. Schools: a classical school in Cork, boarding school at Bloomfield, near Dublin. Received into the Order of St. Dominick on the 8th of September, 1817. Professed, 9th September, 1818, in Lisbon. Studied philosophy and theology in the College of Corpo Santo, Lisbon. Ordained priest on the 6th of August, 1826. Sent by the General of the Order to act as Rector of the College of Corpo Santo. Arrived there 23rd December, 1829. Left May, 1836. Appointed Prior of the Convent of Cork, 1839. Reappointed ”——

The date of the last event is not filled in, and the “39” of the preceding date is stroked out. Another hand adds: “Elected Provincial, 15th July, 1848.”

A few circumstances may be added to this summary of Dr.

Leahy's Dominican life. He was another example of the fact that delicate people are often long-lived, perhaps somewhat in the same way that in shipwrecks those who cannot swim have often the best chance of being rescued in the end, their very helplessness hindering them from rash attempts. He was of a very delicate constitution from the first. Two of his schoolmates in Cork were Dr. Delaney, afterwards the bishop of their native city, and Father Bartholomew Russell, his brother Dominican, who was a year older, and died a few months before him.

His second school, Bloomfield College, was at the seaside, near Merrion, and had recently been opened by Father Vincent Harold, a Dominican who had just returned from the United States, where he had considerable reputation as a preacher. Here John Leahy had among his classfellows Richard Montesquien Bellew, a prominent public man in Ireland a generation before his death; and also the Rev. Dr. James Gartlan, of Dundalk, Rector of Salamanca, and Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland under Dr. Newman. Bloomfield College was soon given up, but not till the delicate young lad from Cork was ready to present himself for admission into the Order of St. Dominick. He was sent to make his noviceship in Lisbon, accompanying Dr. Harold and Father John Ryan, who is described as "a famous preacher"—how fleeting is such fame! Here, removed from all distractions, the young Dominican devoted himself with great earnestness and with great success to the study of philosophy and theology, which he was also set to teach to others at the earliest possible age. Twenty years of such study and such teaching made him the solidly learned priest whose profound humility could not save him from being raised to the episcopal office.

This trial befell him a few years after being recalled to work in his native land and his native city. There had been one break in his Lisbon life. He had come home about the year that another Cork man, the poet Callanan, went to Lisbon to die. Of this visit to Ireland a very interesting relic has been placed in my hands. Though Father Leahy was but twenty-seven years of age at the epoch of Catholic Emancipation, he was one of three chosen to represent the Regular Clergy of Ireland in a difficult emergency; and this also shows the high opinion of his judgment and ability already entertained by those who knew him best. His associates were an Augustinian, Father O'Connor, afterwards Bishop of

Saldes,* and another Augustinian, Father Rice, a relative, we have heard, of the founder of the Irish Christian Brothers. Two faded and dishevelled leaves, which manifestly date back to unemancipated Ireland, contain the following notes of the embassy jotted down at the time by Father Leahy:—

Thursday, April 2nd,† waited on Mr. Peel, agreeably to his note, at two o'clock. Mr. O'Connor, having introduced himself, apologised for the liberty we had taken in addressing him from Birmingham, thanked him for the ready manner in which he had granted us the honour of an interview, told him that we were sent over by the Regular Clergy of Ireland to thank him for the very great benefits he was conferring on it, and to present ourselves to the government in order to satisfy them in any manner they might deem advisable that there was nothing either in our constitution or our conduct which could call for our destruction.

Well, but (said Mr. Peel) you perceive I have cautiously abstained from impeaching your loyalty. Indeed, I had no information which could warrant me in doing so. I even resisted successfully several amendments which would have made the clause oppressive. I understood that it was intended to move an amendment ordering in three or five years all the Regulars to quit the kingdom; but I intimated that I would oppose this with all the force of the Government; and, when Sir R. Vyvyan moved that in three months from the date of this, education should be taken away from you, I successfully resisted the amendment, not wishing that you should suffer any personal inconvenience or that vested rights should be disturbed.

Mr. O'Connor replied that, when several would drop off, we should become a burthen to the people, being precluded from receiving any new members, and consequently from having the assistance of more youthful associates.

Mr. Peel remarked that he thought our congregations would

* Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, preached one of his most eloquent sermons at the funeral of this holy and amiable prelate some twenty years ago. His name is recorded here, partly in memory of the Feast of the Seven Dolours, 1864, when he ordained three priests in the old chapel of John's Lane, Dublin, since replaced by the splendid Church of the Augustinian Fathers. One of these, a young Vincentian, the Rev. Thomas Corcoran, celebrated Mass only once, and died within the first month of his priesthood. The two others were the Very Rev. Abraham Canon Plunkett, P.P., V.G., Blackrock, Co. Dublin, and the present writer.

† The year is not mentioned, but an old calendar tells me that Easter Sunday in 1829 fell on the 19th of April. Therefore in this year, and in this year only, the 2nd of April was Thursday.

become larger. Mr. Rice said that this would be perfectly correct, if we were able to attend to them—which we could not do when labouring under the infirmities of advanced years.

Mr. O'Connor then entered on an explanation of our Institutes, said that we had disclaimed by our oath of allegiance any foreign authority in temporals, and that, as to an authority in spirituals, we were less under the foreign jurisdiction than secular priests, for this reason: all jurisdiction in the Catholic Church is derived from the Pope—for the secular priests through the Propaganda, for the Regulars through what were called their Generals. But the difference was that the Bishops could exercise no jurisdiction until their confirmation, whereas our Superiors, after being elected by what were called our Chapters, immediately entered on jurisdiction, the confirmation of the General being a mere formality, which could not be refused except for a canonical fault.

Mr. Peel asked whether all our jurisdiction was not derived from the Bishops.

Mr. O'Connor said that all jurisdiction over the people and all right to administer sacraments was certainly derived from them.

Mr. Peel asked was not jurisdiction refused the regulars by some of the Bishops? "No." "Some jealousies?" "Not of any moment." "Were there not some lately in Galway?"

Mr. O'Connor remarked that these were about some cemeteries. And Mr. Leahy added that, notwithstanding this, the secular priests and the Bishop of Galway had come forward to petition in our favour. Mr. O'Connor remarked that the bishops and laity would have come forward in stronger terms in our defence, but that gratitude for the Relief Bill hindered them from adopting any course which might embarrass the government. "Are they well satisfied?" asked Mr. Peel. "Indeed (said Mr. O'Connor), the very prospect of relief has produced wonderful effects, it has acted like a spell. Their gratitude to you and the Duke of Wellington is extreme." "It is, sir (said Mr. Leahy) completely Irish gratitude—it is unbounded."

"Oh, aye," said Mr. Peel. "In giving relief at all, it was better to do it generously."

Mr. O'Connor then continued his explanation of our institutes. He remarked that we had no property, that we were supported by voluntary contributions.

"But (said Mr. Peel) there is some property belonging to the the different Orders, some property in the funds."

"There is (said Mr. O'Connor) some property of that kind held by the Nuns."

"And by the Convents, too," added Mr. Peel, "for so it is

represented in accounts sent forward in 1828 to the Lords by the Bishops, extremely candid and fair ones—they are appended to the Evidence.”

At least I can say for my own Order (replied Mr. O'Connor) that we have none.

You know, said Mr. Peel, that the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, in England, have property. I don't know how they manage to possess it—I suppose by secret trusts quite contrary to the policy of the law.

Mr. O'Connor was entering on an explanation when Mr. Peel interrupted him by saying: “Mr. Kenny explained to me all about Clongowes. A great deal of forbearance and toleration was displayed towards them, as it was judged odious to harass them.”

Mr. O'Connor took occasion to say that he hoped the same toleration would be extended now to us, and reminded Mr. Peel that hitherto our existence was in perfect conformity to the law, having been legalised by the Acts of '91 and '93, and that it was severe to re-enact now a part of the Penal Code.

“Why, you see,” said Mr. Peel, “we have been greatly embarrassed, and have met with many difficulties.”

“We are perfectly aware of that,” answered Mr. O'Connor, “and our gratitude is proportionately great. But we hope that, when at a future period we petition, we shall have the support of the Government.”

“Oh, I trust,” said Mr. Peel, “that we shall all be good friends; we have been too long separated. I have (said he, holding down his head and smiling very significantly) delivered you from the prosecution of the neighbouring magistrates, and so regulated the Bill that it must be a Government prosecution, a prosecution of responsible persons.”

“Indeed, Mr. Peel,” said Mr. O'Connor, “if we were subject to be harassed by every petty magistrate, it would be better for us to leave the country at once. [“I am sure of it,” said Mr. Peel.] But you know, sir, if the law be enacted, we must obey it; and then, from the natural course of human life, we must die off in nine or ten years.”

He smiled, held down his head, but said nothing.

Mr. Leahy asked whether the government would be satisfied with confining us to the present number of establishments and members, not permitting us at any time to have a greater number, for (added he) they are so few at present that they could do no harm if they wished.

Mr. Peel asked who had the power of enlarging the numbers, whether the superior here or in Rome.

Mr. O'Connor answered that it was decidedly the Superior here, and instanced himself; remarking, in addition, that being obliged by our constitutions to receive no more than each monastery will support, and that support depending on the people, we could not make any great addition to our numbers. And he took that opportunity of remarking that it was as much our wish as it could be that of the government not to receive foreigners, for we should be obliged to support them, whereas, not knowing the language, they could not perform those duties of which our support was an equivalent.

To this Mr. Peel seemed to assent, and Mr. O'Connor further said that he might take the liberty of remarking that if our numbers would be very much diminished, the people would feel it very sensibly.

"But (asked Mr. Peel) are there not many places in Ireland in which no Regulars exist?"

Mr. Leahy said that was only true of the country places, but that they were in all the cities and towns; and Mr. Rice enumerated the towns in which they were found, adding that they were in all parts of Ireland except the North.

"And is not Divine Service performed there and the Sacraments administered to Catholics equally well as in other parts?" asked Mr. Peel.

Yes, said Mr. Rice, but the number of Catholics there bears no proportion to those of the other provinces.

Mr. Peel asked if the number of Regulars had not greatly diminished since 1757, for so it was stated by Dr. Murray.

Mr. Rice said that such was the fact, owing to the loss of our continental establishments during the French Revolution; but that we had recovered them at present.

Mr. O'Connor entreated Mr. Peel to use his influence that at least no more penal enactments might pass the Lords. He promised us all that his advice and influence could effect; and, on our taking leave, asked if we did not intend to wait on Lord Wellington to request that he would oppose any severer enactment?

Mr. O'Connor said that we did, and asked whether we might take the liberty of saying that we had called on him (Mr. Peel).

He immediately said that we might, and desired us to tell Lord Wellington that he had recommended us to wait on him.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Rice also mentioned that we were not agitators, that we had cautiously abstained from mixing ourselves up with politics—so much so (added Mr. O'Connor) as to incur the reproaches of some of our countrymen, some of them saying that it was they, not the government, had a right to complain of us.

It has seemed right to give this account in full, from Dr. Leahy's torn and faded autograph of sixty years ago, though it is slightly out of place and proportion in the present sketch. "Mr. Leahy" would probably have played a more prominent part in the interview if he had not himself been the reporter; but, besides, he was evidently junior counsel on the occasion, and we know that the big leader does not let *him* say much. The subsequent interview with Wellington, as the Bishop told the friend to whom we owe the materials for this paper, went over nearly the same ground. He was very businesslike, and very polite; and he urged chiefly the many difficulties they had to face in forcing through Parliament "this tremendous measure."

After this interlude, Fra Pio returned to his learned Lusitanian exile for some seven or eight years more. The year 1840 found him Prior of the Dominicans in Cork, and in due course he was re-elected for a second term of office. In 1847 he was appointed Provincial of Ireland, still continuing to reside in his native city.

It was about this time that a very gifted and saintly woman put herself under the guidance of the prior of St. Mary's. The sixth volume of our Magazine (1878), contains the fullest account that can be given of Ellen Downing, who in collections of Irish poetry is known as "Mary" of *The Nation*, and who, as a member of the third order of St. Dominick, took the name of Sister Mary Alphonsus. Nothing could exceed the reverence and gratitude she felt for the holy priest who survived her so long. In one of her letters she says: "The more he does the more he seems anxious to do. I think he lives upon fasting, praying, and incessant working." And in another: "Though I grow more grateful to him, I have almost ceased to feel the pain of putting him to trouble. Only God can repay what I owe to him—may he do so in his own time and way!" She tells another correspondent: "Father Leahy preached at early Mass to-day, and it appears to me that, as is told of the priest seen in a vision by sweet St. Aloysius, the Holy Ghost must have formed every word he uttered, for it was on love, and it thrilled like fire. Even from him I do not remember to have ever heard so burning a sermon. It left an intense worshipping for everyone as a living image of the living God. You could scarcely pass a little child in the street after it without wanting to kneel before her guardian angel, and almost seeing God above and around you. If I do not become a saint

with such helps, I do not know where I shall hide myself from God."

Dr. Leahy's guidance of this beautiful and suffering soul began appropriately on the eve of the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, the third Sunday of September, 1848; and it continued till her death in the January of 1869, though during most of these years, she could only consult him by letter. A very interesting account of the relations between these two souls is given by one who was devoted to them both, Mother Imelda Magee, a native of Lurgan, Prioress of the Sienna Convent, Drogheda. There are few more spiritual biographies than her sketch of Ellen Downing prefixed to a volume of meditations and prayers composed by the latter in honour of St. Catherine of Sienna, and other saints. To this holy volume Dr. Leahy, in 1879, prefixed a delightful preface, giving, in turn, an account of Mother Imelda, who had died a saint's death just after finishing her part of the book. He had published, to her great joy, in 1868, a collection of Miss Downing's sacred poems, under the title of "Voices from the Heart." The following note refers to this book:—

8 York Place, W.,
June 16, 1868.

MY DEAR LORD,

I beg to thank you for your kind note and the little book, which I will take with me to-morrow and read on my journey. It is always a pleasure to find poetry written by those who love truth, as for the most part truth and beauty are too far asunder in our English Literature.

I trust Ireland is reviving in hope. My belief is that a brighter age is coming at last.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Your affectionate servant and brother in Christ,

✠ HENRY E. MANNING.

As we are speaking of verses for which the subject of our sketch was responsible, we may with considerable misgiving venture to preserve a poetical tribute paid to him by one of his Cork friends more than forty years ago. It will be a curious proof of what was thought of him. What bishop was ever before celebrated in so elaborate an acrostic? But he was not yet a bishop.

What tunes the heavenly choir above
To sounds of sweet, seraphic love?
What guides the planets in their course
With strict, undeviating force?

What lifts the soul from dark despair
 And banishes desponding care?
 What can a nameless grace impart
 And far exceed the power of art?
 What made the heavenly host rebel,
 And hurled them to the depths of hell?
 What's typified by childhood's hours
 And dwelt in Eden's holiest bowers?
 What is the tie by which are joined
 Two spirits in one perfect mind?
 And that sweet social charm that blends
 In concord's bond our mutual friends?
 What gladdened first the new-born earth
 When heaven's mandate gave it birth?
 What raises the unlettered mind
 To thoughts sublime, enlarged, refined?
 What was the boast of ancient Greece—
 Her strength in war, her charm in peace?
 Where is that place where peaceful rest
 Must ever fill the tranquil breast?
 And that sweet season of delight
 When hope paints every object bright?
 The initials carefully combined
 Will name a man of master mind,
 The saint, the scholar and the friend:
 May life eternal be his end!

Few of us, if left to ourselves, would be able to discover that the first four questions in this enigmatical acrostic, are answered by the words, *joy, order, hope* and *nature*, whose initials spell JOHN; the next four are *pride, innocence, union*, and *society*, which spell PIUS; and the last five are *light, education, art, heaven*, and *youth*, which spell LEAHY.

When a second and more enlarged edition of *Voices from the Heart* was published after the author's death, it was enriched with a valuable introduction from the pen of the learned Redemptorist, Father Bridgett. Her death occurred on the Feast of St. John Chrysostom, January 27, 1869, on which day, as we have reason to remember, her spiritual director, Dr. Leahy, preached the dedication sermon in the Jesuit Church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick. If the news of her death reached the Bishop while in Crescent House, he kept it to himself, perhaps not thinking that we should be so deeply interested as one at least would have been in the death of "Mary" of *The Nation*.

We quoted a moment ago her account of another of Dr. Leahy's sermons of a less public character, dwelling on the fervour

which thrilled through the deep and measured solemnity of his language. On what a solid foundation of theology this unction in preaching was based may be conjectured from the fact that the secular and regular clergy of Cork combined in insisting that Father John Pius Leahy should be appointed to preside over their theological conferences, and that Dean Neville, who took part in these conferences for a short time as a curate before gaining a professor's chair at Maynooth, spoke to his class with great respect of Dr. Leahy's authority as a theologian. His judgment and learning made themselves felt also in the Synod of Thurles in 1850, which he attended as Provincial of his Order.

The late Primate, Dr. M'Gettigan, while he was still Bishop of Raphoe, and when the See of Armagh was vacant, had to visit Rome with the other bishops. His Raphoe flock, who longed to keep him to themselves, were in despair, for they said: "When the Pope sees him, he will make him Primate." Dr. Leahy's fervent clients in Cork might have fallen into the same despair as soon as circumstances forced him to appear among the Irish prelates. Such a man was sure to be made bishop on the first opportunity. Dromore was the fortunate diocese. The appointment of Dr. Leahy has often, even lately, in the printed accounts of his career, been attributed to Cardinal Cullen; but now, for the first time, we are able to cite the Cardinal's positive testimony to the contrary.

Dr. Leahy preserved carefully the following letter and some others relating to this crisis in his life:—

Dublin, May 2nd, 1854.

MY DEAR DR. LEAHY,

I delayed answering your letter, having been almost continually engaged since I received it. I am not surprised that the thought of being removed from the peace of the cloister should prey heavily on your mind, and that your humility should shrink from occupying a prominent and public position in the Church.

However, in such matters perhaps the best way is to leave ourselves to the will of God and the wisdom of the Holy See. The Pope, I am sure, before he takes any step in your case, will weigh all the circumstances and act with great caution. I do not know whether anything has been done as yet, not having had any communication from the Propaganda. I suppose they correspond with the Primate in this case, as Dromore belongs to his province. It was not I who proposed your name to the Propaganda. I can, therefore, have very little influence in the question. Should I, however, be consulted, I will not fail to make known your objections. In the meantime I will unite with you in recommending the whole business to God; and I hope that whatever is for the greater glory of His holy name will be done.

Believe me to be, with sincerest esteem,

Your devoted servant,

✠ PAUL CULLEN.

[*Conclusion next month*].

TO A SORROWING MOTHER.

AH, comfort thee! "'Tis but a little while,"
 Perchance he lingers near,
 With radiant brow and tender loving smile
 To soothe thy falling tear.

He is a child for ever, and for him
 All fears are laid to rest;
 Ne'er shall sin stain, nor touch of sorrow dim
 The peace of that still breast.

Ne'er shall he learn that saddest word, "farewell,"
 For, ere his spirit passed,
 Deep sleep had laid on him a solemn spell
 Which bound him to the last.

In life he bravely played his little part,
 Though short the path he trod,
 And now the Christ-like child, the pure in heart,
 Rejoicing sees his God.

GRACE BAISS.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
 OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LADY ASHFIELD CHANGES HER TACTICS.

THIS scene with Lord Ashfield tried Dora severely, and the next morning she was too ill to make the journey to Summerlands. Sir Eustace and Sylvia would not go without her, and postponed their going until she should be able to accompany them.

But after two days of complete rest she declared herself eager to depart, and, to the great delight of her friends, seemed brighter and more interested in everything than she had been since the beginning of her illness.

The reason of this sudden change was known only to herself and

Madge. And it brought much happiness to both, but particularly to Dora. For now she felt she had something to live for—something to keep in her own heart and rejoice over. This was the knowledge that Lord Ashfield loved her and was anxious to take her just as she was, without fortune or name—a mere waif cast up by the sea, and make her his wife. She had refused him because of the secret of her life. But he loved her—that was sufficient. She could wait patiently for whatever time might bring about or reveal.

And so, though thin and wan, weak almost to prostration, Dora wore an expression of peaceful happiness as she was carried down to Sir Eustace's carriage.

"God bless you, my pet," whispered Madge, as she covered her with rugs and arranged the cushions under her back. "I trust this journey may not tire you too much."

"I think not, dear. I feel so happy, and quite excited."

"Do not be uneasy, Madge," said Sylvia. "She seems so much better that I am sure the drive will not hurt her. Grandpapa and I will look after her well."

"I am sure you will, dear. You are all that is good and kind."

And, acting on a sudden impulse, Madge stooped and kissed Sylvia on the lips. This was the second time she had embraced her since the night of the wreck, when she had clasped her in her arms in terror and alarm. On the first occasion, on the beach at Seaport, she did not know that the child was her sister. But now she was well aware of that fact, and her heart felt full of love for this girl, whom she had once guarded with so much tender affection.

For an instant Sylvia was surprised at this unexpected show of friendship from Madge, who was generally very reserved. Then smiling, she put her arms round her neck and returned her embrace with warmth.

Madge burst into tears, shook Sir Eustace by the hand, and hurried back into the house.

"Poor Madge, she cannot bear to lose you even for a day, Dora," said Sylvia, as the carriage bore them swiftly on their way. "She is truly a loving sister."

"Yes," said Dora tenderly, "Madge has a heart of gold."

Meanwhile Madge returned to her room, and, having recovered her usual calm, began to arrange wardrobes and drawers that had been upset in her preparations for Dora's departure. She worked long and steadily, and by lunch-time everything was in order, and she was free to take that meal in peace before going out to pay some visits.

But as she sat at her solitary luncheon she had little appetite.

The room seemed lonely and deserted. She missed Dora from her sofa, and wondered sadly when she should see her flitting about again in her pretty dresses and dainty ribbons. She and her sister had been very happy in this comfortable home that Sir Eustace had provided for them, and she could not bear to think that this time of peace was at an end, perhaps for ever. And yet, as she sat alone, she could not rid herself of a strange, unaccountable presentiment that such was the case. A crisis had come in their lives. Dora and she would never be to each other what they had been in the days gone by. Lord Ashfield loved her darling, and she returned his affection. Therefore she must soon lose her. Dora was resolved not to marry him till this secret was made known to him. But would she have strength to hold out against his powerful will? He was determined she should be his, and sooner or later he would surely conquer.

"There would be one happy way of settling this matter," she thought. "But alas! I fear it is too much to expect. That is, if Lady Ashfield would tell her son the story of the wreck, and that he should insist on saying nothing about it—on leaving Sylvia as she is, and marrying Dora by the name she has borne so long. My wish to depose the present Sylvia has passed away. Her goodness and beauty have won my heart. And it seems cruel to disturb her—to endanger her happiness. Heigh ho! if we had only never known her, never loved her, we might have worked against her without pain. But now"——

"A note for you, Miss Neil. The messenger is waiting for an answer," said the servant, entering the room at this moment.

Madge took the letter and glanced at its contents. It was short and ran thus:—

"My dear Miss Neil,—Can you come to me about half-past three? I want to speak to you very particularly. Kindly tell the servant yes or no.

"Yours sincerely,

"HERMIONE ASHFIELD."

The girl's dark brows met together in a frown. She had not seen Lady Ashfield since she had visited her in her lodgings, and had extracted the fatal promise from poor little Dora. She had not forgotten that scene, and found it hard to forgive this great lady for her insulting language on that occasion. Her first impulse, therefore, on reading this note was to refuse to see her ladyship, or listen to what she had to say. But when she reflected that by doing so she might, perhaps, interfere with Dora's future happiness, she resolved to face Lady Ashfield, no matter what the interview might cost her.

"Tell the messenger yes," she said to the servant. "I will be with Lady Ashfield at the hour she names."

At half-past three, precisely, Madge rang the bell at 16 Belgrave-street. The door was quickly opened, and the footman led her at once to Lady Ashfield's boudoir.

"My dear Miss Neil, how extremely good of you to come to me so punctually," cried Lady Ashfield, rising from her chair and coming forward with outstretched hands. "I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you," said Madge, coldly. "But may I ask why you sent for me?"

"Certainly. But pray be seated. I have just been writing to Summerlands—to Dora."

"To Dora?"

"Yes; to Dora. But I do not see that that need astonish you." Lady Ashfield smoothed the folds of her dress and kept her eyes well away from the girl's face. "My son tells me he wishes to marry her, therefore, I"—

Madge started forward with smiling countenance.

"You have told him the story of the wreck, and, resolving to keep it a secret known only to ourselves, have given your consent to his marriage with Dora? Oh, Lady Ashfield, this is really kind. It is what I hoped—but"—

"Not so fast, my dear Miss Neill, you misunderstand me quite; I wish my son to marry Sir Eustace Atherstone's heiress, and it matters little to me whether she is tall and dark, or small and fair. Money and birth are what I require; so I have written to Dora to release her from her promise of keeping this matter a secret. As soon as she proves without doubt that she is George Atherstone's daughter, I give my consent to her marriage with Lord Ashfield—not before."

"And what if she refuses to put forward her claim?"

"Then she may remain Dorothy Neil for the rest of her life. But I am not afraid. The love she professes for Sylvia will not carry her quite so far. She is not likely to sacrifice a brilliant future as Lord Ashfield's wife to an absurd idea of sparing this usurper pain."

Madge gazed at her in sad surprise.

"You spoke quite differently, Lady Ashfield, on our first meeting in this room. You then treated me with scorn—refused to believe my story, and talked a great deal about your love for Sir Eustace and Sylvia."

Lady Ashfield coloured slightly.

"It was only natural I should doubt the truth of such a strange announcement," she said quickly, "and my friendship for Sir Eustace made me think of it with terror. I did not wish to believe it. You

and your sister were nothing to me; Sylvia and her grandfather were much. But, now, everything is changed. My son wishes to marry Dora. It is necessary she should prove herself his equal in birth and fortune."

"Then what do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to go to Sir Eustace, tell him your story, and bring forth all the proofs you possess."

"They are few—utterly valueless, you told me yourself."

"I was wrong. I have thought it all out, and come to that conclusion. George Atherstone's wife was fair; that portrait, and Dora's likeness to it, may prove strong evidence."

"And if Sir Eustace does not believe me? If he refuses to cast forth the girl he has loved and cherished as his own for the sake of a comparative stranger—what then?"

"We must go to law, hunt up Anne Dane, and have her examined and cross-examined—leave no stone unturned till we restore Dora to her rights."

"And for this purpose am I to use the money bestowed upon me by our generous benefactor? Are we to turn upon him, and, with his own gold, work his misery and unhappiness?"

"Your manner is theatrical, as usual, Miss Neil," said Lady Ashfield, with a harsh little laugh. "But I do not wish you to use Sir Eustace's money. I am quite willing to bear all the expenses."

"You are very generous. But, tell me—does Lord Ashfield wish this to be done? Is he ready to enter upon this law-suit?"

Lady Ashfield shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall not consult him about the matter. He is quixotic to the last degree. This morning when he told me of his wish to marry Dora, I thought it right to let him know that she claimed to be Sir Eustace Atherstone's granddaughter. He seemed overjoyed at the news. He now knew the terrible secret, he cried, that had made the girl refuse to become his wife. He was delighted when I acknowledged that that was the reason, and declared that it was of no importance, and should not stand in the way of their union. But, I said, you will surely take steps to restore her to her proper position. You cannot marry her till the world knows she is not a mere dressmaker's apprentice supported by Sir Eustace, but his son's only child, and heir to a large fortune."

"And he replied?" asked Madge, eagerly.

"That he would take no such steps. That he loved Dora, etc., and that he cared nothing for money or birth. Just what I expected from his radical ideas. However, I shall not ask his opinion now, but set to work at once. With your help"—

"That I must decline to give, Lady Ashfield."

"What!" She glared angrily at Madge. "You do not, you cannot mean what you say?"

"I do mean it most decidedly. I am thankful, God only knows how thankful, that Lord Ashfield has shown himself so generous in this matter. Had he acted otherwise, he would have been unworthy of my sweet Dora."

"Are you a fool, Miss Neil, or mad," cried Lady Ashfield, "that you talk in this absurd fashion?"

"Pardon me," said Madge gravely. "I am neither mad nor a fool. But I am glad that this world is not all selfish and grasping; glad, above all, that the man who is about to wed her whom I have loved as a sister all these long years, is full of kind impulses, untainted by worldly feelings and a sordid love of money."

"You speak with wonderful indifference about these matters, now that my son has proposed for your sister," said Lady Ashfield, with a contemptuous sneer. "If you will not, and do not prove the truth of your story, I will look upon you as a most arrant impostor. For, unless you are, why should you have changed so suddenly? A year ago you were all eagerness to depose Sylvia and put Dora in her place, and now, forsooth, you would not pain her or her grandfather."

"A year ago I did not love Sylvia—I did not know her—she was a mere name to me; and my sweet Dora was ill and in want. I had not accepted favours innumerable from the hands of Sir Eustace Atherstone; he was an utter stranger to me. I was not held back by any feeling of pity for people I did not know. I thought only of Dora. I felt bound to do all I could to have her acknowledged as George Atherstone's daughter. Now all is changed. My hands are tied—the two people who are most concerned in the matter, Dora and Lord Ashfield, wish it kept a secret. Until they ask me to reveal what I know, not a word shall escape me; so I think, Lady Ashfield, you have little chance of proving your case."

"Little," she said grimly, "and I am not quite fool enough to try. But I tell you solemnly that until Dora is proclaimed to be Sylvia Atherstone, I shall never consent to her marriage with my son."

"Lord Ashfield is of age. He can do as he pleases."

"True. But I hold money he cannot touch. Should he displease me, I can will it away, leaving him an impoverished peer, with little but his title to recommend him."

"That is a question that does not concern me," said Madge coldly, "but must be settled between you and Lord Ashfield. And now, as you thoroughly understand my feelings and intentions, I shall wish you good-day."

"Good-day." Lady Ashfield bowed stiffly, and rang the bell.

Madge returned her salutation with dignity, and walked quietly from the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT BAY.

The journey to Summerlands was accomplished without incident. It was a beautiful April day, warm, bright and clear. And as Dora drove along, she felt herself grow stronger every moment, as the fresh air came in at the carriage window and fanned her pallid cheek. Sylvia and Sir Eustace were well pleased to see her look so brisk, and teased her playfully about her returning health and spirits.

For some time their way lay through streets and squares, across Clapham Common, and down miles of roads lined with suburban villas. But at last the region of brick and mortar was left behind, and they found themselves in the country. On all sides were green fields, hedges budding into leaf, and wide stretches of downs covered with sheep and merry, frisking lambs.

Dora was in ecstasy, and gazed at everything with evident delight.

"It is pleasant to be in the country," she cried. "It was so good of you to bring me, Sir Eustace. But then, you have been so kind to Madge and me, that we shall never, never be able to thank you."

"My dear child, do not talk of kindness," he answered smiling. "It is a pleasure to me to be able to do anything for you. Sylvia and I love you dearly, and rejoice to have you with us. Eh, Sylvia?"

"Yes, grandpapa. Indeed we do. Dora is to be my sister now. I am determined to keep her with me as much as I can."

"Madge will object to giving her up so very often. She loves her too well not to want her at home."

"And she shall have her sometimes," said Sylvia laughing, "if she is good. But Madge shall come and stay a long time also, I hope. Summerlands is a large house, remember. We have plenty of room there."

"So we have—or rather you have," said Sir Eustace, bowing, "for I must not forget that I am your guest down here, my darling. Dora, Summerlands belongs to Sylvia. She is our hostess. So we must be very respectful to such a great personage."

"Grandpapa, you are a tease."

"Tease? My dear, is it not true? Did I not buy this place for you, and you alone?"

"Yes, but I refuse to have anything to do with it till" — She paused and blushed.

"Till you are married?"

"No, not even then. Not till you require it no more. And I hope—oh, so sincerely, that that may not be for years and years to come."

"Good little girl. You would miss your old grandpapa? His love is of great value in your eyes."

"Grandpapa, I'd rather have your love—the knowledge that I was your own best beloved granddaughter, than all the riches and all Summerlands ever heard of in the whole world."

"You hear, Dora?" he said in a voice full of proud delight. "What a loving little girl this is!"

"Yes," replied Dora smiling, "she is a devoted granddaughter, Sir Eustace."

"Devoted, indeed, and her devotion is fully returned. There is nothing I would not do for my Sylvia. Her love has been a precious boon to me, and every day I thank God on my knees that Anne Dane was able to rescue her from a watery grave and place her safe and well within my arms."

"Oh," thought Dora with beating heart, "who would, who could bring trouble to these two? Who would disturb their happy love, and show them in what a cruel manner they have been deceived? I certainly could not. I'd rather die."

"You look sad, little Dora," said Sylvia, laying her hand caressingly on that of the invalid. "Are you getting tired?"

"No, not at all; but I was thinking, Sylvia, of that strange, sad night on board *The Cimbria*."

"But you cannot remember it? I cannot."

"I seem to remember it dimly," answered Dora, thoughtfully. "At least, I think I do. But then, Madge and I have talked it over so often, that, perhaps, I only fancy I do. But, Sylvia, what became of Anne Dane? Is she dead?"

"Dead?" Sylvia laughed merrily. "Not at all. She is as well as possible, although she sometimes fancies herself somewhat weak, poor old dear. She hates London fogs, and leads a life of comfort, and, I am afraid, idleness at grandpapa's place in Lancashire. However, you shall have the happiness of seeing her soon. I have invited her to Summerlands expressly to meet you."

"Sylvia!" Dora turned pale; a look of terror came into her eyes.

"Well, dear. I thought you'd like to see her for the sake of old times."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Dora quickly. "I would not know her again. But Madge"—

"Madge would remember her, of course; and I know she wants to see her. Lord Ashfield told me so long ago. I tried to get her to come up to town, I even told her it was to meet her old friend, Madge Neil. But she would not move. She is very careful of her health, I assure you."

"And did she promise to come to Summerlands to meet Madge?"

"No, that is the fun. I have prepared a pleasant surprise for her. She has not the slightest idea that either you or Madge will be there. I am longing to see her face when she sees you first."

"Sylvia, you have not done right," cried Dora, with emotion. "You have not indeed."

Sir Eustace and Sylvia looked at her in astonishment.

"Not done right? My dear Dora, what can you mean?" they cried together.

"Nothing, nothing," said the girl in confusion. "But Anne is old. It will be a shock to see us without warning."

"As for that," replied Sylvia, gaily, "you need not be alarmed. Anne is not easily startled. And then, you know, she has heard long ago that you were saved from the wreck. So she will not take you for ghosts, dear. However, lest you should be uneasy, I shall send for Anne, and tell her of your arrival. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," answered Dora, dreamily, "that may avert some of the danger I dread. But I must write to Madge and warn her."

"Well, dear, do as you like," said Sylvia. "But imagining others as weak as yourself, I think you exaggerate the importance of the meeting. Madge will take it very quietly, I am sure."

"Perhaps so; I hope so, dearest, And, of course, I am very weak, and easily alarmed."

"You have talked too much, dear child," said Sir Eustace kindly. "Your voice sounds tired, so close your eyes and go to sleep."

"Yes, I think I have," she answered with a faint smile. "I feel very weary."

"Poor darling, it was a shame to let you wear yourself out," cried Sylvia. "I am very angry with myself for allowing you to do so, and now you must not speak again. Lie back there, and close your eyes."

Dora did as she was told, and, with a sinking heart, thought sadly of this fresh complication in their affairs. She felt bewildered and alarmed. A meeting between Anne Dane and Madge was to be avoided above all things. And now, Sylvia, in her innocence and ignorance, in hopes of giving a pleasant surprise to her friends, had planned to bring it about in the most dangerous manner possible.

"I am thankful Madge did not come with us," she thought, "for I shall have time to warn her, and, perhaps, induce Anne Dane to go. She will be anxious to guard the secret for her own sake. That was, of course, the reason she did not come to town. Oh, Sylvia, Sylvia, how imprudently you have acted."

"I hope you are rested, dear, and able to look about," said Sylvia's sweet voice, about half an hour later. "Here we are at Summerlands. Is it not beautiful?"

Dora raised herself a little, and opened her eyes. The carriage had passed through a fine old gateway of richly wrought iron, and entered an immense park, full of elms and oaks of ancient lineage. The grass was green and mossy, carpeted now, on this lovely spring day, with primroses and violets. Herds of deer browsed upon the slopes and looked up indolently as the noise of wheels disturbed their solitude. Far down, below the undulating lands, lay a large lake, its waters sparkling brightly in the sunshine; and, above its banks, their outline clearly marked against the sky, rose the beautifully wooded range of the Surrey hills.

"It is lovely—a paradise on earth," cried Dora. "Oh, Sylvia, what happiness to know that this is all your own. How you would suffer, were it ever taken from you!"

"I daresay. Yes, I am sure it would be real pain, for I love the place," said Sylvia. Then, smiling at Sir Eustace, "I am not uneasy; grandpapa's word is as good as any deed of settlement. And even my father will have no right to touch it, I believe."

"Certainly not," said Sir Eustace. "This house and estate are mentioned in my will as belonging to my granddaughter, Sylvia Atherstone, and her heirs for ever. Neither George nor any other living creature can ever lay a finger on them. It will belong only to Sylvia, her husband, and her children."

"I don't think anybody is likely to wish to take it from me, grandpapa," said Sylvia laughing. "So you and Dora need not alarm yourselves."

"I feel no alarm, dearest," he replied smiling. "It is yours as securely as the law of England can make it."

Dora sighed and looked out over the rich pasture lands.

How secure they were, these two! How unsuspecting of evil. And yet what a terrible sword hung suspended over their heads, threatening every moment to fall and crush them with sorrow.

"Never, with my sanction, shall this secret be revealed," resolved Dora bravely. "But alas! too many know it now. And how can I tell what course Lady Ashfield may pursue?"

The carriage stopped. They had reached their destination. Sir Eustace opened the door and sprang out.

"Welcome to Summerlands, my pretty Dora," he cried. "May you grow strong and rosy in our beautiful country air."

"Thank you," she answered in a low voice. "I will do my best to show my gratitude for your love and Sylvia's."

"That is right," he cried gaily. "The best way you can do so is by growing as healthy as possible."

"And in order to accomplish that," said Sylvia, "she must rest. She must not tire herself now. So she shall be carried to her room at once."

"I think I can walk, dear, if you will help me," said Dora. "I feel quite able to do so."

"Very well; take my arm," said Sir Eustace. "You go to the other side, Sylvia, and we'll help her slowly up between us."

The staircase at Summerlands was broad and low, and with the assistance of her friends Dora reached her room without much fatigue. Nevertheless, she was glad to lie down on the sofa and rest until it was time for lunch.

"See," said Sylvia, when Sir Eustace had withdrawn and the two girls were alone, "this is your sittingroom—in there your bedroom; and here," raising a heavy curtain, "is my boudoir. I thought it would be nice to be near each other."

"Delightful," cried Dora, "and you must not leave me much alone, Sylvia. I do not want to be too great a nuisance. But I hope you will come to me often, dear."

"Of course, constantly. And, as we are only separated by a curtain, I can slip in at all kinds of odd moments. I shall make no noise; and if you are asleep, I shall creep out again, without disturbing you."

"Thoughtful little Sylvia. You are too good to me, for"—

"My darling, as if that were possible. But good-bye for the present. I must go and look after grandpapa. Désirée shall bring you your lunch directly. I hope you don't feel too warm. But I thought it best to have a fire in your room, as the evenings are chilly."

"It is very pleasant, dear. I felt cold after my drive."

"I thought you would. Be sure and eat all you can, Dora, and remember you must drink your Carlowitz. I ordered it specially for you."

"I shall not fail to do so. You play the part of head nurse admirably, my fair Sylvia. And I am resolved to please you by strict obedience to your orders."

"That is right. An obedient patient is sure soon to be a complete cure. We shall soon have you running gaily all over the house."

True to her promise, Dora did her best to eat the dainty lunch that Désirée placed before her; but her appetite was small, and when the tray was carried away, the amount of chicken consumed was scarcely noticeable.

At three o'clock Sylvia looked in, dressed in her out-door things.

"I am going for a walk with grandpapa, Dora. He wants me to see some improvements at the farm. I hope you will not feel lonely whilst I am away?"

"Not at all. I will take my afternoon sleep. Do not hurry on my account. I shall be quite happy."

"Very well, dear. Sleep will do you good."

Then Sylvia kissed her tenderly, and, drawing on her gloves, went to join Sir Eustace.

After a time Désirée came in and put some fresh coal on the fire, and hoping that mademoiselle would soon fall asleep, left her alone.

But Dora could not sleep; she felt restless and unsettled. Her mind was full of the thought of Anne Dane and her meeting with Madge. The advent of this woman filled her with terror, a sense of danger that she could not shake off.

"But, really I am foolish to think so much about her," she said to herself. "If Madge is warned, all will be well. She will not come, I am sure, when she hears that Anne Dane is here; she could not meet her in a friendly spirit, and she now wishes to spare Sylvia and Sir Eustace. I will greet her quietly, be cold and distant in my manner, and say nothing about the wreck. But Madge could never do that; the sight of the woman would make her forget everything but my wrongs. Oh, mother, mother," she cried drawing forth her beloved miniature, and pressing it to her lips, "what sad straits I am in. Kept out of my birth-right, my lawful inheritance, longing to be restored to the position that should be mine, for the sake of the man I love, yet prevented from proclaiming my right to it by the affection and gratitude I feel towards those who have been so good and kind to me."

Then, as the daylight wanes, a feeling of weariness takes possession of Dora, and she falls into an uneasy slumber. Evening comes on, the fire blazes up, and the flames play fitfully upon her worn cheeks, and touch her golden hair with their brilliant light.

Suddenly the door opens, and a stealthy footstep approaches the sofa. Dora does not hear—is unconscious to all around, till a hand is laid upon her bosom, and she dreams that someone is trying to wrest her mother's portrait from her neck.

Then she awakes with a start; and, opening her eyes, sees an elderly woman bending over her and feels her hot breath upon her face.

"Who are you?" she asks indignantly. "How dare you touch me."

The woman does not reply, but gazes fixedly at the girl.

All at once a light breaks in upon Dora. This is the nurse who betrayed her master's trust. This is the creature who had thrust them all into their present false position. As this flashes quickly through her mind, she raises herself on her pillow, and grasping the miniature firmly with one hand, she pushes the unwelcome visitor away with the other.

"I know who you are now," she cried breathlessly. "You are Anne Dane."

"And what if I am," replied the woman with a sneer. "Who are you?"

"I?" Dora looked at her with reproachful eyes. "I am the poor little infant you left to perish on board *The Cimbria*."

"You rave," cried Anne, her voice growing hoarse and loud in her anger. "My master's child was my only care. I saved her. That was all I could be expected to do."

"And that you did not do. You know, and Madge Neil knows, that I am Sylvia Atherstone, whilst the child you saved from the wreck was Dorothy Neil."

Anne became livid with passion, and she raised her hand as though to strike the girl before her. But Dora shrank away with a cry, and the woman let her arm fall once more to her side.

"If you say that again," she hissed, "I might, I am sure I would, kill you."

"No, no," said Dora, recovering quickly from her fright, "you are not wicked enough for that, bad as you are. But you cannot deny my statement. You know it is true. Now confess—is it not exactly as I say? Am I not Sir Eustace Atherstone's granddaughter, and is this not the portrait of my mother?"

Anne glared at her fiercely, and tried to snatch the miniature from her hand.

"You lie," she cried. "You and your sister have trumped up this story. But no one will ever believe it: and if you even hint at such a thing, Sir Eustace will drive you from his door."

"Perhaps so. But now, confess, Anne Dane, am I not the real Sylvia Atherstone? And do you not feel bound to acknowledge here, between ourselves, that the little girl you placed in Sir Eustace Atherstone's arms was not his granddaughter, but the child of a stranger, and Madge Neil's sister?"

"I will confess nothing."

The woman's words were frozen on her lips; she trembled in every

limb. For there in the doorway, her face white as marble, her eyes full of wild terror, stood her young mistress.

Sylvia clung to the curtain that separated her room from Dora's, as though afraid to fall. She did not speak, but looked from one to the other with an expression of intense agony.

Dora covered her face with her hands, and uttered an exclamation of dismay. Anne turned away and seemed about to leave the room.

But Sylvia waved her back to her place. Trembling violently, the woman obeyed, and stood in silent anger before the suffering girl.

"Anne Dane, is this statement true?"

Sylvia's voice was low and hoarse, her words scarcely audible; but they seemed to burn into the brains of those who heard them. Anne did not reply; her eyes were fixed upon the ground; she knew not what to answer.

"Speak. Is this story an invention?" insisted her mistress, "or is it true? Is she Sylvia Atherstone, or am I?"

Anne laughed wildly.

"My dear Miss Sylvia," she cried, recovering her self-possession, "can you believe such nonsense for an instant? This girl and her sister have made up this story between them. Look how ashamed she is. Try her, ask her to swear to the truth of it, and you will see that she dare not."

Dora shivered; she could not speak. She would not destroy her dear friend's happiness; and yet she could not tell a lie; so she gazed steadily at the fire, and uttered not a single word.

Sylvia gazed at her longingly. Oh, if she would only look up and say that it was all untrue. If she, herself, could awake and find that it was only a dream! But, alas, she was not asleep. And there she stood, with this hateful story torturing her mind and filling her heart with sorrow.

"I do not believe that either Madge or Dora would willingly wrong me," she said sadly. "They would be incapable of inventing such a lie as this would be, were it not true."

"Of course," cried Anne, "they would not do such a thing, for I have heard they are both as good as gold. But, probably, poor Madge's head was turned the night of the wreck (it was an awful experience), and she fancied her sister went in the boat along with me; that's just what it is, Miss Sylvia; and this girl, who was an infant at the time, naturally knows nothing about it, but believes what she has been told."

Sylvia watched Anne closely. But the woman's countenance was inscrutable. She looked perfectly honest; all her nervousness had disappeared, and she talked with the greatest coolness and decision.

"I wish I could believe you," said Sylvia, sighing. "But I can't, and yet"—

"But you must," she cried eagerly. "What I tell you is true. You must forget all that you have heard this girl say. It was nonsense. So please forget it."

"Yes,"—Dora clasped her hands and looked imploringly at Sylvia—"forget it—forget it. Oh, my darling, I was so determined not to speak. And had I known you were there, I would not have spoken. I would not pain you for the world."

And bowing her head, she burst into an agony of weeping. Sylvia knelt by her sofa, and put her arms round her.

"Dearest, I know that. And for that reason I cannot imagine that you would have said what I heard you say to Anne unless you believed it to be true."

"Yes—I—that is," stammered Dora. "But pray do not think about it. I never, never would have spoken, only that woman made me forget my resolutions, and filled me with rage and indignation by trying"—

Anne made an angry sign, and Dora paused abruptly.

"Well, dear," questioned Sylvia, "what did she try to do?"

"Never mind, dearest," replied Dora, laying her cheek caressingly against Sylvia's. "I only spoke because I thought we were alone. And believe me you *are* now Sylvia Atherstone. All the world knows you as such, and I am content to remain your friend, Dorothy Neil. Put everything else out of your head. But—oh—I feel—strange. Sylvia—where are you?"

And with a little sigh Dora fainted away.

Sylvia laid her back tenderly on her pillow, and opening the window let in some fresh air.

"Poor darling, this scene has tried her sorely," she murmured, as she fanned her gently. "Poor, dear little Dora."

And as she bent lovingly over the unconscious girl, Anne Dane darted an angry glance at her, and slipped unnoticed from the room.

At last Dora opened her eyes and looked wildly round.

"Oh," she cried, grasping Sylvia's hand. "Are you there? I thought, I believed you had gone, and that you hated me now."

"My darling, why should I hate you? If your story is true, 'tis you who should hate me."

"No, no. You have done no harm. But I, like a traitor, have crept into your home and into your love, and then have destroyed your happiness and peace. Forgive me, Sylvia, forgive me."

And sobbing convulsively, Dora hid her face in her pillow.

"Dora, you must not make yourself ill again. Pray be calm,

dearest," said Sylvia soothingly. "You have not destroyed my happiness although you have disturbed my peace. But it is right that this story should be made known and thoroughly sifted. You and Madge should have told us sooner. Grandpapa," her voice broke a little, her lips trembled—"must hear it at once, and make all necessary inquiries."

"Sylvia—oh—do not tell him. If you only knew how anxious I—we have been to keep it from him—from you."

"And in that you were wrong. But now, let us say no more about this matter at present. You are tired. You must try to get some rest."

Sylvia rang the bell, and Désirée appeared.

"Miss Neil wishes to go to bed," she said. "Please see that her room is ready."

"Sylvia," whispered Dora, as the maid went into the adjoining chamber, "tell me that you forgive me—that I—that you love me still."

"My darling!"

Sylvia clasped her in her arms and kissed her tenderly on lips and brow.

"There is nothing to forgive, Dora. It is not your fault. And I love you as dearly as ever."

(To be concluded next month)

"DE PROFUNDIS."

THE tide flowed in 'neath a sunlit haze,
The glittering foam on its breast was white;
It swept to the black cliff's shadowed base,
Then burst above in a plume of light.

The sea-gulls turned their breasts of snow
To the summer sun with shrieks of glee;—
And I thought,—“if the earth be full of woe,
Joy lives at least in the heart of the sea.”

Then a coast-guard wandered along the cliff,
And I saw him ever turn on the tide
A constant watch, his face was grave,—
A rope and grapnel hung at his side.

And I scarce knew why, but it seemed to me
That the sea itself grew drear and dread ;—
That the sunlight took a cruel gleam ;—
That the shriek of the sea-gull jarred o'erhead.

And the air grew chill. I laid aside
The palette and brush—I could scarcely speak
The question : " what do you look for ? " He said :
" The young girl's body—drowned last week.

" She was reading half-way down yonder cliff —
The day was fair and the ebb was low,
When a tidal wave grew up in the west
And crept in shore-ward, sure and slow.

" The few that saw gave a warning shout ;
She heard it and rose to her feet, they say,—
Then never stirred, but quietly watched
The wave as it rose and took her away.

" She sank at once : perhaps the fear
Had made her faint. So I watch the shore.
A man's corpse floats on the eleventh day—
A woman's rises a day before."

He turned and went, and I saw him still
Bend his tireless watch on the wide white foam.
The sea gave a bitter mournful cry ;
And I thought of the vacant childless home.

O Lord, O God ! Thou hast told us this,
That thy ways in the midst of the waters lie.
So the death-track leads to the foot of thy Throne,
What matters it where or how we die ?

And the words I had heard came back to my brain
" She saw it and rose to her feet, they say . . .
" A woman rises a day before " . . .
Her body is due to rise to day.

De profundis clamavi ! Jesus, Lord !
If the bones must lie in the dim cold deep,
So Thou bring them at last to Thy loving Face,
What matters it how or where they sleep ?

" She heard it, and rose to her feet " . . . Who knows
What voice she heard in that mound of foam,
As it burst, and took her forth on its breast—
Thy Voice, O Christ, as it called her Home.

O bitter breaker of hearts !— O Sea !—
With your lurid glimmer of green and spume
Of spray,—your dread power pales at His words,
" Give Me back My Dead in the Day of Doom."

SIR CHARLES HALLE THE MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SPEECH.

[Before Sir Charles Hallé started for a professional trip to Australia, from which he has just returned, his Manchester friends gave him a farewell banquet, and he gave them the following account of himself, which seems to us worth rescuing from the newspapers of last April. Not nearly enough is done to cultivate the musical tastes of the Irish people.]

THE honour which you pay me, I take for granted, means much more—the appreciation which you all feel for the art which I profess, that is, for music, which has been a sort of religion to me all my life; and if ever in my closing days I can be proud of anything, it will be that I have during my long life always endeavoured to serve the cause of music, and to serve it well. After all, I think music is a very important factor in civilised life. It has certainly influences beyond those of any other art. That is my opinion. I do not think that by the sight of an admirable picture, an admirable piece of statuary, crowds of people will ever be so moved as by the strains of music. They touch all people, educated and uneducated, and have a great softening influence upon the large mass of the people. Speaking of the power of music, would it be possible to think that without being allied to music, the words of, say the *Marseillaise*, recited never so well, could have stirred the people of France so much, and caused the effects of which we read? Unless the *Marseillaise* had been allied to music that would not have been done. And, on the other hand, would the poetry of *God Save the Queen*, even if admirably spoken, have the same influence on the people as when we hear it sung? That music has advanced during the last forty years in England is undoubted, but I have been perhaps in a position to watch its progress more than any other musician through my wandering life, sometimes being in the north of England and in Scotland, and sometimes in the south; consequently I have been able to see the progress made. I consider that the forty years I have spent in England have been much more interesting to me than if I had spent them anywhere else, because certainly the same progress has not been made in any other country as in England.

Let me say a few words about the difference in the state of

music in 1848, when I first made the acquaintance of England, and the present time. You must not be afraid if I speak of so long ago as before 1848; I will not take you through all those years—certainly not; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to say what a great many people already know, that it was the French Revolution of 1848 that brought me to England. Not that I am a political refugee—far from it; the reasons that brought me to England were far more prosaic—the necessity of providing bread for my very small family. After a long residence—at least one of twelve years—in Paris, my position there was extremely satisfactory. I had plenty to do as teacher of music, which in Paris is the principal occupation of all musicians that live there. I had, about a week before the French Revolution, so many pupils that I did not know what to do with them. There were about a hundred. To some I could give a lesson only once a fortnight, and to others only every three weeks. Two years before the Revolution, in combination with two very distinguished French artists, I had instituted for the first time in Paris chamber concerts, which were extremely successful, so that at the beginning of February, 1848, I was what was considered in the musical line a very prosperous man. You must not think that I was prosperous as a commercial man regards prosperity. That is a very different thing. Let me say that before February 28, 1848, I had about eighty pupils, and that for our concerts, which had just begun, and of which two had taken place, the whole room was subscribed for. One week after the Revolution I had one pupil, and he was an Englishman. At the one concert which I gave after the Revolution, although the whole room was subscribed for, there was an audience of thirty-seven; the others abstained. They had paid their money, but abstained from coming. I found this would not do, and came to the conclusion that I must seek my fortune in other countries. I soon came to the conclusion to return the money for the few concerts which still remained, and the money was fetched with an alacrity which I have never forgotten. I was the treasurer, and painful it was at that time to return money. Well, I then came to England—to London, with no thought whatever of Manchester. My first season in London was extremely satisfactory as far as it went. I may say that in Paris one of my friends was a remarkable man, a banker of the name of Leo, whose house was one of those Parisian *salons* where you were certain to meet with distinguished

men in science, literature, and art, and also distinguished foreign people. I remember that I had the great and inestimable advantage several times to converse—no, not to converse, I will explain that later—but to see and to listen to Alexander von Humboldt. That cannot be said by many at the present day, and one evening I was asked, when he was there, to play—a privilege which I appreciated very highly; but I am sorry to say it was not as much appreciated on his part. The house of M. Leo was noted for its order. Chopin used to play there constantly. The visitors were well trained, and there was usually not a move nor a word while the music was going on. But Alexander von Humboldt never wanted any conversation, because he always talked alone. I have watched him very often. He got hold of a little circle and held forth. I need not say everything he said was most interesting from beginning to end; but he never allowed anybody else to put in a word. I remember, when I sat down at the piano, he had two or three people next to him, and he held forth on some topic that was interesting to them, while I also held forth; so that we were performing a duet—or, perhaps I should say, a duel. Sometimes I overpowered him, but more often he overpowered me. I shall never forget the pitiful faces of the gentlemen to whom he was talking, and who knew very well that it was not the thing. Now and then they would cast a glance at me, as much as to say, “We cannot help it.”

Now, to speak of the music at that time—I do not wish to exaggerate in any way, and I shall not do so. When I came to London first, knowing a good many people in Paris, I was furnished with letters of introduction to many people there. I will only mention Lord Brougham, Richard Cobden, the German Ambassador—Chevalier Bunsen—and several others. When I went to Lord Brougham, he received me kindly, but at once confessed that music was perfectly out of his line, a statement which I found was perfectly correct. It was said that he was never able to distinguish the tune of *God Save the Queen* from any other, and I drew my inference from that. Another gentleman, who later on became a Minister of State, was extremely polite. He invited me to his house and asked me to play something to his friends. Of course I was anxious to do so, but I was startled, when, on leaving him, he asked me a few questions, amongst others, “in what style I played?” It was difficult to understand

what he meant, as he named another eminent pianist and said: "Do you play in his style?" and I honestly said "No!" upon which he said "I am so glad, because he plays so loud that he prevents the ladies from talking." That is an actual fact. Then, one evening a few days after my arrival, I played at the German Embassy, and to my surprise I found a whole company consisting of many Alexander Humboldts. They all talked at the top of their voices, so much so that, although I shortened the piece as much as possible, later on, when I was asked to play again, I played the same piece over again and nobody was the wiser. Then I found that if I asked a gentleman belonging to society, "Do you play any instrument?" it was considered an insult. But times have wonderfully changed. When I came to Manchester, the only society where you could hear good music was, of course, the Society of Gentlemen's Concerts. I must confess the first concert at which I assisted produced a disastrous effect upon me. I thought I should have to pack up and go away. But, of course, I got accustomed to it. At that time that was the only place where music on any large scale could be heard; but it was entirely private. It was, in fact, simply a club, from which the public were excluded. Well do I remember the long struggle I had with the then directors—all most excellent men—to obtain the privilege that the programmes should be made public. I did object to conducting concerts in secret, but they did not seem anxious to let the public know what they did. However, they consented, but that shows that outside that society no music was heard. If I have been in any way instrumental in bringing about the change, I am proud of it.

As for the effect music has upon the lower classes—well, some of my greatest pleasures have come from the recognition of the lower classes. A few years ago I was waiting for a train at Derby, when a railway porter, who evidently knew me, said: "Can you tell me, Mr. Hallé, when the *Elijah* will be performed in Manchester, because I can have permission to take my missus there?" I assure you that gave me unbounded pleasure. Then it has happened to me that a common workman has brought me a piece of cloth worked by himself, and asked me to accept it as a token of the pleasure derived from my concerts. These are satisfactory instances, and show that these concerts have a good influence. Yesterday I happened to be at Sheffield, and a music seller, who is

in a position to know, said casually to me: "We have amongst our artisans here at least five or six hundred who play the violin." I was surprised, but he said: "I know it, because they buy music at my shop." Think of that and compare it with the state of music in 1848. It is marvellous.

INTERPRETING.

I SAW a song-bird soar up on high,
 I heard it sing in the radiant sky
 Its wondrous song of mirth.
 Glory to God in the highest—Amen!
 And peace and joy to the homes of men
 On earth, on earth!

His eyes seemed to pierce the azure dome
 That leads to our Father's blessed Home;
 And quaintly curious then,
 As if no scale or measure he knew,
 But joyous as up and upward he flew,
 His song burst forth:
 Glory to God in the highest—Amen!
 And psalm and anthem and glory again,
 And peace and joy to the homes of men
 On earth, on earth!

Aye, saints have been wrapt in ecstasy,
 Extatic bird! O, would I were thee,
 To praise with might and main;
 At the door of heaven thou singest thy glee
 With hallowed lips, like the prophet, free
 From sin and stain,
 While angels welcome the sacred strain,
 And gladly catch from its soft refrain
 Those words of worth:
 Glory to God in the highest—Amen!
 And psalm and anthem and glory again,
 And peace and joy to the homes of men
 On earth, on earth!

Many a sacred solo he sung,
Many a carol and glee ;
And I felt my spirit exult among
The long-filed angel-choirs that throng
The vast eternity.
But the singer at length descended low,
A type of our fate (I whispered) I know,
For down to the earth we too must go,
Ere yet to heaven we rise,
And we'll sing through the endless ages then,—
Glory to God in the highest—amen !
And psalm and anthem and glory again,
In the skies, the skies !

R. O'K.

ITEMS FROM AUSTRALIA.

A Catholic Scientist. On October 7th, 1889, the newspapers announced that the Rev. Julian E. Tenison Woods, a distinguished geologist, had died in Sydney. His death was the result of a long illness which had been caused by the hardships he endured during his recent travels in the tropics in the interests of science. The deceased priest was originally a Protestant, but became a convert to the Catholic Church at the time of the Oxford Tractarian movement. He was an intimate friend of Canon Oakley and of Father Frederick William Faber. He entered the Passionist Novitiate, but was obliged through ill-health to leave and go to France. Eventually he joined the Australian Mission, and was ordained priest in 1857 by Dr. Murphy, the first Bishop of Adelaide. For ten years he had charge of an extensive district, in which he was often obliged to ride sixty or seventy miles to attend sick calls. Those years were full of labour, hardship, and danger. Afterwards he became Secretary to the Bishop of Adelaide, and finally Vicar-General. He established a teaching congregation under the title of "Sisters of St. Joseph," which has flourished, and numbers at present about 400 members. The Sisters devote themselves to the primary instruction of children

and to the care of orphans and of the aged poor. In 1872 Father Woods began to give missions and retreats throughout the Colonies, and he spent the rest of his life mainly in that work. As a preacher he possessed a sweet and persuasive eloquence. In Tasmania he received, it is said, 500 converts into the Church in the short space of three years. During his busy missionary career he devoted his leisure time to scientific studies, and published several large works on the geological formations of different parts of the Colonies. He was the author also of "The History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia," and of several educational treatises. His published writings on botany, paleontology, and natural history are numerous. He became the President of the Linnean Society of New South Wales, and received medals and honours from English, foreign, and colonial societies. In 1883 he went to Singapore, at the invitation of his friend, Sir Frederick Weld, the Governor of the Straits Settlements. He was accompanied by Father Benedict Scortechini, of Queensland, who, like himself, was devoted to science. Father Scortechini, in a short time, fell a victim to malarial fever; but Father Woods travelled extensively through Java, Borneo, the Philippines, and parts of China and Japan. He returned to Australia in 1886 with the materials for several new scientific works, but he was soon afterwards attacked with a long and finally fatal sickness. One of the Passionist Fathers attended him in his last moments, and he died, as he desired, clothed with the Passionist habit. Public subscriptions are being collected to place a suitable memorial over his grave.

Penny Postage. On January 1st, 1890, penny postage came into operation throughout the Colony of Victoria in accordance with a law enacted last year by the Melbourne Legislative Assembly. This boon, which has been welcomed with rejoicing, is a proof of the great prosperity of the Colony whose capital is Melbourne. The population of Victoria is only a little over a million, and it is estimated that the change will occasion the loss of £100,000 to the Postal revenue during the current year; but other sources of wealth render the bearing of that loss comparatively easy. Moreover, it is confidently hoped that the Postal revenue will soon recover from the temporary check, and will eventually bring in a greater return than heretofore. The people of the United Kingdom obtained penny postage in 1840, when the

population was more than twenty-five millions ; Victoria has been granted the boon when her population is only a million, and her people are scattered over an area greater in extent than that of Great Britain.

Monsignor Fitzpatrick. Monsignor Fitzpatrick, the Vicar-General of Melbourne, died on the 21st of last January. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1810. After finishing his theological studies at Maynooth College, he chose Australia as the scene of his priestly labours. He was first stationed in Sydney (1837), but shortly after Dr. Goold's consecration as Bishop of Melbourne, in 1848, he was named Vicar-General of the new diocese. In 1850 the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, was laid by Dr. Goold, assisted by Father Fitzpatrick. From that time till the Vicar-General's death, a period of forty years, the building of the Cathedral was the work of love to which he devoted his time, talents, and zeal, and he may well be called the builder of that noble pile. As a priest, he was solidly and unobtrusively pious, kind and generous to the poor, and of such retiring modesty that when he was named Monsignor, he could not be persuaded to accept the honour. To avoid displeasing him his friends abstained from using the title. At the Month's Mind for the repose of his soul, a public meeting was convened by the Archbishop of Melbourne, at which it was decided that the memorial to be erected in honour of the late Vicar-General should be the completion of the Cathedral. In opening the meeting the Archbishop stated that, according to the accounts, which had been kept with great accuracy by Dr. Fitzpatrick up to a few days before his death, the sum of £149,800 had been already expended on the Cathedral buildings, and no debt had been incurred. Large sums of money were at once handed in, and in a few days the subscriptions reached a total of £22,000. The Cathedral, when completed, will be a truly magnificent structure. Australian Protestants, contrasting Catholic places of worship with those of other denominations, have said that the faith of Catholics in the perpetuity of their religion has made them build churches, which from their strength and solidity must last for all time. This remark applies especially to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, and to St. Mary's, Sydney. The vastness and durability of those great Cathedrals form a striking monument to Catholic faith, and proclaim the piety, zeal, and self-sacrifice of the children of the

Catholic Church in raising suitable temples for the worship of their Creator.

I may be allowed to remark here that during a series of religious services, held in February to celebrate the completion of the sanctuary of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, Dr. Donnelly, auxiliary Bishop of Dublin, who has lately visited the Colonies for the benefit of his health, referred in a remarkable sermon to St. Mary's as a noble work of which Australia had every reason to be proud. He expressed the hope that the courage and energy hitherto displayed would continue until the architect's splendid design was carried out to the last line. He also spoke in terms of praise of those who, though not Catholics, had given substantial aid in the erection of the Cathedral, and he urged his hearers to hold in grateful remembrance the kindness and liberality of those generous friends.

The Federation of Australia. In the middle of February an important Convention was held in Melbourne to consider the advisability of uniting the Australian Colonies under one central Federal Government. The Colonies represented by delegates were New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The deliberations of the Convention, which excited eager and wide-spread attention in Australia, were opened by Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales. He proposed the following motion :—

"That, in the opinion of this Conference, the best interests and the present and future prosperity of the Australian Colonies will be promoted by an early union under the Crown, and while fully recognising the valuable services of the members of the Convention of 1883 in founding the Federal Council, it declares its opinion that the seven years that have since elapsed have developed the national life of Australasia in population, in wealth, in the discovery of resources, and in self-governing capacity to an extent which justifies the higher act, at all times contemplated, of the union of these Colonies under one Legislative and Executive Government, on principles just to the several Colonies."

In his speech the Sydney Premier drew attention to the fact that in Australia the subject of Federation was not new. The ablest men in the Colonies had left on record their approval of the

principle of union under a common government, and in Victoria in 1857 a Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly declared:—

“By becoming confederated the Australian Colonies would immensely economise their strength and resources. They would substitute a common national interest for local and conflicting interests, and waste no more time in barren rivalry. They would enhance the national credit, and attain much earlier the power of undertaking works of serious cost and importance. . . . They would possess the power of more promptly calling new States into existence throughout their immense territory, as the spread of population required it, and of enabling each of the existing States to apply itself without conflict or jealousy to the special industry which its position and resources rendered most profitable. . . . Most of us conceive that the time for union has come.”

No step, however, was taken to carry those convictions into effect until 1883, when the Federal Council, a body composed of delegates from all the Colonies except New South Wales and New Zealand, was constituted for the settlement of various Federal questions. This Council, though only a partial success, has helped to develop and form public opinion on the subject of Federation. But, in the meantime, the prosperity of the Colonies has been advancing with giant strides. Here I cannot do better than give some extracts from Sir Henry Parkes' speech on this great occasion, which marks an important epoch in the history of Australia:—

“But something more has been going on. All the elements of national life have been on the increase. There is not one of these important colonies which has not felt the wonderful stimulus given to industry, to every kind of enterprise, to education and refinement in social manners, and in the estimates of moral life, until we are not only now in a condition when we may be contrasted favourably with some of the wealthiest cities of the world in respect of our enterprise, our skill, our industrial vigour, but in the highest walks of life. The extent to which books are bought and read, the extent to which the vehicles of thought have found encouragement and nurture in these colonies, is something not frequently estimated, but incomparably creditable to us. I doubt not for a moment that, if an investigation could be made, there are more readers of the higher publications issued from the London press, such as monthly reviews and the higher order of newspapers, like the *Spectator*, out of a given number, say, more in every thousand of the people of Australasia, than there are in a similar section of the people of Great Britain.

“We have now reached a stage of life where we are not behind any nation of the world, either in the figure of industry or enterprise, in the foresight and creative

skill of our working populations—in which I include both directors and working men—or in the higher refinements of civilised society. If that be so, let us for a moment pause to consider what this society is made of. We are, according to the best calculations that I have been able to have made, at this moment a united population of 3,834,200 souls. I have here also the estimated value of the annual industrial wealth of this united population. For a single year the value of what is produced from elements we possess, from the lands, from the rude elements of nature, is not less than £95,042,000. Then let us take the private wealth of the people. I wish to be very distinct here. I don't wish to be understood as meaning the railways of New South Wales, or Victoria, or New Zealand; nor do I mean the lands of those several colonies, but wealth and incomes privately owned by the free citizens of these colonies. We should best test that by comparing it with other countries, and I have selected out of many tables with which I have been supplied five great nations. In Austria, the private wealth and income of the population is £16 6s. per inhabitant; in Germany, £18 14s.; in France, £25 15s.; in the United Kingdom, £35 4s.; and in the United States of America, £39 per head of the inhabitants, while in Australasia it amounts to £46 per head. So, in reality, we stand at the head of the world in the distribution of wealth, which is the grandest form of all wealth. A country cannot be said to be in a prosperous condition which has a few men of colossal fortune, a few families rolling in luxury, and the mass of the people in poverty-stricken homes. The real standard of civilisation in its action upon the diffusion of wealth is in its wide distribution over the population to be governed. By that, Australia not only stands ahead of the civilised world, but a long way ahead.

"But let us see what this peace-loving people—we are a peace-loving people, and I pray to God we may ever remain a peace-loving people—let us see what this peace-loving people has done in national provision for the defence of the bounties which we possess.

"We have an united army of 31,795 men, and to show that this army has been constituted with due regard to the most valuable means of forming such, we have 16,913 infantry, we have 7,226 men in rifle companies—and those rifle companies are in a very efficient state—and we have 3,954 artillery. We, then, have not only grown in numbers to an extent which amply justifies us, but which justified the belief of the men who have gone before us, in thinking that we have arrived at a stage of numbers which abundantly warrant us in the thought of building ourselves into a nation. We have wealth, and it is impossible for wealth to exist if it were not for the well-directed energies of the mind and the physical strength in creating it. We have wealth which places us before all the great peoples of the globe. There is not one as wealthy as we—not one with the same command of those natural comforts of life which wealth ought to be employed in procuring.

"If, then, we were fitted in the year 1857 to enter into federation, how much more fitted are we now? And if we are not fitted now with the element of strength, which I have very cursorily pointed out, when shall we be fitted?"

In the concluding part of his speech the orator said:—

"I am one of those who believe that it would be a blow at federation, whatever may be the decision of this conference, if we attempt to create a Federal Government with anything less than full powers. I am as anxious to preserve the proper rights and privileges of New South Wales as anyone could be to preserve the rights and privileges of Victoria. Indeed, I should be almost afraid to go back to the

colony which has treated me so well if I did not preserve to her all the privileges which were consistent with one of the provinces of a great confederation. The Federal Government must be especially framed with plenary power for the defence of the country; it must be a body framed with plenary power, with all the functions which pertain to national government. But it may possibly be a very wise thing indeed that some of these powers should come into force with the concurrence of the State Legislatures. That it was in design from the very first to establish a complete legislative and executive government, suited to perform the grandest and highest functions of the nation, cannot, I think, be a matter of doubt."

The other delegates proposed their views, and the subject was very fully discussed. They agreed that there were many sources of wealth which could be developed by one powerful government, and not effectively by independent provincial States. Among these were mentioned fisheries, the efficient lighting of the coasts, and more perfect means of communication. One speaker showed that the Australian Colonies in point of territory and population, are now in a condition parallel to that of the United States of America when they federated, and geographically the difficulties of meeting in a National Assembly would be far less in Australia than they were in America. The Fiscal question was felt to be the chief obstacle in the way of Federation, but it was thought that it would not prove to be an obstacle impossible to overcome. The motion proposed by Sir Henry Parkes was unanimously adopted. To it a clause was added to the effect that New Zealand would be entitled in the future to join the union of the Australian Colonies. It was also agreed that a National Convention should be held next year for the drafting of a Constitution, and that each self-governing Colony should send to the Convention seven delegates and each Crown Colony four. An address of loyalty to the Queen brought the deliberations to a close.

Blessed Peter Chanel. A joyous festival was held in Sydney during the first week of May in honour of Blessed Peter Chanel. The religious celebrations were carried out with befitting splendour in the Church of the Marist Fathers. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop was present, and preached an eloquent sermon on the recently beatified martyr of Futura. In his discourse he gave a striking account of the missionary career and death of Blessed Chanel, and said in concluding that Catholics throughout Australasia would rejoice with the Marist Fathers in celebrating the festival of one who had nobly won the martyr's palm and crown, and

who had special titles to the veneration and affection of the members of the Australian Church. Assembled as his hearers were that day around the altar to pay homage, for the first time, to the saintly missionary who had now been enrolled in the glorious heavenly white-robed army, it was fitting that, while they lifted up their hearts to God and sought the intercession of Immaculate Mary, they should seek also the intercession and the blessing of the first holy martyr of the Southern Seas.

A religious festival is to be held next September in the island of Futuna in the church which has been built on the spot where Blessed Chanel was killed. Cardinal Moran, accompanied by several bishops and priests, will honour the celebration with his presence, and will, no doubt, avail himself of the opportunity to visit some of the other missions in the South Seas before returning to Sydney.

SONNET.

LIFE'S darkest hours are not the hours we weep
Prone on the grave of recent happiness ;
The soul's worst pain is when the pain grows less,
And sorrow, wearied, lays her down to sleep.
Our highest powers are finite. Ever creep
Time's icicles about our wells of tears ;
Of love and loss, with slow succeeding years,
The narrowed heart may only memories keep.

Father of all, who fashionedst our dust,
When thou wouldst heal the heart thou mak'st to bleed,
Forbear ! A greater boon I ask of thee :
Oh, grant me strength to live, if live I must,
However brief the joys thou hast decreed,
But let my grief, great God, eternal be.

E. S.

THE ORGANIST'S VIGIL.

TWILIGHT fell early in the organ gallery of this great Bavarian Church. Fully an hour ago the sun had ceased to fire the deep purple and crimson of the clerestory windows, and only the golden haloes about the heads of the saints therein showed that the light of day still lingered in the summer sky.

The air of the church was heavy with the mingled perfume of flowers and incense. A great feast had come and gone; every altar bloomed with scented blossoms; drapery of white and gold gleamed beyond the mass of tapers on the high altar.

Only two worshippers remained in the vast building. The day had been one of perfect joy to both priest and people, but, as the twilight deepened, the groups before the shrines of favourite saints and at the altar of Our Lady disappeared; all, saving Father Litchenberg and Wilhelm Grafmann, the organist. The priest still prayed before the altar of his patron; the musician lingered at the organ playing and praying alternately.

The father scarcely realised that material fingers were pressing the keys of the great instrument high up in the tribune. To him it seemed only that the angels lingered where for so many hours the praises of their God had sounded. It seemed, indeed, only fitting that echoes of the day's music should return in that evening hour; that a few scattered rivulets from the mighty waves of thanksgiving which all day long had broken over the heads of the faithful, should ripple on into the quiet night. Yet not for this alone had the old priest waited in the darkening church.

There were silent intervals in the organ music in which the father knew that the player was speaking with his God. A holy man, as well as a great artist, was this Herr Grafmann. With him the day had opened at the altar, and his after service of praise had all been offered in thanksgiving for that great Eucharist in which he had participated so devoutly. Truly, to him, the day's music had been a deep devotion, and once again he had made the oblation of his whole life to the service of religion.

Until now the music had been low and solemn, scarcely more than a breath of softest harmony; but as the shadows darkened it seemed as though new life came back to the wearied player.

Theme after theme returned to his mind as he sat alone at the organ-board, oblivious of everything save the presence of the Most Holy, and the sacred music of the Church.

Away down in the silent sanctuary, however, a sacristan and his assistants were quietly removing every vestige of the day's pomp, every sign of the feast whose hours were scarcely yet run out. In the great sacristy beyond, the old priest was already standing vested in a black cope. Before the sanctuary screen a bier had been placed. Six yellow tapers flickered gloomily in the shadow of the rood loft.

Father Litchenberg smiled as the organ's diapason reached his ear in the inner sacristy.

"It is better so," he murmured to himself; "it is fitting; I will not disturb him."

No mourners were visible as the priest and sacristans met the coffin at the entrance of the church. Only the men in charge of the funeral were there—sufficient in number to carry the body from the hearse to the bier. Perhaps they marvelled at the jubilant music—for it was no funeral march. Herr Grafmann played as the little procession, all unseen by him, made its way down the nave of the church.

The simple receptive rite was soon over, and the bearers departed. The sacristan made his last arrangements for the night, but the priest and the organist both remained.

"Friendless and alone, with not a soul to watch or pray beside the coffin," said the father to himself, as he came back into the church and knelt at a prie-dieu by the bier. At least he would give this poor soul the benefit of a few prayers. For him to watch was easy and natural; to pray was, as it were, to breathe and live.

There had been little or no cessation of the music, only it had, again and again, changed its character. Occasionally, indeed, the musician had been heard praying aloud. Snatches of the compline psalms reached the old priest's ears, recited rather than sung, as the organ gave out long soft chords with ever-changing harmonies, like the echo of many *Æolian* harps stirred by a distant wind.

"*Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum. . . Qui statis in domo Domini. In noctibus extollite manus vestras in sancta, et benedicite Dominum.*"

Neither priest or organist heeded the flight of time. The

church was now in complete darkness, for the sacristan had put out the candles around the bier, and the sanctuary lamp was little more than a speck of light. High up in the clerestory might be seen the glimmer of summer lightning.

At length, loud and clear above the whispering organ melody, came the clanging of midnight bells. The startled player shrank and cowered, like a man struck by an unexpected blow. To him the discord was as an acute bodily pain. Another instant and his feet sought the pedals, his fingers pressed the keys of the "great," and the building thrilled with the thunder of rolling harmonies. The sudden silence that followed was almost an agony to the old priest, who was kneeling in prayer in the remote corner of a side chapel; but almost before he had realised the cessation of the music—high, clear, piercing, melodious, but, oh! so weird, came what the father thought could be nothing less than the music of a human voice.

"And at midnight there was a cry made: Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him," flitted through the priest's mind as he paused in his prayer to listen. Plaintive and slow, sad but impressively beautiful, the melody reached his ear, the organ appearing to follow the voice in an undertone of accompaniment, sweet and subdued to very painfulness.

Father Litchenberg arose: to whom could such a voice belong? High in the tribune darkness hung like a cloud; the figure of the organist was totally obscured. Nothing was visible to the aged eyes that sought the source of this wonderful melody. Half involuntarily he looked towards the high altar, to the bier that lay before it; for an instant he expected to see the figure of the dead standing in the shadow of the rood. But the lamplight glittered steadily on the unruffled pall, and the priest smiled as he chided himself for so foolish a thought.

Suddenly the voice ceased. The soft accompaniment still flowed on, rhythmic and beautiful; then like a voice from the forgotten dead the old melody recurred. Now, however, it could not be mistaken. The player was using a stop for which the old organ was ever more famed than for its *vox humana*.

Father Litchenberg sat down upon a chair in the nave. There was no mystery after all, except that of the "strange yearning after we know not what, and the awful impression we know not whence," produced by exquisite music.

It was very soothing now, thought the priest, indeed he feared that it might prove to be of too lulling a character for the prayerful watch he had proposed to himself. Certainly he was more fatigued than he had thought. The air of the church had become stifling, and the incense he had burnt for the censuring of the body hung about the place in a thick cloud. Yet he must go back to his place at the prie-dieu. But the good man's labours of the preceding day had been greater than he imagined. Anxious as he was to spend a great part of the night in devotion, tired nature insisted upon sleep. Before the father could rouse himself sufficiently to pursue his holy work he had fallen into a deep slumber.

As the night advanced the lightning appeared to brighten. A muffled moan of thunder reached the ears of the organist, and he almost prayed that the storm might gather and break. Dear to him as were the tones of the organ, he loved the splendour and majesty of Heaven's own music. He told himself that if the thunder came nearer he would leave the instrument. To play at such a time would have seemed to him a sacrilege, his music a discord in the ears of the angels.

Still he remained at the key-board, running his fingers over the choir-manual, and again came the half-intoned words—phrases from the Church's psalms, praises, petitions, and invocations.

"Benedicite, lux et tenebræ, Domino : benedicite, fulgura et nubes, Domino."

With these words the organist sprang to his feet. The storm had broken over the church in great magnificence. Making the sign of the cross the musician fell upon his knees. Heavy peals of thunder shook the tribune, and the very organ pipes appeared to thrill and to emit a half stifled sound as the awful crash broke upon the unnatural quiet of that morning hour.

Herr Grafmann rose from his knees. That this was no passing storm was now evident. He was faint and dizzy with the heat of the high gallery; surely, he thought, it will be less stifling below. Then, slowly and cautiously, he descended the winding steps; slowly and cautiously he made his way down the broad, high nave. He would kneel where, a few hours ago, he had received his God : *there* he could pray peacefully and without distraction. He remembered that at his Communion he had placed himself at the extreme end of the screen, under the shadow of Our Lady's shrine

at the gospel side of the altar. Before the tabernacle of Jesus, and under the shelter of Mary's mantle, he would kneel and pray.

He had reached the end of the nave, and knew that he was approaching the entrance to the sanctuary, when his foot struck against some metallic substance. At the same time his hand came in contact with one of the tall candles at the bier. For the moment he imagined that he had arrived at the foot of the Lady statue—he knew that candles had burned there during the day: but, behold! immediately in front of him shone the sanctuary lamp! Putting out his hand, he touched the drapery of the bier. Another second, and a vivid flash of lightning showed Herr Grafmann that he stood in the near presence of the dead.

* * * *

“My God!” the organist cried aloud, as he knelt at the screen. “Art Thou not truly here! Am I not Thy child! why, then, should I fear?”

But the perspiration stood thick upon his brow, and his whole frame shook with a nervous tremor he had never known before. Still he knelt and tried to pray.

The storm abated a little, the peals of thunder lost something of their appalling loudness, but the steel blue lightning flashed incessantly.

Herr Grafman gradually forced himself to a state of calmness. Now and then he prayed aloud with an intensity rare even in a man of his excitable temperament. More than once he paused and stole a glance at the coffin. Again he redoubled his supplications, and prayed for the living and the dead. Bye-and-bye, the presence of the corpse served only to stimulate his devotion; after a while, however, he found his thoughts again wandering to the subject of the unknown dead. Several times he rose from his knees in order to scrutinise the coffin more closely.

“Not the body of a man,” he ejaculated once; “perhaps a boy or girl. Ah! dear God! grant to them eternal rest!”

He was ashamed of his distraction, and told himself he ought to be content with the knowledge that there was another poor soul to pray for.

It suddenly occurred to him that one of his singing-boys had been ailing for some considerable time, and that the preparations for the festival just celebrated had made it impossible for him to visit the sick child as he was wont. Yet, thought the organist,

it could hardly be that the boy should die without his hearing of it.

Herr Grafmann had risen to his feet, and was trying to make out the probable size of the coffin. The darkness was still very heavy, and only an occasional flash of lightning made any object visible. Stretching out his arms until they touched the extremities of the coffin, he decided that it was too big to contain the body of a young boy.

"Yet Carl was tall for his age," the organist said to himself, "and I know no other person that was sick. Still in a neighbourhood like this—ah! it is foolish!"

But he could no longer pray. Resolutely stretching out his hand, he clutched the pall. If only he could get a light: there must be a name on the coffin lid.

Already the pall was half removed, when suddenly a more than usually vivid flash of lightning seemed almost to strike the coffin-plate, playing and scintillating upon the name and age of the dead.

"Merciful God!"

The cry rang through the church—a cry of agony and despair, succeeded by a loud crash. Herr Grafmann had fallen heavily, overturning one of the great candlesticks by the bier.

* * * *

That cry of agony, together with the crash of metal, had roused Fr. Litchenberg from a slumber which had been too deep to be disturbed by the storm. As yet, however, he scarcely realised what had happened. Hastening to the sacristy, he obtained a light. When he returned, the organist lay still clutching the pall, and with his head resting on the sanctuary step. But he was conscious.

"Ah! my father—do you know?" He could only gasp, and speak in a broken whisper. The priest placed a soft cushion under his head, at the same time bidding him be silent.

"Oh, my Father! tell me all you know."

But the priest saw that a little stream of blood was issuing from an open wound in the man's forehead.

"Lie very quietly, my son," said Father Litchenberg. "You have hurt your head," and retiring to the sacristy he brought back a linen bandage. But it was in vain that he urged the injured man not to speak. Herr Grafmann's incessant cry was:

"Tell me, tell me quick, my Father, all you know of *her*."

It was little enough the old priest had to tell, but as he staunched the bleeding wound, and busied himself to make the musician comfortable, he all unconsciously healed a wound of the heart, the existence of which he had never suspected.

The woman had been an actress or singer, Father Litchenberg did not know which—had been seized with a sudden illness at her hotel lodgings—had sent for a priest, made a general confession of her whole life, had lingered for a few hours, and died after receiving the last rites of the Church. The priest did not even remember her name.

"Oh! the mercy of God! the goodness of the good God!"

The organist had risen to his feet.

"Nay, my father, I am well; I am strong now."

Father Litchenberg could not restrain him. He had taken a candle in his hand and was dragging the wondering priest to the side of the coffin.

"See! my father; read!" he exclaimed, holding the light above the coffin-plate.

As the priest read the inscription, the truth suddenly flashed upon him.

"She was your"—

"My daughter," said the organist, breaking into a flood of happy tears.

* * * *

Shortly afterwards Herr Grafmann was left alone with the body of his child. Father Litchenberg had tried hard to persuade him to spend the remainder of the night in the presbytery, but in vain. Accordingly the father left the church with the intention of getting medical assistance; first, however, he would ask one of his fellow-priests to take his place near the organist in order to be at hand if the latter required his help.

The thunder and lightning had now ceased, but heavy showers fell noisily on the church roof.

When the organist found himself alone, he arose from the chair upon which he had been sitting, and again knelt on the sanctuary step. Heavy grief flooded his soul, and yet a grief lightened inexpressibly by those few words of the father. For more than twenty years he had mourned his daughter, his only child, dead to him, as he feared she was dead to grace. But

actually to die—so near to him—in the same city, almost in the same neighbourhood, and he not to know; truly it was a bitter sorrow. Yet what could he have done for her? he asked himself. Had not the merciful Providence of God arranged for the best? Had not his daily prayer been fully answered? Not fully, perhaps; but what was worth a thought beyond the magnificent fact that his child had died in the bosom of God's Church, died after humble confession, with the sacraments of the Church, with every sign, so the priest had assured him, of a true and real contrition. This was the one thought he clung to, a thought full of joyful hope, and dwelling upon it he found but little room in his heart for sorrow.

It was now, however, that Herr Grafmann began to be conscious of a terrible beating and throbbing in his head, of a faintness and dizziness that made him rise from his kneeling position, and stagger to the nearest seat. After a few moments of rest, he set himself to pray; but he could neither fix his thoughts nor remain where he had seated himself. How he wished that he could get back to his organ, if only for a few minutes. Only to touch its keys, he thought, would help him.

Groping his way down the nave, heavily and unsteadily, the organist reached the steps of the tribune just as the priest sent by Fr. Litchenberg entered the church. But the father made no sign of his presence, and Herr Grafmann began to climb the stairs. A slow ascent, indeed, for his temples throbbed fearfully, a heavy weight seemed to be upon his head, and it was only by clutching the hand-rail that he could keep himself from falling. Yet after an almost heroic struggle he gained the landing and staggered to the keyboard.

"Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine," came slowly and feebly from the organ-loft, but when the singer had reached the Gloria the key changed to a plaintive minor.

The suffering man had begun the chant of the "*De Profundis*."

In the darkness below a door opened and shut. Fr. Litchenberg had returned from his errand of mercy; in another moment the doctor would be at the church.

"*Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine; Domine, quis sustinebit!*"

"*Quia apud te propitiatio est*"——

Both the fathers started forward at the same moment. The minor had broken off suddenly. There came a long, long sigh—an inarticulate prayer, and then—the sound of a falling body.

When Father Litchenberg and his companion gained the tribune, Herr Grafmann was dead.

DAVID BEARNE.

ELLEN O'LEARY *

A SLEEP, asleep! God loved you well,
 My dear one, when He let you lay
 Life's burthen down that autumn day.

'Twas bravely borne. Who knew you learned
 How white a truth true living brings
 To glorify the homeliest things.

Who knew you learned the noble lore
 Of boundless faith and hope and love
 For Ireland here, and God above.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

* Died October 15, 1889.

THE KERMESSE AT ATH.

ALTHOUGH a kermesse is generally considered the equivalent for our fair, the continental fête has certain distinctive features which make it very different from its English relative. Each town and village abroad has its peculiar customs attached to the opening of the kermesse; but never have I witnessed a stranger ceremony than "Goliath's Procession" at the kermesse of Ath, in Belgium.

It is, indeed, due to "Grand Gougias," as Goliath is named in the patois of the country, that the little town of Hainault has attained its renown. The origin of this historical procession is of very ancient date, having been started in the thirteenth century. In the year 1215, the environs of Ath were ravaged by the plague which continued so long that the bishop organised a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Tongres, not far from the town, and made a vow in the name of the people to renew it each year.

Immediately, to their great joy, the plague ceased. The Athois were faithful to their vow of making their annual procession, but this, however, gradually lost its religious character, and

in the middle of the fifteenth century popular imagination introduced divers personages into the cortège, and each trades' guild had its particular richly-robed representative.

In 1786 Joseph II., the Sacristan King, to the great indignation of the people, put a stop to the procession. Then the revolutionary spirits of '89 also troubled themselves about these religious mummeries, and on the 28th August, 1794, Goliath and his wife, Madame Victoire, were publicly burned. In 1801 the procession was reorganised, and since then it has peacefully pursued its yearly route.

Of the original cortège there only remain the figures of Goliath and Madame Victoire, Samson, the two-headed eagle—the arms of Ath—and the typical chariot of the town. The feast is inaugurated by a strange ceremony called “Goliath's Wedding.” On the Saturday before the kermesse the clergy, faithful to the old custom, chant solemn Vespers at about three o'clock, and probably, for the only time in the year, the bourgmestre or mayor and the town council assist at the devotions in the parish church of St. Julian. Goliath and Madame Victoire are stationed outside the porch till the conclusion of Vespers, when they are officially united by the civil authorities. Then the bells ring cheerily, and the whole town makes merry, everyone, even the poorest, eating their “tarte” for “goûter.”

The next day, Sunday, the kermesse or fair is in full swing, and the huge figures which have been stored away during the night in an old courtyard, are now paraded twice through the town, the streets being thronged by an immense crowd gathered from all parts of Belgium to witness the novel sight.

At the head of the cavalcade comes the two-headed eagle, representing the arms of Ath. A tiny boy, clad in Louis XV. costume, is seated on the back of the monstrous bird, which is borne by a man hidden under a basket frame—the mode in which all these enormous figures are carried. Several beautifully-dressed groups or guilds are in the procession, and these are preceded at intervals by bands (not *too* musical) and a few carabineers who fire salutes at every halt.

Some of the large chariots representing agriculture, etc., are very handsomely decorated. On the car of the wine provinces are seated wine goddesses, each draped in the provincial colours. Above them is a young girl fluttering the flag of Belgium.

Another car is greeted with loud applause, as it contains those great men who claimed Ath as their birth-place: Justus Lipsius, the renowned professor; Hennepin, the missionary, who discovered the sources of the Mississippi; Défacq, De Trazéguies, etc., etc. A fine collection of men, chosen for their stature and handsome faces, and whose picturesque old-world dress makes them very attractive.

The old chieftain of Cæsar's time, Ambiorix, with fierce visage and long sword frightens small children on his unconscious route.

One of the finest cars is the fishermen's. It bears a splendid sixteenth century barque, equipped by the brave sailors of the Dendre, the small river on which Ath is situated.

Then Samson, the great giant of the Bible, goes past, clad in the uniform of a grenadier—evidently anachronisms do not frighten the good Athois. It is but right that Samson should be followed by the shepherd David, who is represented by a young boy, guiding a few white-woolled sheep and fleecy lambs. And, last of all, comes Goliath (or Gougias), dancing opposite his spouse, Madame Victoire. It is a wondrously absurd sight to witness these two gigantic dolls, with their immovable waxen faces and stiff figures, going around gravely in time to the music. Although the poor bearers are changed every five minutes, they appear to feel the fatigue excessive. It seems very ridiculous that thousands of people should gather from all parts to see this motley show, where huge dolls are the attraction instead of men, as at the Lord Mayor's show, and yet it is the unique quaintness of the whole thing which draws one to look at it. The height of these puppets can be imagined, when, reaching out of the fourth story window of a large building, we could just touch their shoulders.

In spite of the childish grotesqueness of the sight, I could well enjoy witnessing it again, and joining in the gaiety and busy noise of the Kermesse at Ath.

M. STENSON.

TO A BEE FOUND DEAD IN A FLOWER.

CARELESS of sunset and the night-wind's stir,
 Though round thee fast the gathering shadows creep,
 Still drinkest thou contentment at the deep
 Fountain of flowers, O honeyed wanderer ?
 Nay, never more, as in the days that were,
 The flowers for thee their kisses they shall keep ;
 Embalmed with thine own sweetness thou dost sleep
 In this pale, summer-scented sepulchre.

Duty and pleasure were made one in thee
 For death's approval ; and the passer-by
 Finds here cool comfort in life's noon-day heat ;
 For so, my soul, fulfilling like the bee
 My God-appointed labour, haply I
 May some day fall on death and find it sweet.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The present occupant of the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in the great ecclesiastical College of Maynooth, the Rev. Thomas Gilmartin, has conferred a boon upon the students of that college, and upon many others, by preparing a *Manual of Church History* (Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son). The first volume, which will, we hope at no long interval, be followed by a second, brings the history of the Church to the pontificate of Gregory VII. The matters discussed are arranged with great clearness and order, displaying throughout the entire work the practical experience of the author, who has greatly assisted the reader by the full contents and index, and by the brief headings of the paragraphs which run along the margins, and which, as the Professor remarks in his preface, will be found most useful to students, especially when preparing for examinations. The style is calm, lucid, and unaffected. We trust that the publishers will take care to bring this excellent *Manual of Church History* under the notice of the vast body of American clergy, for whose requirements it is admirably adapted.

2. "Occasional Papers," by His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W. (Dublin: Browne and Nolan), is one of the best fruits of the great learning and great industry of the Irish Australian Cardinal. The volume consists of lectures delivered in Australia and Ireland—for Perth mentioned on the first page is not in Scotland, but in western Australia—chiefly on historical questions that are closely connected with religion. The only lecture that discusses a "neutral" topic, is the last in the book, on the fruits of self-culture; and certainly it is the most entertaining of the whole series. The instances which the Cardinal selects, and which he describes with great skill and in considerable detail, are the following, grouped in the order in which we name them, and which certainly is not chronological: Hephæstion, Pope Sixtus V., Cardinal Wolsey, Cardinal Mezzofanti, Claude Lorraine, Hogarth, Turner, Canova, Benzoni, Haydn, George Kemp, Pugin, Burns, Shakespeare, Louis Veuillot, Copernicus, Herschel, Cuvier, Faraday, Eugene O'Curry, Bianconi, Father Thomas Burke, and Sir John O'Shannassy. Most of these examples evidently go in pairs. Cardinal Moran in some cases condenses an interesting little biography into a couple of pages. The general reader will probably find "Occasional Papers" the most entertaining in the long list of the writings of the first Australian Cardinal—who, by the way, is a nephew of the first Irish Cardinal.

3. By far the finest work, as regards printing and binding, we have seen issuing from the busy press of Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, is *De Philosophia Morali Prælectiones*—the lectures on Moral Philosophy which were delivered by Father Nicholas Russo, S.J., in Georgetown College, United States, during the last academical year. This class-book of ethics completes Father Russo's college course of philosophy. It is written in pleasant and limpid Latin, but the notes often quote Mr. Henry George and others in English: for the burning questions of the day are dwelt upon with particular care, as property in land, strikes, divorce, paternal and state rights in education, &c.

4. Nearly seven hundred very compact, though clearly printed pages, enclosed in an appropriately grave and solid binding, form the new edition of a famous treatise which Father Faber was fond of quoting under the name of Baker's *Sancta Sophia*. Surely that original title ought not to have been entirely suppressed as it is in this reprint, which is called "Holy Wisdom, or Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation" (London: Burns & Oates). Another objectionable omission is that the title-page bears no date, and no explanation is given of the remote date, 1876, appended to the preface by the editor, Abbot Sweeny. The original compiler, Father

Serenus Cressy, seems to have as much right to be named with the book as Father Augustine Baker. The spelling is completely modernised, and the editor has taken great pains to make this treatise not only an interesting but a useful addition to libraries of ascetic theology.

5. The clever critic who reviews books in Mr. Labouchere's famous journal, *Truth*, writes to his supposed correspondent a few weeks ago: "If you have but odd half hours to spare, you cannot do better, I think, than take up a volume of 'The Idle Hour Series' of short stories, especially if that volume should be Miss Rosa Mulholland's 'Haunted Organist of the Hurly Burly, and other Stories' (London: Hutchinson & Co.). The 'other stories' are all marked with the exquisite grace, delicacy, and refinement you have learned to look for in Miss Mulholland's work."

5. We ought long ago to have given a hearty welcome to "A Ruined Race, or the Last MacManus of Drumroosk," by Hester Sigerson (London: Ward and Downey). The name which Dr. George Sigerson was, as far as we know, the first to distinguish particularly, has lately been brought into notice in connection with some literary work of much promise by two youthful sisters, Dora and Hester Sigerson. The identity of name may cause some confusion, for it is the mother of Miss Hester Sigerson who has chronicled the fate of the last MacManus of Drumroosk. Mrs. Sigerson displays an intimate knowledge of Irish scenes, Irish idioms, and Irish hearts. At the same time, the same complaint may be made as we ourselves have made with reference to Charles Kickham and other Irish story-tellers. With all their love for Ireland, they do not seem to us to give to their readers a sufficiently bright and amiable idea of our dear country, and our dear people. They exaggerate, and, therefore, deform. As a matter of fact, we are very like other people, only nicer. "A Ruined Race," though as melancholy as its name, exhibits plenty of humour, and still more of feeling and imagination.

7. Some of the new publications of the Catholic Truth Society deserve to be noticed much more fully than is now possible. We spoke of one of them last month—Judge O'Hagan's "Children's Ballad Rosary." We are glad to hear that it is already widely circulated. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., tells very well the beautiful story of the great saint of his Order, St. Vincent Ferrer. Mr. C. T. Gatty's excellent paper on Christian Art, read at the late conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Birmingham, is another of these penny tracts. It is brilliant in thought and style, and makes us hope for much from Mr. Gatty, who is, we believe, a recent convert

and a relative of the authoress of "Parables from Nature." The Bishop of Salford's impressive address on "England's Conversion by the Power of Prayer" appears in the same series at the same price, for which also you can have together Canon Murnane on the Temperance Movement, and the Rev. Edmond Nolan on Thrift. Lastly, the Catholic Truth Society gives us "The Catholic Church and the Bible" and four of Father Richard Clarke's penny meditation books, these new ones being on the public life of Our Lord.

8. One of the excellent devices of this indefatigable Society just referred to is to group together a certain number of its penny books into a well bound volume for a shilling. This it has done for some of Father John Gerard's bright and original essays on the theology of natural history, and also for some of Cardinal Newman's controversial lectures. To the latter volume (which, however, costs two shillings) is prefixed the Rev. Dr. William Barry's admirable sketch of the Cardinal's life, which is also published separately for a penny. Another shilling volume contains a complete set of the addresses at the Birmingham Conference mentioned before.

9. Father William Amherst, S.J., has given us a curious and interesting little book in his *Review of the Life of Valentine Riant* (London: Burns and Oates). Valentine Ryan in Ireland is a man's name, but in French Valentine Riant is a feminine name—that of a Frenchwoman who died very young in the Society of Marie Réparatrice about ten years ago. Lady Herbert of Lea published a translation of the French account of her short career; and it is to this work that Father Amherst calls attention by his summary of facts and his original and edifying reflections.

10. Are any of our readers interested in "Pearson's Tide Tables and Nautical Almanack for 1891?" It seems good value for sixpence. We name it, as it has been sent to us, though it comes oddly among such books as Miss Drew's translation of the Choruses of the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play (London: Burns and Oates); Bishop Egger's *Letter to a Young Man* (Benziger: New York); an excellent twopenny book of *Maxims and Prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas* (London: Burns and Oates); and a beautiful little manual of devotion and reparation to the Holy Face of Our Redeemer, published by the Benzigers under the title of "The Crown of Thorns."

11. "Grandfather and Grandson" is a tale of the persecutions under Queen Elizabeth, translated from the German of Father Joseph Spillman, S.J., by a Nun of the Carmelite Convent at Wells in Somersetshire, and orders are to be sent there for the book which dispenses with a publisher's services. A fifth edition has appeared of

Mr. C. F. B. Allnatt's admirable treatise "Which is the True Church? or a Few Plain Reasons for Joining the Catholic Communion" (London: Burns and Oates). The fulness, aptness, and originality of his quotations and testimonies drawn from all quarters have given this author a very high position among contemporary controversialists. Mr. J. C. Bodley of Balliol College, Oxford, published in *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Edinburgh Review* two very able and eloquent articles on the present position of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. These have been reprinted in a pamphlet in the country to which they refer (Baltimore: John Murphy and Co.) with the omission of an offensive paragraph which the Editor of *The Edinburgh Review* thought fit to foist upon his contributor without his knowledge and in opposition to his opinions. These are very interesting and valuable papers, set off by a peculiarly graceful and animated style.

12. By far the daintiest product of the Irish press for many a day is "Little Gems from Thomas a Kempis selected and arranged for every day in the year, by Sara O'Brien" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). The selection is made with great taste and judgment; and the printing and binding help to make the book itself a little gem. When a new edition is required, the months ought to be named at the top of the right-hand pages, so that, opening anywhere, we may at once know where we are. Many a vacant moment will be filled up pleasantly and profitably by those who carry this exquisite tomelet about with them always.

13. We have read with great interest the two first numbers of the newest sixpenny magazine, *The Paternoster Review* (11 Clement's Inn, Strand, London). With the Marquis of Ripon writing about India, and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire about a French colonial question, with Mr. Lane Fox on the Primrose League, and Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., on New Tipperary, we at once get an idea of the width and impartiality of the policy on which *The Paternoster* is to be conducted. The poetical contributor to No. 1 is Aubrey de Vere, to No. 2 George Meredith. "Clyde Fitch," a name that we have never seen before, is signed to an exquisitely picturesque and pathetic little French sketch, called "The King's Throne."

DECEMBER, 1890.

A STRIKING CONTRAST

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MISER OF KINGSCOURT," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF LITTLE SNOWDROP," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DO THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH?

SOME two hours later Sylvia sat in the library, at her grandfather's feet. Her face was pale and sad; her eyes red with weeping. In Dora's presence, lest her sorrows should cause the girl pain, she had made a violent effort to appear calm and unconcerned.

But once away from this restraining influence, the full horror of the situation seized her, and her soul was torn with grief and alarm.

Sylvia had never been vain of her personal attractions. But she was proud, though almost unconsciously so. Proud of her noble family, her aristocratic name, her ancient lineage. It pleased her to remember that she was Sir Eustace Atherstone's granddaughter; and she felt a just pride in the courtly old gentleman, whom she loved with an absorbing affection. And so, as she left Dora's room, this cruel story of the wreck standing out in all its hideous reality before her mind, the thought that she must fall from her high estate, that henceforth she would have no right to the name she bore, filled her with anguish.

In the solitude of her pretty boudoir she wrestled long and fiercely with her grief. She felt no anger against Dora or Madge. But the recollection of Anne Dane's deceitful conduct enraged and embittered her.

"But she denied the story. It may be false after all," she cried, "and yet— Oh, my God! I fear, I fear it must be true; and if it is, I must leave my home, my name, my father, grandfather, Summerlands, and become poor, dependent Dorothy Neil. Oh, it is cruel— cruel!"

And overcome with misery, Sylvia flung herself weeping upon her bed.

"But it must be proved." She started up. "Grandpapa shall know all; and then it must be proved."

And without a thought as to her tear-stained face and tumbled hair, Sylvia rushed from her room, and entering the library flung her arms round her grandfather's neck, and there, pressed close to his heart, she sobbed out the whole sad story.

"I do not believe one word of this," he cried indignantly, when she had finished, "not for an instant. It is nonsense, a gross lie invented."

"But, grandpapa, you forget who tells the story—Dora."

He paled slightly.

"True, dearest. Dora is too good, too sweet, too——But, my love, I cannot, I will not believe it."

"Alas!" she said mournfully, "it is not enough to say that we do not believe it. Either it is true or false. But to prove one or the other we must make inquiries, find out everything we can, and have it settled finally at once."

"You are right, darling. It must not be said that we were afraid to face the truth. A story like this is sure to get noised abroad, sooner or later. So at the very first we must stamp it as false."

"Yes, but how, grandpapa?"

"You shall see, pet." He rang the bell. "And now do not weep any more, sweet Sylvia. We shall soon learn without doubt that this story is an absurd fabrication."

The footman appeared at the door.

"Send Anne Dane here, at once," said Sir Eustace.

"Ah! you are going to question her," cried Sylvia. "But Anne is unsatisfactory, grandpapa. She ——"

"If you please, Sir Eustace," said the servant coming into the room again, "Anne Dane is not in the house."

"Not in the house?"

"No, Sir Eustace."

"Have you looked in her room, John?" asked Sylvia. "She must be there."

"No, Miss, she is not."

"She cannot be far off," cried his young mistress impatiently. "I saw her in Miss Neil's room about an hour and half ago."

"Yes, Miss. But she went away since then."

Sylvia sprang to her feet.

"Went, away? Do you mean to say that she has left Summerlands?"

"Yes, Miss Atherstone. About an hour ago one of the housemaids met her going down the back-stairs with a carpet-bag in her hand. She was surprised, as she knew Anne had only just arrived. So she asked her where she was going. She seemed angry, and would not

answer at first, but passed on. Then she suddenly turned back and said, 'I am going for a long holiday. Miss Sylvia does not want me at present, so I am going for a holiday.' And she went on in a great hurry."

"That will do, John, you may go."

Sir Eustace spoke calmly. There was not a tremor in his voice. But he was very pale. And as the servant withdrew he sank back in his chair, with a deep groan.

A great terror had entered his mind. This woman's flight looked like guilt, and the horrible thought that this might after all be true forced itself upon him, notwithstanding his ardent longing to believe the contrary.

"Grandpapa," cried Sylvia, in a tone of anguish. "Oh, my darling, I see you think as I do. Anne has run away, because—because she dared not face the truth. Dora's story is true, and I am not your granddaughter, not Sylvia Atherstone after all."

Sir Eustace took her in his arms, and pressing her to his heart, kissed her long and passionately.

"You are my child, my daughter, my darling," he cried. "Nothing can change our love, Sylvia, after these long years. And even should they prove that you are not my son's daughter, what matter? You will only be mine all the more. The child of my old age, my own sweet Sylvia."

"Nothing could change our love. Oh, no," she answered, clinging to him. "But I should then have no right to that name, no right to call you grandpapa. In your house, where I have reigned as mistress, I should have no right to remain. If Dora is your granddaughter, she must take my place."

"My darling, such a change must never be allowed," he cried fiercely. "You are my granddaughter, I will have no other. I absolutely refuse to believe this story. Let these girls prove it if they can."

"Justice must be done, grandpapa. I could not be happy or enjoy my life of luxury as mistress of your house unless I felt perfectly certain that I had a right to do so."

"You have that right. I give it to you. No one shall take it from you whilst I live. It is not likely that I am going to depose you, my beautiful darling, for the sake of a pale-faced, fair-haired girl, who chooses to spring up without any proof and say that she is my son's daughter. Oh, no, Sylvia, the thing is impossible."

"I wish it were, dear. But when one comes to think of it, there is strong evidence in favour of this story. Do you remember, grandpapa, how my father always spoke of his wife as fair? How, he

mentioned frequently the miniature that his child wore round her neck, and how he mourned that it had been lost the night the Cimbria was lost?"

"Yes, but what has this got to do with this story?"

"Much. Dora is fair, and round her neck she wears the miniature of a beautiful fair woman, her mother. The resemblance between Dora and the portrait is striking."

"But Mrs. Neil may have been fair. Because my son's wife was fair it does not follow that the portrait of any golden-haired woman should be thought to be her likeness. That Dora should wear a miniature of her mother, given to her by her father, is a coincidence, and one that has given Madge apparently a strong, a rather startling proof: But, of course, you had told them about the one lost from your neck on that miserable night? And so, perhaps, suggested the whole story."

"Yes. I have often talked about it to Dora, and examined hers. It is lovely, and was done in England before her mother's marriage. I think. But indeed, grandpapa, that did not make the girls invent this story, I am sure."

"It is hard to say—very hard."

"I cannot believe them capable of doing anything so cruel, merely to torment and annoy us. We have always been kind to them. You have been extraordinarily generous, and they both love you dearly. Dora has been my dearest friend, and I cannot think that she would turn round maliciously and destroy my peace. She believes this story to be true, I am positive, whether it is or not. And you must remember that she did not tell it to me or to you, but believing herself alone with Anne Dane, she charged her with deceiving you and betraying her trust."

"You argue well, dearest. One would think you wished to prove them right."

"God knows I don't," she cried with streaming eyes. "It would be, indeed, a terrible discovery to find that I was only poor Dorothy Neil. I, who was so proud of my position, my name, to become a nobody, a dependent. Oh, grandpapa, grandpapa, I could not bear it."

"Nor I, my love. Such a discovery would kill me."

After this they both relapsed into silence. Their hearts were too full for words. Sylvia sat on the floor, her head upon her grandfather's knee, weeping bitterly. His hand was laid caressingly on the bright, chestnut hair, and his eyes were fixed upon the sorrowing girl with look of intense sympathy and affection.

The door opened, and a footman entered.

"A telegram, Sir Eustace."

The old man took the envelope from the salver, and laid it beside him on the table.

"Is there no answer, Sir Eustace?"

"No, you may go."

John bowed. And as he left the room, he wondered greatly. His master seemed strange, did not even open his telegram. And Miss Atherstone was weeping. He was sure of that. What could it all mean? He must consult his friends. So off he hurried to discuss the matter in the servants' hall.

Meanwhile Sir Eustace did not look at the telegram, and seemed to have forgotten its existence. He and Sylvia sat on as before, their heads bent forward in sorrow; their minds full of the one terrible thought.

But presently the girl raised her eyes, heavy with weeping, and seeing the grief in her grandfather's whole look and bearing, her conscience smote her.

"Were I more cheerful, did I take this trial in a proper spirit, he would not feel it so bitterly," she reflected. "I am selfish in my sorrow, and by my conduct increase his agony. But I must rouse myself, and do what I can to distract his thoughts."

Then she rose to her feet, and looking at the clock on the mantelpiece, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, grandpapa, it is time to dress for dinner. I had no idea it was so late. Come, dearest, try and forget this unpleasant business for the present. Treat it as a nightmare. I am determined to do so."

Sir Eustace groaned and shook his head.

"Oh, yes, you can. You must. And I declare," she cried catching sight of the yellow-backed envelope, "here is an unopened telegram. My dear grandpapa, this may be an important message from Anne Dane."

"What, my child, if it were. Let me see." And with trembling fingers he seized the envelope, and tore it open.

"No," he said regretfully, "it is not from Anne. But," as his eyes fell upon the signature, "it is from your father, Sylvia—my son, George. My poor George to return at such a moment! To find after all these years that we have been deceived. That our darling is not—good heavens! it is too terrible to think of." And bowing his head upon his hands he sobbed aloud.

Sylvia did not speak. Her colour went and came. The expressions of her face were varied. She seemed doubtful, saddened by her great trouble, yet pleased to hear of her father's return, anxious to comfort the old man, but fearful lest her words should increase his sorrow.

"Well," he said, looking up, "have you nothing to say, child? Are you not appalled at the thought of your father's disappointment?"

"Grandpapa," she answered gravely, "if your son is my father, there will be no disappointment. And if he is proved to be Dora's, it can make little difference to him."

"*Sylvia!*" His voice was full of reproach.

"Well, dear, what I say is true. To you—to me, the truth of this story is important. But to George Atherstone it will make no difference, one way or the other. Seventeen years ago he parted from his child, an infant, scarcely able to lisp the word father. That baby has grown up away from him, cared for by others, loved by others. Then what is she to him but a name? What can it matter whether she be dark or fair, whether Dora or I bear that name? Whichever is presented to him he will take to his heart, and love as his daughter."

"You speak bitterly, *Sylvia*. Surely my son must feel more affection than you seem to think for his own child?"

"I did not wish to speak bitterly, grandpapa. But only to make you see things in their proper light," she said gently. "When does he come home?"

"The day after to-morrow. He arrived in London this morning, just in time to find us gone. He will travel down here on Wednesday."

"Very well. We shall be ready to receive him and welcome him. And now, grandpapa, I have made up my mind as to what is to happen. My father, your son, shall decide my fate. He shall declare which is his child, Dora or I."

"But my darling, think. He has not seen you for seventeen years, not even your photograph. All were lost—strangely lost. So how can he decide?"

"Easily. If the miniature that Dora wears is the portrait of his wife, he will recognize it. If it is not, our doubts shall be set at rest for ever. For Dora has always told me it was the likeness of her mother."

"Your plan seems to me a little wild, a little vague, dearest. However, I suppose I must submit to your will. But, remember, whatever turns up, you are always *Sylvia*, my best beloved child. Nothing but death shall separate us two, not even marriage, my pretty pet."

"No, grandpapa," she said smiling and blushing, "not even marriage. Paul will be the best and most devoted of sons."

"God bless you, darling, and now leave me alone. I have some work to do, that may keep me far into the night."

"But your dinner, grandpapa? Won't you come to dinner?"

"No, dearest; I have no appetite. Nor have you, I fancy; dinner would be a farce. Take something light and go to bed."

"Very well, grandpapa. Good night." He drew her head upon his breast and held it there for some minutes.

"Good-night, my darling, and do not fret. Whatever happens, our love is strong. So long as we have one another, the rest of the world is of but small value, in my eyes."

And then with a loving kiss he let her go.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR EUSTACE IS FORCED TO BELIEVE.

When Madge arrived at Summerlands the next evening, she was surprised to learn that, notwithstanding all the precautions that had been taken by her and Dora, the true story of the shipwreck had leaked out. The news filled her with joy. The dream of her life was now certain to be realised. For years she had hoped and planned for the restoration of her adopted sister to her proper position in the world. But lately this seemed impossible. There were so many strong reasons for keeping the true state of affairs a secret. The girl's own actions and wishes had made it necessary to do so. When lo! without intending it, she herself had revealed all; and the burden of proving her right to the name of Atherstone was taken off Madge's shoulders.

To Dora the thought of becoming the rich Miss Atherstone gave little pleasure. She could not free herself from a sense of guilt, in having stolen into Summerlands as a friend, and meanly disturbed the peace and happiness of her kind benefactor.

Sir Eustace she had not seen since the terrible revelation had been made known to him, and she could not but feel that through it she had lost his affection for ever. This pained her deeply, for she loved the old man, and had hoped to become his granddaughter in reality as well as in name.

Sylvia proved herself a marvel of goodness. She came to see Dora frequently, tempted her to eat by sending every dainty she could think of, talked brightly of the marked improvement in the girl's health, and the good the air of Summerlands was likely to do her. But to the unhappy scene of the evening before she never alluded. She was kind as ever, taking an affectionate interest in her guest, and providing in every way for her comfort. But, nevertheless, there was

a difference, an indescribable something in her manner, that grieved poor sensitive Dora and caused her great sorrow.

Madge did her best to console her, telling her that it was but natural. Sylvia was only human, and could not help feeling such a threatened change in her life intensely.

But Dora refused to be comforted, and Madge soon found it impossible to rouse her drooping spirits.

Late that evening Sir Eustace sent for Madge, and they remained closeted together for some time.

During this interview Dora was restless and excited. She could not lie still upon her sofa, but paced hurriedly up and down her room.

"Well," she cried breathlessly as Madge returned, "does he hate us? Does he detest my name?"

"No, dear," said Madge soothingly, and drawing the girl down upon the couch beside her. "He is sad—pained. But he is too noble to hate you for what you cannot help."

"Does he believe us, then?"

"No. He refuses to believe my story—says I was driven mad by the terror of the shipwreck, and imagined that you were Sylvia and Sylvia you."

"Such nonsense! But what does he think of Anne Dane's flight?"

"That has shaken his faith a little, I can see. But he will not acknowledge it. He says she was offended by Sylvia's manner and so on."

"Then what is to be done? We cannot stay here now," said Dora sadly. "And we can no longer live upon Sir Eustace Atherstone's bounty. We must return to our poverty, Madge."

"I think not, darling."

Dora looked at her in amazement. Madge spoke so brightly, her face wore such an expression of happy content, that the girl was filled with wonder.

"I do not understand you," she said with some irritation. "You used to have spirit, a feeling of pride. But now"—

Madge laughed softly, and kissed the pouting lips.

"My darling, you must not be cross with your poor Madge. And do not blame her till you know all. We, at least you, shall not go back to poverty, but to a life of comfort and luxury with your father."

"My father? Oh, Madge"

"Yes, darling, with your father. Sir Eustace does not believe our story, does not wish to believe it, poor old man. But he has

consented, at Sylvia's suggestion, that your father 'is to decide the matter. So no wonder I look happy. No wonder I say you shall not return to poverty. He is to reach this to-morrow, and then very soon my great ambition will be achieved, and you, my pet, will be restored to your proper place in the world."

"Yes. But he may not know me."

"Not know you! Of course he will know you. You are little changed, Dora, and the living image of his dead wife."

"Poor Sylvia," murmured Dora. "I wish my happiness had not to be bought at the terrible price of her suffering."

"Do not fret about her, dearest. She will feel the change at first, of course. But she has a fine, a noble character, and will soon recover from the blow. Sir Eustace loves her tenderly. He is rich, and will treat her in every respect as his adopted daughter."

"If I thought that, I could really feel happy," said Dora smiling, "and forgive myself for having in an unguarded moment betrayed this secret."

"Dearest, sooner or later this secret must have been told. Lady Ashfield was most anxious to have it announced to the world. No one on earth could have persuaded her to keep it quiet, had her son persisted in wishing to marry you."

"And he would surely have done that," said Dora blushing deeply. "He is too true, and loves me too dearly, not to persist."

"Yes, darling, I know. Therefore, you need not blame yourself. No matter what you had done or said, this secret was certain to have slipped out. And I am thankful that it has done so now, just as your father comes home."

"But if he should not know me? If he should think Sylvia is his daughter?"

"Then, dearest," said Madge decidedly, "I would believe Sir Eustace's version of the story, and say that the terror of the wreck had turned my brain."

The next morning Madge dressed Dora in a pretty pale blue gown, arranged her golden hair in simple coils round her little head, and wrapped a soft white shawl about her shoulders.

The two girls sat together in Dora's sittingroom, working and reading, and no one but Désirée came to them through the day.

At four o'clock Madge rose up and laid aside her embroidery.

"It is time, darling," she said; and raising Dora from the sofa, she drew her arm within her own and led her slowly down the broad oak staircase to the library.

Dora trembled in every limb, and looked nervously around as she entered the room. But there was no one there, and she breathed more freely.

"I am glad they have not come yet. Oh, Madge, I feel so frightened, so"—

"My pet, you must be courageous," said Madge, as she made her sit down in a large arm-chair. "There is nothing to alarm you. It will all go off very quietly."

"I hope so. I hope so." And Dora lay back with a sigh.

Presently the door opened, and Sir Eustace came in with Sylvia leaning on his arm. She was dressed in pure white, a bunch of violets at her breast. She looked very beautiful, tall, erect and stately, and as Dora looked at her she felt her heart sink low within her.

"Who," she thought, "could look at us two and not choose her? So, perhaps, after all this meeting may be a failure for me, and Sylvia will be left as she is. I could almost hope so—only—. Sir Eustace."

He turned as she called him, and looked at her inquiringly. Dora started; she was shocked at the change in him. He was pale and worn; his eyes were sunk in his head, and his mouth was set in stern, harsh lines.

"Forgive me," faltered Dora, "oh, say you forgive me."

Sylvia stooped and kissed her; then looking up appealingly at Sir Eustace.

"Forgive her, grandpapa," she whispered. "Speak to her kindly. It is not her fault."

"My dear, of course. I understand perfectly," he replied. "I have nothing to forgive." And he turned away abruptly.

Dora sighed heavily, and grasped Madge's hand tightly within her own. Here was a friend who would never desert her, no matter what her fate might be. Madge pressed her lips upon the little thin fingers, and said in a low voice, "Courage."

Sylvia looked at them sadly, and followed Sir Eustace to the other side of the room.

An unpleasant silence fell upon them all, broken only by the ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece. Sir Eustace had expected his son to arrive at half-past four, but it was now five, and he had not yet appeared. The old man grew impatient. This waiting was terrible. Would he never come?

But, suddenly, the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the avenue. Sylvia grew pale as marble, and leaned heavily against the book-case. Dora looked at her longingly, and fell back trembling in her chair.

"This ordeal will soon be at an end, my sweet Sylvia," whispered Sir Eustace, with quivering lips. "In a few moments you will be in your father's arms."

And he tried to walk steadily forward as he heard the hall-door opening to admit his son. But his anxiety was too great, his feeling too intense; and, covering his face with his hands, he sank helpless on the sofa.

Madge alone was cool and self-possessed. She stood by Dora's side, a look of triumphant happiness in her eyes, her cheeks glowing with the flush of certain victory.

The sound of hurrying feet; the opening and shutting of doors; a cheerful voice, loud, clear, and ringing, falls on their ears, and George Atherstone, looking much aged since we last saw him, and somewhat bronzed from his long sea-journey, enters the library and grasped his father by the hand.

"Thank God, I am home safe at last," he cries, heartily. "It is a lifetime since we parted, father. I am glad to see you once more; and my daughter? Shall I know her, I wonder, the little one that I have deserted so long?"

He looks anxiously round the room. He passes, without recognition, beautiful Sylvia, with her rich chestnut hair, and dark lustrous eyes, glances at Madge, and gives a slight start. She puzzles him; reminds him of someone. But it is not her he seeks. At last he sees Dora, white and fragile, looking up at him with a yearning, pleading expression, and, in an instant, he is by her side.

"My sweet child! My poor deserted bairn," he sobs, taking her in his arms and kissing her over and over again. "Oh, my Sylvia, how like your mother you are; how like my dear, dear wife!"

"Yes," said the girl, softly; "so Madge always told me. And, see, I have never parted from this; I have always kept it, father."

And, drawing out the miniature of her dead mother, she held it towards him.

"My darling!" he kissed her again, and gazed at her fondly. "I am glad you have it still, for it is like her—and you. But I thought it was lost—lost in that terrible wreck?"

"No, no, it was always round my neck."

"Then I must have misunderstood my father's letters," he said, looking puzzled, "for I thought he told me—however, that does not matter now. And you," giving his hand to Madge, "are my dear old friend's eldest daughter, Madge? And this," glancing with admiration at Sylvia, "is, I am sure, the beautiful baby, Dora? Well, my dear, I am more glad than I can say to find that you were not drowned, as was at first supposed. Thank God you too escaped that fearful death." Then he turned again to his child and examined her closely, critically. He touched the golden hair, lingered admiringly on the deep, pathetic blue eyes, the sweet tender mouth and alabaster

cheek. But as his gaze wandered over her figure, and he began to realise that she was weak and an invalid, he uttered a faint cry, and looked reproachfully at his father.

"You told me she was tall and strong," he cried in a loud tone of keen disappointment. "You described her as—, well as you might have described Dorothy Neil there. You never hinted that she was small and fragile, a poor delicate little creature. Why did you not prepare me for such a trouble? Why did you deceive me so terribly? My darling is beautiful. But, alas! quite different from the splendid girl you led me to suppose. What was your motive, father? Why have you so cruelly deceived me?"

Sir Eustace stared at his son, blankly. Then, opening his lips and waving his hand, he murmured, "Sylvia."

But his voice was inaudible; and George knew not what he meant.

"George," he whispered hoarsely, "I——"

Then he staggered forward, uttered a deep groan, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Grandpapa, grandpapa," cried Sylvia, flinging herself on her knees by his side. "Oh, my poor tender-hearted darling, this cruel shock has killed you."

But George Atherstone thrust her away, and with the help of the servants carried his father up the stairs, and laid him on the bed in his own room.

"Had I known my return, after all these years, would have caused you such a shock, I would have stayed away for ever," he murmured, as he bent tenderly over the unconscious man. "But I never thought such a thing possible—never."

Then pressing a loving kiss upon the marble brow, he stole away, leaving Sir Eustace to the doctors.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SYLVIA GIVES WAY TO DESPAIR.

Sir Eustace Atherstone never spoke again.

His heart had been seriously affected for some time, said the great physician, who had been his medical attendant for years. The joy at seeing his son again had doubtless been too much for him, and so he had died.

The whole household was plunged in deep grief by this sudden death. For Sir Eustace was beloved by all. He had always been a kind master, not only just, but unusually generous, to all those who served him.

To George Atherstone his death was bitter disappointment, and changed his home-coming from the happy time he had always looked forward to into one of misery and pain. So he wandered disconsolately through the big house, or sat alone in the library trying to read. He had not a single friend from outside to comfort and condole with him, and everyone within the place was absorbed in grief.

His little daughter lay upon a bed of pain, mind and body torn with anguish, at the horrible recollection of that last terrible scene. Madge watched by her bedside night and day; and the other girl was rarely to be seen.

"The other girl," thus he called Sylvia, the beautiful idol, so fondly loved and carefully guarded by his dead father. But of this he knew nothing. Not a whisper of such a thing had reached his ears. And he had not the faintest idea that anything but the emotion, caused by seeing him had helped to hasten the old man's death. He took his place as master of the house. All orders were given by him; and no one thought of troubling the afflicted girl who had so long acted as mistress of the establishment. The servants did not apply to her, as they feared to disturb her in her grief. He did not consult her, for the simple reason that he looked upon her as a mere visitor without right or power to direct him.

And yet, as he stole into his father's room from time to time to gaze on that noble countenance, so calm and placid in death, it did strike him as strange that this girl was almost always to be found by the old man's bed. It annoyed him extremely to find her thus taking the place of a loving daughter or an affectionate wife.

The afternoon before the funeral he went upstairs, carrying a cross of pure white flowers to lay upon the dead man's breast. As he entered the room the sound of someone sobbing fell upon his ear, and then once more he beheld this girl kneeling by the bed. Her whole attitude was one of despair. Her head was bent, her arms flung forward, and her slight frame was shaken with convulsive weeping.

George Atherstone laid his cross reverently upon his father's breast, then looked wonderingly at the sorrowing girl.

"Miss Neil," he said gently.

She started as though she had been stung; and a cry escaped her lips.

"I am sorry I frightened you," he said. "I thought you heard me enter. But I must request you to come away. The funeral is to-morrow. There are last offices to perform. The men are coming; you must not stay."

She looked at him in a dazed, uncertain manner, then suddenly sprang to her feet, pressed her lips passionately on those of the dead man, and staggered blindly from the room.

Poor Sylvia! for so we shall still call her, although he now knows she has no right to the name, turned away from the side of him who had been father, grandfather, and friend; shut out from the sight of him she loved. So well her heart was like to burst with anguish. On that dreadful evening when he had fallen dead at her feet, she had felt wild with grief at the thought that he was gone; that never more should she hear his voice, or receive his caresses. From that hour her mind had been absorbed in the one unhappy truth—that he was dead, passed away for ever.

But now, as George Atherstone coldly bade her leave her place by her beloved dead, calling her by that name that was henceforth to be her own, she remembered suddenly all the misfortunes that had come upon her.

"He is gone," she wailed, pacing up and down her room in frantic despair. "Gone without a word, leaving me a pauper, dependent upon George Atherstone or Madge. Oh, I cannot bear the thought, I cannot bear the thought. This house that was to have been my own, those grounds, that park, all gone, and I, the once courted and admired heiress, am now poor, helpless Dorothy Neil. But nothing will induce me to be a burden on anyone. I must look for work, go out as a governess, do anything rather than live in a state of dependence. Oh, my poor Paul, had you been in a better position, had you worked during all those years wasted in folly and idleness, you might have helped me now. But, alas! that is impossible. A penniless wife would be but a clog upon you, prevent you getting on. As the rich Miss Atherstone, I was not allowed to marry you; as Dorothy Neil, without a penny of her own, I must refuse to do so. Oh, grandpapa, grandpapa, why did you leave me? From your hands I'd have taken anything. I'd have been your child, your companion. But now this place, these walls stifle me. I must go out, and in the fresh air, away from the sight of this dear, dear home, I may think more calmly, make up my mind to something."

It was a pleasant day for a walk. There was the softness of spring in the fresh, sweet air, and as Sylvia passed down the avenue she saw snowdrops and crocuses lifting their delicate blossoms above the rich brown moss that grew so luxuriantly under the fine old beech trees. Primroses and violets were blooming in all the hedge-rows. The woods had a slender tinge of green from their dainty sprouting leaves, and the far off fields, full of the fast-growing crops, looked fresh and brilliant under the deep blue sky.

"All so peaceful, so beautiful," murmured the girl sadly, "and yet, he, the master of all, is gone—never to return. The beauty, the unchanging peace seems cruel, and fills me with pain."

And she hurried along, anxious to shut out from her sight, if possible, all the varied charms of the lovely landscape.

At last she came on a wide, wild common, and here the view suited her present mood to perfection. The heather, which she had seen in the autumn rich in deep purple hues, was now brown, without leaf or flower. The bracken, then so green and soft, lay withered and dry upon the ground, looking as though it could never raise its head again in life and happiness to heaven.

"It is like my heart," she thought, "crushed and dead, only it may revive with the summer sun, the soft spring rains. My heart, alas, never, never can," and she shivered as a cold blast of wind came sweeping across the moorland.

She drew her cloak more closely round her, and wandered in amongst the withered heather and dry bracken. She felt utterly dreary and forsaken, and went on aimlessly, heedless of time or distance. The brightness of the day passed off; the sky became a leaden grey, the wind sharp and easterly.

As Sylvia crossed the heath, and came out again upon the road, she stood for a moment in doubt. She had come a long way from Summerlands, and was not sure which turn to take. She glanced anxiously about to see if there was anyone near who could direct her, but not a creature was visible. A grey mist had come down and hid the distance, and she knew not what to do.

Suddenly footsteps were heard approaching, and a young man came towards her along the road. He was walking briskly, his head thrown well back, stepping out triumphantly to Mendelssohn's Wedding March, which he hummed to himself in a rich, clear baritone.

Sylvia's heart gave a great plunge, and she felt herself trembling from head to foot.

"Is it possible—can it be? Paul!"

He looked round; he was bewildered, astonished. It was Sylvia's voice; and yet, he was many miles from Summerlands. How could she be there? The song died upon his lips; he turned wonderingly towards the common.

"How come you to be here, Paul? Why are you not in London?" she asked.

And, as the slim figure came forward through the mist, he knew that his ears had not deceived him, and that it was really Sylvia who had spoken.

"Because—oh, my dearest—my time of probation is over; I have earned the right to tell you how dearly I love you."

And, catching her hand, he held it tightly clasped within his own.

"Thank God," murmured Sylvia, "I am not without a friend. There is still some one to love me in this sad, sad world."

He gazed at her in surprise and alarm.

"Sylvia," he said, reproachfully, "you should not speak thus; you, the adored, the idolised. Oh, my love, if it were not for my strong belief in your affection and truth, I would not dare to offer you my poor heart, my home, so unworthy of you. But you look ill, dearest—what is wrong? Why are you so far from Summerlands? Does Sir Eustace know?"——

"He is gone, Paul. My dear, kind grandfather is gone."

"Gone—dead?"

"Yes, dead. He fell suddenly at my feet, and never spoke again."

"Good God! how terrible."

Paul raised his hat reverently, and drew Sylvia's hand within his arm.

"Terrible indeed!" The girl shivered. "So no wonder I am ill and weary."

"No wonder, dearest. But come home now."

"I have no home."

"Sylvia? Has this death turned your brain? Till we marry, which, thank God, need not be long now, the house which was your grandfather's must be your home. Since your father has not yet returned"——

"I have no father, no grandfather, no home," she cried, passionately. "I am a pauper, a nobody. All these years I have been an impostor, deceiving you, the world, everyone. Oh, Paul, why was I born?"

"My own love," he said, soothingly, "you were born for much good—to perfect my life, and make me happy, and—and, perhaps, great. Your love has encouraged me, Sylvia, fired my ambition, filled me with good and noble thoughts. That, alone, is something to live for. But I do not understand you; something strange must have happened to make you seem so wild—so distracted."

"Something. Oh, Paul, would that I could wake and find it all a dream—a horrible nightmare. But listen."

And, sinking down upon the heather, she poured forth the whole sad story from beginning to end.

"Well, my darling," he said when she had finished, "I am sorry for your sake, deeply grieved that you should have such a disappointment as this must be; but, after all, what does it matter? You loved Sir Eustace, and spent many happy years in his company; he loved you dearly, devotedly, and you have a right to mourn for him now that he is dead. But this discovery, this secret of your birth, is not worth a sigh. Mr. Neil was a man of good family; he was upright and honest, though unfortunate in his affairs. His wife was a lady.

All this I know for a fact, and you need never be ashamed of being their daughter."

"But, Paul," she cried impatiently, "can you not see the terrible difference this makes in my life? I am now a pauper, without money, without friends."

"My dearest," he answered joyfully, "you are now what I often selfishly, I admit, wished you to be, that I might win you fearlessly without regret. I am not rich, Sylvia, but I am going on. My picture was accepted at the Academy, and sold before it left my studio. I am full of strength and hope. And if the home I offer you is inferior in many ways to Summerlands, it will be full of love and tender care. Speak, darling, will you be my wife?"

Sylvia raised her head. The look of wild despair had vanished. Her face shone with renewed happiness as her eyes met his, full of trusting love and gratitude.

"Yes, Paul, when you please to marry me."

"My own," he murmured, drawing her to his side, "that shall be as soon as you think fit. I obtained Sir Eustace's consent at our last interview. His portrait was most successful, and he said that if my principal picture were accepted at the Academy I might come down to Summerlands and ask you to marry me. This makes me very happy now."

"Yes. But, oh, that he were here to bless our marriage!"

"I wish he were, dearest. But we must not indulge in vain regrets. Come now, we must go on to Summerlands. It is late and you are very cold."

"He is to be buried to-morrow, Paul," she cried with a sob. "Let us go together and take a last look at his dear face."

"Yes," said Paul. "Come."

And drawing her arm within his own he led her away. They walked on over the dreary moorland side by side. But neither spoke. Both kept silent by the strength of a deep, overpowering emotion.

As they went up the avenue at Summerlands, they met George Atherstone. He stopped, and looking sadly at Sylvia, said:

"I have heard your story from Madge. I am greatly pained, but trust that you will let me take my father's place, and make your home with my daughter, who loves you very dearly."

Sylvia's eyes were full of tears, and sobs choked her utterance. But she looked at him gratefully and put her hand in his.

"I was rough—cold, perhaps," he said. "But my ignorance is my excuse. Pray do as you please. Make my house your home till"—

"Till she becomes my wife," said Paul stepping forward. "Your

father, Sir Eustace, gave his consent to our union sometime before his death. He brought me up, educated me, and I loved him very sincerely."

"Are you Paul Vyner?"

"Yes. Your father's adopted son."

"I am glad to see you. He mentioned you frequently in his letters. I hope you will stay here to-night. It is only right that you should assist at my father's funeral to-morrow."

"Only right, certainly. The last act of love I can pay my benefactor. And now may I see him once more upon earth?"

"Yes. She who loved him so well, and mourns him so truly, will lead you to his side."

Sylvia bowed, and passing on into the house, led Paul up the broad staircase to the dead man's room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

But Sylvia had not been left the pauper she supposed. Sir Eustace had loved his darling far too well to leave her dependent upon any human being. Summerlands and a large sum of money in the funds had been left to his granddaughter in a will made many years before. But on hearing Madge's story of the wreck, and finding that Anne Dane had taken flight, an awful doubt entered his mind; and he remembered that if he died suddenly, as his doctor had frequently warned him he might do, and this girl were proved not to be his son's child, she would be thrown penniless upon the world. He did not and would not believe that such a thing were possible. But he resolved to ensure the property to her, no matter what should happen. So on that sad evening, after dismissing the girl to rest, he appended a codicil to his will stating that it was to be hers whether she was Sylvia Atherstone or Dorothy Neil. This was duly witnessed and signed, and Sylvia remained mistress of Summerlands.

This great proof of his watchful love renewed the girl's grief, and for months she was inconsolable.

But as time and the summer sun restored the withered heather, and raised the drooping bracken on the moor, so it was with Sylvia's sorrowing heart.

For a year she wore heavy mourning for her beloved dead, and then as the roses bloomed and the birds sang joyous roulades through the shady woods at Summerlands, she at last listened to Paul's earnest entreaties and consented to become his wife.

For a long time after Sir Eustace Atherstone's death Dora was

very ill. But Madge's tender care and watchful nursing saved her once more, and she came slowly back to life.

As soon as she was well enough to travel, her father wished to hurry her away with him to London.

But she implored him to leave her at Summerlands.

"I am so happy here, father. Pray let me stay where I am; London would stifle me."

"But this is not your home. You have no right to live with a stranger."

"A stranger! Sylvia a stranger! Oh, father, how can you say such a thing?"

"Sylvia, it is absurd to call her so. You are Sylvia, she is Dora."

"I know," she answered, laughing. "But it is impossible to change our names now. I could never call her anything but Sylvia, no matter how much I tried."

"But I really think you and Madge should come to London," he urged. "Whether she is Sylvia or Dora, you have no right to trespass too long on her hospitality."

"Madge will not come. Sylvia is her sister. We, alas! are nothing to her."

"Madge not come," he cried in consternation. "Why, you would be lost without her."

"Yes; and for that reason I must stay where I am. Madge, Sylvia, and I want each other badly. You like to see the world, father—so go, and leave us in our seclusion."

"But you must see the world, too, dear, and Madge."

The girl blushed brightly, and smiled as she answered:

"I shall see the world soon, father, when I am a little stronger, with Ashfield."

"Ah, of course; but that is one reason why you should come to London. When you are buried here, that poor fellow never sees you."

"Pardon me," she said laughing; "that poor fellow, as you call him, has seen me frequently, and he is coming down next week with his mother to stay for a fortnight."

"Indeed? and Paul Vyner?"

"Paul is coming too. He has not been here since Christmas."

"And this is March. Well, it seems to me you will all be very happy and comfortable. No one," sighing, "wants me, I'm afraid."

"Oh, father! we all want you. Sylvia likes you to be here; and Madge——"

"Does she care?" he asked quickly. "Do you think Madge cares?"

"I am sure she does. You were always a hero in her eyes, ever since that day when you left me on board the *Cimbria*."

"Dear, faithful Madge. What a heart that girl has. How she worked and suffered for you."

"Yes. I love Madge very dearly."

Sir George Atherstone walked to the window, and looked out. Then, turning round, he said abruptly :

"Good-bye, my child. I will run up to London to-night, and come back here in a week with Ashfield and Paul Vyner."

Dora clapped her hands.

"That will be charming. We'll all be happy then. That's just what Sylvia would like you to do. And do you know, we all hope that we may coax her to say when she will marry Paul. Ashfield is growing impatient, and our marriage depends on Sylvia. We must be married on the same day."

"But you are not strong enough."

"By June I might be," she said, smiling and blushing, "if Sylvia would only say yes."

And Sylvia did say "Yes."

So, one glorious day in June, the two girls were married in the beautiful old church at Summerlands. Sir George Atherstone gave them both away; and it would be difficult to say which of the brides he admired most.

"They are both charming in their own way," he said to the Dowager Lady Ashfield, "and they certainly make a pretty contrast."

"Yes; but I have little doubt upon the subject," answered that astute lady. "I always admired golden hair, and there is something altogether winning in your daughter's sweet blue eyes."

"Mrs. Vyner would have made a more striking peeress, however," he said smiling. "My child is, as you say, winning, but not commanding."

"No; but she is Sir Eustace Atherstone's granddaughter; that is recommendation enough for me. I had resolved our families should be united years ago, so you may fancy how pleased I am to-day."

* * * * *

Six months later Lord Ashfield and his bride passed through London, on their way to his place in Cornwall.

Dora, for she was always Dora to her husband, was in radiant health and spirits. Happiness, change of air and scene, had worked wonders, and she now looked the perfection of youth and beauty.

"My dear," she said to Lord Ashfield, the morning after their arrival, "I hope you will not object to leaving me alone for an hour or so; you can go to your club or remain in your smoking-room. But—but Madge is coming, and I want to have her all to myself."

"I am jealous of Madge. I really am, little wife."

"No, you are not. And off you go," she cried, laughing. "I hear the bell, that is sure to be Madge."

"I am a henpecked husband. There is no doubt about that. But since your will is my law, my fair tyrant, I hasten away."

As Lord Ashfield disappeared out of one door, the other opened, and Madge, smiling and happy, entered the room, and clasped Dora in her arms.

"My darling," she said, holding her away, and gazing at her fondly, "how beautiful you have grown, and how strong and straight."

"Yes," cried Dora, "is it not wonderful? My poor back is now as firm as a rock. I do not require to lie about on sofas, as I used to do."

"Thank God for that. And are you happy, my pet?"

"As happy as the day is long. My husband is the kindest—best. But," blushing and dimpling, "I need not indulge in raptures. You know what he is."

"Yes. I know well."

"And you, my sweet Madge? Are you lonely? Do you not miss your little sister?"

Madge blushed deeply and turned aside her head.

"I miss you, dearest. But I am not lonely."

"I am glad to hear that. Come and sit down and tell me what you do all day."

Dora seated herself on the sofa, and Madge stood for a moment looking at her with trembling lips and changing colour. Then suddenly, she knelt beside her, and throwing her arms round her waist, said in a low voice:

"In the old days, darling, you used sometimes call me your little mother. Would you, would you mind very much if you heard I was your mother—at least that?"—

Dora looked at her wonderingly. Then, all at once, a light seemed to break in upon her, and before Madge could complete her sentence she realised what she meant.

"What," she cried joyfully, "have you—has father?"

"He has," said Sir George, who had slipped in behind his daughter unperceived. "He has won the best, the truest little woman in the world for his wife," and raising Madge from the ground he drew her gently towards him.

"Madge! Papa! I am so glad," cried Dora, kissing them rapturously. "But why did you get married whilst we were away?"

"My dear," he answered laughing, "if you choose to stop away for six months, you cannot expect us to await your pleasure. We had intended writing to tell you, but Sylvia advised"—

"Does Sylvia know?"

"Oh, yes. We were married from her house."

"From Summerlands?"

"No; from her pretty house in town. Vyner did the father, and gave Madge away."

"Well, I am so glad to see you married. I have hoped you would do so ever since—well, since I knew you, papa. Has any other strange thing happened during my absence?"

"Anne Dane is dead. And before her death she wrote a full confession of the deception she had practised on my poor father. She deeply regretted it and begged forgiveness."

"Poor creature," said Dora. "I forgave her long ago."

"Dora, may I come in?" asked Lord Ashfield at the door.

"You and Madge have been an age together."

"Yes. You may come in," she answered gaily. "And now, not a word," she whispered to her father. "Let me tell him about your marriage."

But to her surprise her husband walked straight up to Madge, and calling her Lady Atherstone, congratulated her most heartily.

"Now, Ashfield, who told you?" asked Dora indignantly.

"Here are the culprits," he replied. "Scold them, not me."

And throwing open the door, he called out laughingly, "Come in. Mr. and Mrs. Vyner, and receive a severe punishment for revealing this wonderful secret."

And in another instant Sylvia, looking radiantly beautiful, entered the room leaning on her husband's arm.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," she said with shining eyes, as she glanced from Madge and Dora to the three stalwart husbands. "We have all done exactly what I hoped we should do, and I am most blissfully content."

"Yes, dear, and so am I," cried Madge, "though I confess I never dared hope for the happy fate that is now mine. God has been very good to me."

"And to me," said Dora softly. "But do you know, Sylvia," she added roguishly, "although you are taller, and, perhaps, just a little handsomer, you are not one atom straighter or stronger looking than I am. We are not the striking contrast we used to be."

"No, dearest, except in the colour of our hair and eyes. We are both well and happy. So, thank God, there is no longer the terrible contrast in our lives that there used to be in the days now happily gone by for ever"

TO THE CHILDREN.

O DEAR! how soon you routed
 My fears for the hereafter,
 As round my tree you shouted
 With ghost-expelling laughter,
 That thrilled the leaves with pleasure.
 'Twas Hope's kind age of plenty :
 She knew no stinted measure
 When I was one-and-twenty.

You my ambition humbled
 To tracking crabs by bubbles,
 As o'er the rocks we stumbled,
 Forgetting all my troubles.
 That childish play should blind me !
 Like an o'erwhelming ocean
 My sorrow rose behind me—
 Who heeded not its motion.

When next you gathered round me,
 Keen airs the branches quivered :
 Alas ! my fate had found me—
 My tree a bolt had shivered.
 The great world's soulless graces,
 Vain arts ! could I abide them ?
 To sunny hearts and faces
 I turned, my youth beside them.

Dear, dear ! what happy folly
 Made me anew a baby !
 What brooding melancholy
 Was killed with laughter, maybe !
 To you my soul was grateful,
 Who taught me in such fashion
 To keep my memory faithful,
 And still my stubborn passion.

You had such humour, wee things !
 And my strange ways increased it.
 You mind the day, from tea-things
 Of broken delft we feasted

In the hen-house deserted?
We warred not on religions,
Nor party-cant asserted,
That day among the pigeons.
Ah, vanished years! . . . Could roving
'Mid strange and glorious places
Turn our poor hearts from loving
The dear unchanging faces?
Could Time, who surely ample
Must find the world's broad highway,
Turn from a dome to trample
A violet in a by-way?
Ah, children dear, it warms me
To find you grown no colder;
The while your budding charms me,
Your heart grows never older.
To me—while years will bring you
Frank friends, and love in plenty—
You'll still be—as I sing you:
And I—as One-and-Twenty!

G. N. P.

AN AUSTRALIAN'S NOTES AT WIESBADEN.

A BRIGHT, beautiful garden, warm with sunshine, gay with flowers, and sheltered by noble avenues of beech and chestnut. A long, many-seated colonnade thronged with revellers, each with glass in hand, quaffing not "beakers of bright champagne," but sipping or gulping with what courage they may the healing waters of the Kochbrunnen Spa as it comes up hissing and boiling from its subterraneous source. This is what may be seen from early morn to dewy eve during the Cur season at Wiesbaden. Soon after 6 a.m. strains of alluring music summon the sleepy guests from the neighbouring hotels, and then shame on the recreant who fails to put in an appearance at the Trinkhalle. The only valid excuse which can be offered for absence from this morning muster is to plead a bath engagement—health-seekers are supposed to be perpetually drinking or dipping. Arrived at the Trinkhalle, maids as kindly, if not as lovely, as

those who offer corn and flowers at castled Drachenfels, serve out steaming jorums of something which tastes not unlike very weak, over-salted chicken-broth. Indeed, the whole scene, in spite of its picturesque accessories, has a vague resemblance to a glorified soup kitchen, for although among the well-dressed and prosperous crowd there are none ostensibly poor, there are, alas, a sad proportion of aged and infirm, of blind, lame, and halt. Another striking likeness is that there is no charge for the refreshment so liberally dispensed. The bountiful Cur Director supplies water, glasses, and attendance, to say nothing of the splendid band and sheltering colonnade, without any cost. To be sure, there is no law to prevent you occasionally offering a silver coin as a token of good will to the smiling *mädchen* who fills your glass, especially should you be one of those nasty particular people who have a specially-reserved drinking cup (mine is 1,604, so fastidious people are not uncommon), but it is a matter entirely between you and Gretchen; and I have never observed anyone being helped out of turn because of this little gratuity, or made to wait unduly because of having omitted it. The Kochbrunnen waters, which are especially efficacious for the cure of gout and rheumatism, are supposed to be beneficial in a great many other cases; and even the small percentage of people who come to Wiesbaden in perfect health go through a course of drinking and baths as a preventive of future illness, or sometimes merely *pour passer le temps*.

Less than twenty years ago it was not in this water or milk-and-water fashion that visitors to Wiesbaden diverted themselves. Gaming-tables as attractive as those now flourishing at Monte Carlo were in full sway, and with them, of course, the excitement, extravagance, despair, and other evils which, when driven out of Germany, found asylum in the lovely little principality of Monaco. But these evil days are past and gone, leaving behind hardly a trace of their existence. The casinos are transformed into reading-rooms and *salles de jeu*, where, instead of *rouge et noir*, visitors amuse themselves with a quiet game of whist, or scientific chess tournament. Tyrannous, pitiless Fortuna, who enticed men to her realms but to madden and destroy them, is discrowned, and in her stead reigns mild, merciful, benignant Hygeia, who comforts and blesses all who approach her. *Curhaus*, *Cursaal*, *Cur Director*, *Cur Orchestra*, such are the suggestive names of her temples and priests.

Life hath so many pathways my feet have never traced, that I am not prepared to maintain that in some far fair land unknown to me, there does not exist a pleasure ground more beautiful than the Curhaus-park in Wiesbaden; but, such as it is, it was a revelation to me. The morning sun rising out of the blue Mediterranean, the pale moon lighting up a snow-capped Alps, magnificent sights as they be, do not make a picture so restful and pleasing to my eyes as the wonderful trees of this park. Avenues of chestnuts in full bloom, copper beeches with leaves of burnished bronze, stately old oaks with wide-spreading branches, besides the small prettinesses of golden laburnum, hawthorn, and lilac, make up an earthly paradise; nor is harmony wanting to complete the charm. A full choir of blackbirds and thrushes sing lauds and matins, while the nightingale with deep sweet trill offers up the evening hymn.

The population of Wiesbaden, native and foreign, fully appreciate this beautiful park, and spend many hours a day in its shady depths. The Cur Director, whether in the interest of the children or their seniors I know not, but certainly for some good reason, as everything is perfectly managed for public convenience, has set apart special benches, marked *kinderbank*, for the use of little people and their attendants. An English nurse with her charges, knowing nothing of this rule, sat herself down one day near me, and so I was witness of an amusing little pantomime. One of the caretakers approached, cap in hand (all officials, even under-gardeners, wear a semi-military uniform), and made the young woman a polite bow. He explained at some length the by-law under which she was offending, but, of course, she did not understand a single word of what he was saying. At last, failing to make her comprehend, he took her hand and led her in the direction of a *kinderbank*. She—half terrified, half flattered at such attention from a foreigner with a military cap—made no resistance, and it was not till she was seated in a group of twenty nurses and four times as many children that she grasped the situation. The cap was again politely raised, and the gardener withdrew. *Apròpos* of nurses, it is the fashion in this part of the world to carry young babies on a pillow. An ornamental pillow-slip, tucked and embroidered like a christening robe, is drawn half-way over pillow, baby, and all, except, of course, the child's head, which peeps out on the top of the pillow in a quaint little

cap. This mode of carrying a baby has its advantages, as there is no risk of straining its back or tiny neck, but it is rather cumbersome, and would not, I imagine, find favour with colonial nurses. Another note I made in the children's quarter was that all the little lads wore their upper and lower garments of contrasting colours—white jacket, blue legs; grey jacket, red legs; buff jacket, brown legs, and so on; the effect, I thought, was novel and picturesque. I do not know if it has found its way to Australia, or, like the pillowed babies, is a purely local fashion. German mothers have not the advantage of Mr. du Maurier's teaching in dressing their little girls. The black-stockinged, short-skirted, long-haired, altogether fascinating Effies and Ediths, whose portraits we are so familiar with in London *Punch*, are evidently not the models they adopt, though they are the best of fashion-books to English-speaking mothers all over the world. All the little *frauleins* with the smallest pretention to elegance wear white stockings (usually elaborately knitted ones), and as they are as a rule sturdy, large-limbed children, the effect is not pretty. And even when the *frauleins* have outgrown their childish plumpness, lengthened their skirts, and turned up their massive plaits of fair hair, they are generally too square and substantial to satisfy our ideal of girlish grace. I have not seen many pretty faces among the German women. Indeed, as I heard remarked at an afternoon concert of the Cursaal, "Fausts are plentiful enough at this Teutonic gathering, but where, oh where, are the Marguerites?" But if the girls lack the willowy liteness of English girls, and the older women have little of the grace and vivacity of their Gallic neighbours, the men are undoubtedly fine, soldierly-looking fellows, much more erect and well poised than the average Englishman, and more martial in their bearing than the undersized Frenchmen, who go through almost the same military drill. Soldiers of every degree, from private to field-marshal (if the uninitiated can judge of the rank by the uniform) throng the parks and gardens. Many of these warriors are disfigured by deep sabre cuts on brow and cheek—records, I should imagine, of their wild student days rather than honourable scars received on the field of battle. Of course, when these gentlemen pass each other on the promenade, they exchange military salutes—this one understands even if one's previous training in social observances of that character should have been confined to what

may be learned in Collins-street—but when civilians take off their hats to each other with the ceremony and politeness which at home one is only accustomed to see men pay to womenkind, one realises fully the fact of being on *la Continong*, where we Britishers, with our brusque manners and abrupt movements, are still looked upon as semi-barbarians. But a more pleasing evidence of the reverence and courtesy inherent in these gentle-mannered Nassauers is the veneration in which they hold the names not only of the great and gifted of their own race, but even those of alien lands. One hostelry—not the one from which I write (its tablets are yet to be emblazoned) but Zum Biren, close at hand—has a marble tablet on each side of the main entrance, on one of which is inscribed “Thomas Campbell resided in this hotel in August, 1841,” and on the other “Goethe wohnte in dessem Hause in Sommer, 1814 and 1815.”

This quiet town of Wiesbaden, so far removed from the panoply of courts, a few days since at the same time sheltered within its precincts no less than three Empresses, and surely few women of any rank in life have had cause to shed more bitter tears or to realise more completely the vanity of human greatness than these exalted ladies. One of them, Eugenie, once the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the darling of a people who more than any other bow before the shrine of beauty, has one by one lost all that made the joy of life—empire, husband, son, all are gone; gone too her witchery of form and feature, for years and sorrow have done their cruel work. And who can measure the anguish with which the Empress Frederick watched the progress of the treacherous disease which day by day sapped the life of her heroic husband; or, more terrible than aught beside, the agony with which the Empress of Austria must have looked on the face of her only son, dead by his own hand? Ah, not the waters of Wiesbaden, but of Lethe, one would offer, were it possible, to those sorely-tried women.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

SINITE PARVULOS.

[A preacher about to begin his sermon sees a nurse trying to rouse her little charge, who has fallen asleep. The priest remonstrates smilingly,—“ Nay, let him sleep.”]

Nay, let him sleep !
 A young unfolded bud—
 No speck of sinful mud
 Hath fallen on the white closed petals ever.
 So let him soundly sleep,
 He hath no cause to weep
 Who yet hath carried sin's sad burden never.

Let childhood sleep !
 Ah, that he might not wake
 Save for his mother's sake
 'Twere well that he should pass away unsinning
 From sleep to lasting rest
 On his Creator's breast,
 While rosy life is at its sweet beginning.

Aye ! let him sleep !
 'Tis but a little hour
 He gave to God his dow'r
 Of freshest praise, and innocent pure prayer ;
 His rosy lips did part,
 And heaved the tiny heart
 To Jesus living on the altar there.

O, let him sleep !
 He in his guileless dreams
 Will wander by soft streams
 Where great moon-daisies grow in grassy hollows ;
 Bird music ringeth there
 In sunny meadows where
 The bleating new-born lamb its mother follows.

Yea, let him sleep !
 E'en in the twilight dim
 Some loving cherubim
 Will see and stoop to kiss him as he's sleeping ;
 Nor will the Mother frown,
 Nay, sweetly she'll look down
 And fold him in her own most blessed keeping.

And, if he sleep
 When all the preaching's o'er
 And yonder golden door
 Uncloseth for the sacramental blessing,—
 The Saviour will approve,
 And with a special love
 Will whisper softly with most sweet caressing.

DAVID BEARNE.

JOHN PIUS LEAHY, O.P.,

BISHOP OF DROMORE.

PART II.

IN the letter given last month Dr. Cullen (not yet Cardinal) threw upon some one else the "blame" of having brought Dr. Leahy into the peril of being made bishop. The guilty party does not seem to have been Dr. Cullen's successor in the See of Armagh, whose funeral sermon Dr. Leahy was afterwards to preach—the holy, amiable, and learned Dr. Joseph Dixon.

"Drogheda, 16th May, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER LEAHY,

"I am very sorry to perceive from your letter your distress at the report which has got abroad. If I should have the pleasure of meeting you at any time, I shall let you know the whole history of the matter as far as I am acquainted with it. It will be a consolation to you to know that I have received no official account whatever of your appointment. Whatever I said in Drogheda was based upon rumours coming from members of your Order. If any more certain statement from Rome should reach me, all I can say is that I shall be ready, in conjunction with Dr. Cullen, at any stage of the affair, to submit a full and fair statement of the difficulties which deter you to the Sacred Congregation.

"Recommending myself to your prayers,

"I remain, my dear Father Leahy,

"Yours faithfully,

"✠ JOSEPH DIXON."

Whatever opposition the humble Dominican attempted proved happily unsuccessful, for in three months he received the following letter from the venerable prelate to whose assistance he was summoned:—

"Violet Hill, Newry, August 29th, 1854.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"About ten days ago, when preparing for the annual retreat of my clergy, I received a letter from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, stating that on account of high recommendations which His Holiness had received of your lordship's superior merits and the many eminent qualities by which you are distinguished, His Holiness has by his decree constituted you Coadjutor Bishop of this Diocese of Dromore.

"On yesterday I received a letter from the Primate of all Ireland, dated the 27th inst., stating that on the preceding day the briefs for your consecration had reached him, and that he had signified their receipt to your lordship; and on this morning I was honoured with your letter, dated the 27th inst., expressing what I most sincerely believe to be the genuine feeling of your good heart, your heavy affliction that such an appointment had fallen upon you, and your deep sense of the awful responsibility of the episcopal office.

I will not, therefore, congratulate you on an event which I am fully aware must convert your life into one of most painful cares and solitudes; but I cannot but feel joy within myself that God has been so merciful to me, a poor, old, infirm, and worn-out bishop, as to send me a Coadjutor full of zeal and talent and knowledge and charity such as your character bespeaks; and the only regret I feel is, that in point of worldly comfort and worldly means, I fear you will make a bad exchange. But as for my part, I will endeavour to remove, as well as I can, all causes of complaint.

"Your suggestion of having the ceremony of consecration performed in the chapel where you have so long ministered, and in presence of the large circle of your old attached friends, is so reasonable and just that I cannot but approve of it. The feeble and decrepid state of my limbs will prevent me from having the gratification of assisting at it. But as it is probable you will endeavour to have it performed by our venerable Primate, that circumstance will stamp it as complimentary to the province of Ulster.

"Hoping that I shall soon have the happiness of seeing you here and the benefit of your assistance,

"I have the honour to be,

"Most respectfully and affectionately,

"My dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's devoted servant,

"M. BLAKE.

"The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, &c., &c."

Finally the day of his consecration was fixed by the following letter:—

"Armagh, 3rd September, 1854.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I received a note from Dr. Cullen by the same post which conveyed your Lordship's. Considering the views expressed in both, I believe I must, with the help of God, undertake to consecrate you myself. I take it for a fixed thing that Rosary Sunday, please God, will be the day. Excuse haste, and believe me to remain, my dear Lord, always with sincerest esteem and regard,

"Yours faithfully,

"✠ JOSEPH DIXON.

"Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, &c., &c."

Between the dates of those last two letters a Maynooth student belonging to Dromore tried to be the first of his diocese to pay his respects in person to the new Bishop. He had spent the last days of the summer vacation in bidding good-bye to a sister who was leaving her convent-home near the Old Head of Kinsale to found another near the far distant Golden Gates, where she has lived ever since the happy and useful life of a Sister of Mercy. The Dromore student, passing through Cork, ventured to knock at the door of St. Mary's Priory, which stands on the banks of the Lee within the sound of Shandon Bells; but his ambition was doomed to disappointment—Dr. Leahy was not at home to receive in person the homage which is now lovingly tendered to his memory by the same heart nearly forty years older.

Among Dr. Leahy's papers have been found some letters addressed to him by the great English convert who is at present occupying so large a space in contemporary literature. Cardinal Newman's literary executor, who knows what a precious series of his letters I lately resigned to his keeping, would, I am sure, allow me to make use of the following letters, which were not then in my hands, and which would be of no service to the Cardinal's biographer, except the last, which was, of course, one of many leave-takings of Ireland. His correspondence with Dr. Leahy began when they were both simple priests:—

Catholic University House, Stephen's Green, Dublin,
June 28th, 1864.

MY DEAR FR. LEAHY,

Will you kindly allow me to put down your name as one of our University Preachers? We shall not ask more of you than one sermon a year; and our gain will very far exceed your trouble.

Not forgetting the pleasant glimpse I had of you at Cork last February,

I am, my dear Fr. Leahy,

Very truly yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory.

The Very Rev. Dr. Leahy.

The following letter is given partly because it begins with the name of the Rev. John Brennan, of Warrenpoint, whom a few of our readers remember affectionately, though he is so long dead that his successor, the genial and pious Father Eugene M'Mullen, has meanwhile had time to fulfil a long and zealous pastorate and to die some years ago,—himself succeeded by the Rev. Henry

O'Neill, to whom the present paper owes any worth that it may have :—

6 Harcourt-street, Dublin,

Jan. 24, 1856.

MY DEAR LORD,

Mr. Brennan called here to-day about an order for money sent from your Lordship to me, in behalf of the Catholic University, and not acknowledged by me.

I told him I knew nothing of it; and he went away. However, I have to make a deep apology both to him and your Lordship especially. For, since he has been here, I have found it. It came in my absence and was safely lodged. It lay in a private place with other valuable papers. It was my own fault that you have had no acknowledgment of it. All I can say is, that, as the money matters are generally transacted by the Vice-Rector, as the Secretary of the original Committee, I have not directed my thoughts that way.

Hoping you will kindly accept this explanation, and now acknowledging formally your order for £80 15s. 4d., and availing myself with great satisfaction of this opportunity of asking your Lordship's blessing,

I am, my dear Lord,

Your faithful friend and servant in Xt,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory.

The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy.

P.S.—I have to thank your Lordship for your letter by Mr. Hennessy. It was a great gain to receive it from a person like yourself.

The next letter that the first Rector of the Catholic University addressed to the Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore is the following—at least, the next of those in our hands, for there may have been some others in the interval, and there was certainly one. For the following letter refers to a request previously made that Dr. Leahy would preach the opening sermon of the University. Dr. Leahy had evidently objected to the short time allowed for preparation. Dr. Newman thus accounts for it :—

“ 6 Harcourt-street, Dublin,

“ April 16, 1856.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I ought to apologize to you for the seeming incivility of proposing to you so short a notice, but I had been hoping Dr. Cullen would give his approval to the day fixed for our opening for above a fortnight, and directly he assented, I asked him who was to preach, and when he suggested your Lordship as a person to be asked, I wrote to you immediately.

“ Our great anxiety is that we have no Bishop to preach; and, to tell the truth, it is a sad thing to say, we *seem* deserted by the Bishops.

“ I say all this to excuse myself in your eyes for having seemed to act so unceremoniously towards you. Anyhow we shall have your blessing with us, though we have not your presence.

“ You were kind enough to say some time ago you would be one of our ordinary

preachers. Therefore, will you let me propose to you to preach for us the *ordinary* Sunday Sermon, either on June 1, 3rd after Pentecost, or June 15th, 5th after Pentecost, or 29th, St. Peter and St. Paul ?

"Excuse me for troubling you, and believe me to be

"Your Lordship's faithful servant in Xt,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,

"*Of the Oratory.*

"The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy."

But, in spite of the short notice, our good Bishop consented to relieve Dr. Newman in his embarrassment, as we see from the following letter :—

"6 Harcourt-street;

"April 18, 1856.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The only drawback on the great delight with which I read your kind letter of yesterday evening was the fear I had encroached upon your goodness; but this feeling, as you may understand, did but increase my gratitude to you.

"I am very sorry in any way to have inconvenienced you. All I know is that your Lordship is going to do a real service to the University.

"It seems to me as if it would have been observed and commented on if we had not had a Bishop to preach at our opening, though I know it would have been unreasonable, because they have plenty to do, I suspect, in their own spheres of action. I have asked a number of them before now to assist us with their presence in the University pulpit, and (except Dr. Moriarty) their duties have not allowed them.

"It is a further kindness in you that you have allowed me to be so unceremonious as to ask your presence here at so short a notice.

"As to the subject of the sermon, I know well that whatever comes from your Lordship will be listened to with deep attention and reverence, and will do good. And I assure you, if you preach simply on the Ascension, and only allude in a few words to the occasion of your being there, it will be quite enough. You are held in too much affectionate veneration here for us to require more than to see you and gain your blessing.

"As you are so kind as to come at the opening, I will not ask for your assistance at any other time.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your most sincere servant in Xt,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,

"*Of the Oratory.*

"The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy."

Just one year later Dr. Newman writes to announce his resignation of the post of Rector. He speaks already of his considerable age, and of his desire to establish his Congregation of the Oratory securely at Birmingham. That was thirty-three years ago; and yet it is only while these pages are being sent to the printer, in the first week of November, 1890, that Cardinal Newman's first successor as Superior of the Oratory at Edgbaston

has been elected in the person of Father Ignatius Ryder, whose name (often cut down to the initial of his first name) has happily been familiar to the readers of this Magazine :—

“ Dublin, April 2, 1857.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I fear you will think it but a poor return to you for your unvariable kindness to me if I write to announce my approaching resignation of the Rectorship of the University.

“ I have more reasons for this step than it is easy to enumerate on paper. My age is now considerable; my contemporaries are dying or failing around me; I cannot tell what time is left to me for any work; and I do not like the prospect of being taken away without having given my last years to my congregation at Birmingham. These are some of the considerations which I trust will justify me in your Lordship's eyes for the step I am taking.

“ I propose to resign in November next, when I shall have given more than six years to the work of the University, though for only half of them I have had any continuous residence in Dublin.

“ This space of time is equal, in preciousness to myself, to twice the number of years to a younger man.

“ I shall now entertain a grateful sense of the confidence with which you have honoured me, and the support you have given me, and begging your Lordship's blessing,

“ I am, my dear Lord,

“ Your faithful and obedient servant in Xt,

“ JOHN H. NEWMAN,

“ *Of the Oratory.*

“ *The Right Rev. the Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore.*”

“ The Oratory, Birmingham,

“ April 15, 1857.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I knew perfectly well how kind an answer I should get from you; but that neither diminished my pain in writing to you, nor diminishes my gratitude now for what you have written.

“ Gladly would I do for the University anything which really was in my power, but I ought rather to return thanks that I have been allowed to do anything for it, than wonder that what I can do should find its natural limit.

“ I am greatly consoled by your assurance that you will not forget me in your good prayers, and begging your Lordship's blessing,

“ I am, my dear Lord,

“ Your faithful and obedient servant in Xt.

“ JOHN H. NEWMAN,

“ *Of the Oratory.*

“ *The Right Rev. The Bishop Coadjutor of Dromore.*”

We have allowed this series of letters to carry our little narrative beyond the point it had reached. Dr. William Maziere Brady, in his very learned work “*The Episcopal Succession in England, Scotland and Ireland, A.D. 1400-1875,*” gives some minute

dates connected with Dr. Leahy's episcopal consecration which no one else could furnish. The reader who may be able to consult this work is warned that there are two passages about our Prelate. He is referred to at page 305 of the first volume, and much more fully at page 365 of volume second. He was nominated coadjutor to Dr. Michael Blake, Bishop of Dromore, on the 27th of March, 1854; then, after all the opposition that he could make to it, this nomination was approved by the Pope (Pius IX.) on the 2nd of July, and decreed on the 7th. Finally, on the 10th of July, he was officially appointed Bishop of Aulun *in partibus infidelium*, and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Dromore, with right of succession; but the Brief embodying these appointments was dated the 14th of July.*

The consecration of the Bishop of Aulun took place in the Cork Church of the Dominican Fathers, October 1st, 1854. The correspondence already given has informed us that the consecrating prelate was Dr. Joseph Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh. He was assisted by Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, and Dr. Kilduff, Bishop of Ardagh, in the presence of Archbishop Cullen, afterwards Cardinal, and Dr. M'Gettigan, afterwards Primate. The Bishops of Ross and Cloyne were also present, with the Coadjutor Bishop of Kerry, Dr. David Moriarty.

The first day of October was chosen for the sacred ceremony because it was in that year Rosary Sunday. No more appropriate date could have been selected for this event in the holy man's life; for the Rosary was the devotion of his predilection for the sake both of its origin and its object. Some years previously Father Leahy had published a devout treatise on the Rosary, from which an extract is given in the Literary Classbook of the Christian Brothers. Dr. Maziere Brady, in the work that we have referred to, states that our Bishop was the author also of several published Pastorals and Sermons, some articles in Magazines, and an article in *The Dublin Review*. He seems to have been supplied with these

* Is not Dr. Brady in error in saying that the consecration took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Cork? St. Mary's is the Dominican Church on Pope's Quay. We may mention here out of the proper place that, according to Dr. Brady, Dr. Leahy's brief of appointment to the bishopric of Dromore, upon Dr. Blake's resignation six years later, was dated February 29, 1860; but before its arrival the former brief had taken effect, Dr. Blake having expired in the night between the 7th and 8th of March. With such minuteness are such events recorded in the Roman archives.

details by some very well-informed friend of Dr. Leahy ; nevertheless another excellent authority on the subject doubts the accuracy of Dr. Brady's statement.* "In *The Dublin Review* for September, 1845, there is an article on the ancient Irish Dominican Schools. It may have been his ; but it is more probably the work of his confrère, Dr. Bartholomew Russell, O.P., who, I have heard, was an occasional contributor to the *Review*. The Bishop was always very reticent about matters of this kind."

Two weeks after his consecration Dr. Leahy made his first public appearance in his diocese when preaching the consecration sermon of the beautiful Church of Rostrevor. His people at once learned to value his solid and devout discourses, delivered with a calm fervour, and in a clear and earnest voice that soon made the listener forget that it was unmusical : for he was an exception to the Dominican tradition of skill in music. His pastoral homilies at the early mass on Sundays were always excellent. The few words that he spoke at many funerals, when the coffin lay for a few minutes before the altar of the Old Chapel round which the burying-ground lies, never failed to make a deep impression ; and Protestants were glad to avail themselves of these funerals as the easiest opportunity of hearing the Bishop. One of the last of his more important discourses lies before us in pamphlet form—namely, the one preached at the dedication of the new Church of the Passionists, Mount Argus, Dublin ; the church itself also being the last and one of the finest works of the architect, J. J. MacCarthy.

The happiest reign has the shortest history ; for there are no wars or revolutions to furnish matter for picturesque description. The last thirty years of Dr. Leahy's life are summed up in the statement that he was a zealous, humble, holy bishop, revered and beloved. The feelings of his clergy were admirably expressed in the address presented to him on the occasion of his silver jubilee, the 25th anniversary of his consecration as bishop. The nature of that address may be guessed from Dr. Leahy's reply :—

"I feel deeply grateful, and I return my warmest thanks for the affectionate sentiments expressed in your eloquent address, and for the valuable gift which

* Which is, however, confirmed by a still better authority. Dr. Leahy was the author of an article in *The Dublin Review*, on the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland ; and he contributed several papers to the "Cork Magazine," which began in November, 1847, but did not last long.

accompanies it. But, with regard to the praises which in your kindness you lavish on me, I hope, through the mercy of God, that I am not vain enough to imagine I deserve them. It is true that the admirable works which you enumerate were accomplished since I came to this diocese, but that was merely a coincidence of time. The merit of those works belongs not to me, but to you and to the warm-hearted and religious people who helped you from their purse, and profited by your instructions. The sole credit which I can justly claim is that I encouraged you in your arduous labours, and rejoiced exceedingly in your success.

You have mentioned the frequency and manner of my discourses. I shall not deny that I have endeavoured to preach, with becoming assiduity, the sublime and saving truths of religion, in simple words, intelligible to all. But this was only the fulfilment of an indispensable duty which I could not neglect without incurring the anger of God, and thereby the awful punishment of an excruciating eternity. To use the inspired language of the Apostle St. Paul, "If I preach the Gospel it is no glory to me, for a necessity lieth upon me. For woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel" (1 Cor., ix. 16).

You refer to my share in the deliberations of the Episcopal Councils. I can assure you that my attendance at those meetings, far from subjecting me to any wearisome labour, was, on the contrary, a source of pleasure and edification. My occupation there was scarcely ever more than to listen to evidences of wisdom, prudence, zeal, learning, and mutual respect displayed by the assembled prelates, and if, on some rare occasion, I imagined that it might be useful to offer a suggestion, some other Bishop was sure to render my interference unnecessary by urging views, similar to mine, in language clearer and more convincing than I could command.

It is truly gratifying to learn that my demeanour towards you personally has been such as you would desire, and were fully entitled to expect. Indeed, it would have been very strange if, when a suitable occasion offered, I did not show the respect and affection I sincerely feel towards those who have been raised to the exalted dignity of the Priesthood, and who spend their lives in labouring for the salvation of men—the very purposes for which our Divine Redeemer devoted thirty-three years of His mortal existence, and poured forth every drop of His heart's blood in shame and torture on the cross of Calvary.

Beloved brethren, seventy-seven years of age, and the failing energies of mind and body, warn me that the time is rapidly approaching when I must render to an all-seeing God a rigorous account of my stewardship. It will, therefore, be adding immeasurably to the favours conferred on me if, by frequent and fervent prayers, you obtain for me, through the superabundant merits of Christ, and the intercession of His ever-immaculate Mother, and of His Angels and Saints, a full remission for the innumerable deficiencies of my past life, as also the powerful graces which will enable me to act the part of a "good and faithful servant" during the short time that still remains to me.

And I earnestly implore that, after I pass into eternity, you will charitably remember me at the altar, when you will be offering "the most precious blood which washes away the sins of the world." That God, who selected you to be His coadjutors in the greatest of all His works, may bestow on you the brilliant reward promised to those who instruct many unto salvation, is, and shall be, the ardent daily prayer of him whom you have so kindly and generously addressed on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration."

But, though Dr. Leahy devoted himself heart and soul to his episcopal duties, he was to the end a true Dominican. Once having to plead in his presence for some religious purpose in a rural church of his diocese, I, with much misgiving, attempted something like a compliment to his Lordship; but I could only venture to do so, I remember, by linking his name with certain Dominican names that were sure, I knew, to sound sweetly in his ears. I said that the great Order of Friars Preachers was dear to the clergy and people of Dromore, not so much for the sake of St. Dominick himself and his share in the Rosary; nor for Fra Angelico and all that he had done for Christian Art; nor even for the Fra Angelico of Christian Science, the Angelico Doctor, Thomas Aquinas, Patron Saint and Prince of Theologians; nor for Bartholomew de Las Casas, the heroic champion of the slaves; nor (to come nearer to our own time) for the sake of the Friar Preacher who had awakened Paris and France; nor even for the sake of the Irish Lacordaire who had made the name of Burke illustrious for the second time in the annals of oratory; for none of all these, but for the sake of the Bishop whom the Dominican Order had given to Dromore, and whom Dromore would love and revere the more with every year that he was spared to her.

He was spared to her much longer than could then have been hoped. Dr. Leahy's health was never robust; and what is supposed to be the chief support of bodily health—food—he always partook of very sparingly. Some Dromore priest boasted of having a bishop who could preach as eloquent a sermon, pray as fervent a prayer, tell as good a story, and eat as bad a dinner, as any prelate in Christendom. As early as February 15th, 1857, Dr. Leahy wrote to Mrs. O'Connor, the first Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Newry: "I want your prayers far more for the health of my soul than of my body. I think it likely enough that I have not long to live, and many warnings show me that I ought to be directing all my attention to the great change." Yet he had then more than thirty years still to wait on earth. How so frail a body was maintained so long on such meagre fare was a mystery.

Allusion has just been made to Dr. Leahy's skill as a *raconteur*. He was full of minute and accurate information on a vast number of subjects in very different spheres of knowledge. In the matter of interesting anecdotes, well narrated, he could in his own grave way rival two bishops to whom he was in many respects a contrast

—Dr. William Delaney, of Cork, and Dr. George Butler, of Limerick.

The venerable old man was a few years ago relieved of all the responsibilities of his position by the appointment of his coadjutor, Dr. Thomas McGivern, the present Bishop of Dromore. He spent the rest of his days in retirement at his residence, Violet Hill, near Newry, preparing for "the great change" which was in his thoughts more than thirty years before. In these last years his chief earthly support was the tender filial care of the Rev. Henry O'Neill, who had lived with him through the whole term of his priestly life, and in whom he placed the fullest and most affectionate trust. So he quietly prayed and waited, showing his saintly and amiable nature to the last. And then, at last, after almost too long a warning, "the great change" came.

At the next meeting of the Newry Town Commissioners, one of them (a Protestant) moved the adjournment of the proceedings as a tribute of respect to the deceased Bishop, saying that he had known Dr. Leahy for a considerable number of years, and he could safely say that he had never known a more Christian gentleman. His holy remains were laid to rest in that burying-ground which we have spoken of somewhere in the course of this sketch as lying round the "Old Chapel." May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace and in the sure hope of a happy resurrection. Would that for all of us that hope were as sure as it is for John Pius Leahy, of the Order of Preachers, Bishop of Dromore.

LITTLE WHITE ROSE.

LITTLE white rose that I loved, I loved,
*Roisin ban, Roisin ban !**
 Fair my bud as the morning's dawn.
 I kissed my beautiful flower to bloom,
 My heart grew glad for its rich perfume—
 Little white rose that I loved.

* As our typefounder has not supplied us with Celtic characters, we may explain that these words might be spelled phonetically *rosheen baan*, and that the two other epithets applied to the White Rose rhyme each with the succeeding line.—*Ed. I. M.*

Little white rose that I loved grew red,
Roisin ruad, Roisin ruad !
 Passionate tears I wept for you.
 Love is more sweet than the world's fame--
 I dream you back in my heart the same,
 Little white rose that I loved !

Little white rose that I loved grew black,
Roisin dub, Roisin dub !
 So I knew not the heart of you.
 Lost in the world's alluring fire,
 I cry in the night for my heart's desire,
 Little white rose that I loved !

DORA SIGERSON.

CAPTAIN VERNON HARRIS AND *THE IRISH MONTHLY*.

IT is not of very great importance ; but, if it is to be put on record at all, now is the time, for the year is closing in which the little incident occurred. It came under our notice only by accident and in a very roundabout way ; but, as it procured for this Magazine the honour of occupying the attention of Parliament for three minutes and a-half, perhaps we are bound in gratitude to save it and Captain Harris from oblivion.

Who is Captain Vernon Harris ? English literature, as represented by the present page, will henceforth for ever chronicle the fact that in the year of grace, 1890, a gentleman having that name filled the post of Governor of Her Majesty's Convict Prison at Chatham. In that year John Daly and certain others convicted of treason felony were confined in the aforesaid prison ; and, complaints being made about their treatment, Parliament ordered an Enquiry to be made by the Visitors of the prison. This enquiry was held in March, 1890. The witnesses do not seem to have been examined on oath. Among them was, of course, Captain Harris. His evidence is given at page 170 of Blue Book C—6,016. Question 6,127 put by Mr. Drummond : " Do I understand you to say that the articles in the magazines are occasionally cut out ? "

And Captain Harris replied : " Yes, from the monthly magazines." And to the further question, " What magazines ? " he answered : " The *Irish Monthly* and the *Catholic World* are of a very advanced Fenian type." The chairman then interposed with the query : " Are they taken in here ? "—" Yes, they were taken in long before the movement took its present form."

There were thirty-five thousand chances to one that *The Irish Monthly* would never come to know the kind opinion that Captain Harris thus expressed concerning its political views. Of the thousands and thousands of Blue Books this is the only one we have ever purchased ; and the revenue of Her Majesty's Stationery Office would not have been swollen by 1s. 10d. if a Southampton subscriber had not happened to notice the above questions and answers, and if he had not kindly taken the trouble to bring them under the notice of the Editor. As the Report had been made to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Editor first drew his attention to the matter, and was favoured with the following communication :—

Whitehall,

7th July, 1890.

SIR,

With reference to your letter of the 6th ultimo, I am directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint you that he has made enquiry into the matter, and desires me to express his regret that the Governor of Her Majesty's Convict Prison, Chatham, should appear in the printed report of the evidence taken at the recent enquiry at that prison to have misrepresented the character of the "*Irish Monthly*." I am to explain that, owing to the desire which was felt to bring out the report with as little delay as possible, the usual opportunity was not given to the witnesses of correcting the proof of their evidence before publication ; and the Governor says that his answer, No. 6,129, is incorrectly reported, and that it was not "*The Irish Monthly*" but another journal which was described as being " of a very advanced Fenian type."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GODFREY LUSHINGTON.

So Captain Harris's answer was " incorrectly reported." I wonder how it would have run if it had been correctly reported. It would be hard to conjecture what other magazine was really honoured with the Governor's criticism. There is none of a similar name or nature. Our Magazine, we fear, is not of such world-wide fame that a blundering reporter would substitute it for another. And we are confirmed in our misgivings about this official explanation by the fact that the Home Secretary himself,

when questioned later on the subject in the House of Commons, gave a different explanation on the same authority. Mr. D. Crilly, M.P., just before the House broke up for the summer vacation, asked Mr. Matthews if his attention had been called to the statement of the Governor of Chatham Prison, describing *THE IRISH MONTHLY* as being of a very advanced Fenian type, although in an existence of eighteen years it had never propounded any political views of even the mildest kind. This time the Home Secretary laid the blame on the punctuation, which ought, it seems, to have confined this charge to the last of the two magazines. We are not sure that our transatlantic contemporary will be content to be thus characterised; but our own concern is to say that this second explanation is more lame than the first, and that it would have been more credible and more creditable if Captain Vernon Harris could have condescended to confess his mistake and to apologise for it. But how could so high an official be expected to plead guilty to the crime of having passed a rash judgment on *THE IRISH MONTHLY*?

TO SISTER MARY BENIGNUS.

(Written for the Children at the Convent, Goldenbridge, Dublin, for the Feast of St. Benignus, November 9th, 1890).

BY Nanny's stream, as once St. Patrick slept,
 A fair child gathered, till his arms were wide,
 The fragrant flowers, and to the sleeper's side
 On tiptoe stealing, where the willows kept
 Cool shadows, in love's tender ways adept,
 Strewed o'er his bosom all the meadow's pride—
 The dreamer dreamt the angel of the tide
 Kissed him, as onward with the wave he swept.

It was the boy Benignus. He, for us
 And all our country's children, offering
 That flowery tribute to a saintly fame,
 Made us till now his debtors: therefore, thus,
 To pay that olden debt, these flowers we bring
 To thee, the heiress of his gentle name.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "Whisper! By Frances Wynne" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.) is not, as one might guess from its name, a pleasant tale in prose, but an exceedingly graceful and attractive collection of lyrics. It is a small book, and none of the pieces fill more than a page or two; and so much the better. We are sorry that the remark has so much the appearance of a pun, but we can think of no other epithet more appropriate for Miss Wynne's muse than winsome and winning. With all her musical lightness of touch there is deep feeling in many of these dainty poems. Several of them have appeared in *Longman's Magazines*, under the auspices of the fastidious and critical Mr. Andrew Lang, "At the Sign of the Ship." Others of them will have a familiar sound for our own readers. We are safe in predicting for the delicious little tome a popularity that falls to the lot of few books of verse. We shall carefully take note of the verdict passed by the Saxon and American critics on this youngest and freshest of our Irish poets.

2. If this "Whisper!" had not reached us at the last moment, our first word of welcome would have been for another very elegant volume of verse which has had to travel much farther in order to reach our sanctum. We have more than once given our meed of praise to the excellent work done both in prose and verse by Mrs. Blake, of Boston. Her newest title-page is "Verses along the Way. By Mary Elizabeth Blake, author of 'Poems,' 'On the Wing,' 'Rambling Talks,' 'Mexico,' 'A Summer Holiday in Europe;'" and even this long enumeration ends with "etc., etc." The eminent publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston and New York, have brought out the volume in accordance with the best contemporary canons of æsthetic elegance. It is quite a large book of some 170 pages, containing, besides the poems "along the way," sonnets and epigrams, poems "in lighter mood," and poems about children, with a few translations from Mexican poets—by which last we are not much impressed, we confess. Mrs. Blake's bright lyrical faculty comes best into play when she draws her inspiration from her Irish heart, or when childhood is her theme. This new volume contains some of her best and most attractive work. The land of her birth and the land of her adoption must both feel proud of her.

3. To emphasise their importance by contrast, let us name, after these two books of verse, the two large volumes which form the new edition of the *Theologia Moralis* of Father Lehmkuhl, S.J. This is the

sixth edition of this great work, which theologians have welcomed so earnestly. The new edition is enlarged, while its price is diminished; and the publisher, Herder, of Friburg, has produced it with the best type on the best paper.

4. It is appropriate to name after this admirable theological treatise an American work on Canon Law, by an experienced Professor, the Rev. S. B. Smith, S.T.D., whose previous works in English on the same subject have been warmly commended by practical authorities of high standing. The present work is in Latin—*Compendium Juris Canonici ad usum cleri et Seminariorum hujus regionis accommodatum*. Benziger of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, is the publisher.

5. "The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures" is a volume of four hundred large octavo pages, translated from the French of a Belgian Redemptorist, Father Saintrain. It is a treasury of holy thoughts and affections on the love of God for man from eternity, since the creation, and finally since the Incarnation. We owe this English edition to Benziger also.

6. Father John Morris, S.J., contributes to the biographical series published by the Catholic Truth Society a penny life of Blessed Juvenal Ancina, the recently beatified Oratorian. The same indefatigable Society sends us, a little too late for this year, "Little Helpers of the Holy Souls: a November Book for Children," by the author of "Lessons from our Lady's Life." It is written with a very beautiful simplicity. Hardly anyone but a mother with little children of her own around her could propose these holy thoughts in language which is so sure to reach the young hearts for whom this excellent pennyworth is intended. It will be useful during any month of the year, and not in November only.

7. It is very seldom that a new book is published anywhere in Ireland except in Dublin; and this excites one's interest beforehand in a book that comes from Limerick. Messrs. G. M'Kern and Sons, Printers and Publishers, 113 George-street, Limerick, are about to issue a selection from the Poems of the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, Rector of St. John's, Limerick, to which the author has given the humorously modest title of "A Cracked Fiddle." Mr. Langbridge's ballad-narratives and songs have already attained a wide popularity. Of one of his volumes Robert Browning wrote: "None are weak, many impressive, not a few excellent, in the adequacy of the expression, both in musicalness and colour, to the thing expressed." The forthcoming volume will contain the pith and marrow of all the previous volumes, with a large number of uncollected poems. We guarantee

that it will be read with pleasure by many even who dislike verse. Attractively bound and with a specially engraved portrait, it will be sent post free to subscribers for four shillings.

8. Miss Ella MacMahon is far above the average of translators from the French. She does not belong to the translator-traitor class. The latest addition to her library of pious translations, published by Benziger, is a fifth series of those "little counsels for the sanctification and happiness of daily life" which have gained such vogue under the name of "Golden Grains" or "Golden Sands." We should be curious to see how page 150 runs in the original. Some Irish readers will be puzzled how E. Z. reads like "easy," for they will not be aware that the last letter of the alphabet, which we call *zed*, is *see* in the United States. The same Publishers, Benziger Brothers, have issued another devout little book, "One and Thirty Days with Blessed Margaret Mary,"—namely, a month's meditations on the virtues of that holy Visitation Nun, translated from the French by a Baltimore Nun of the same Order.

9. Blackie and Sons, of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, are famous caterers for young people in search of pretty books at Christmastide. One of the prettiest of their newest batch is "Tom in a Tangle, and other Tales," by Miss T. Sparrow, who has sometimes disguised herself as Darcy Byrn. We leave to her young readers to decide whether the story that is named on the title-page is not left behind in interest by "Mother's Red Rose" or "Dear Pussy," or "What Willie found under the Trees."

10. "The Catholic Home Almanack" has reached its eighth year, and is published by the firm we have named so often—Benziger Brothers. It contains stories and excellent biographical sketches with pictures and portraits. But it has fallen into a curious blunder: it gives an account of Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, beginning with the statement that he died last January. It was the Archbishop's mother who died then. "The Catholic Family Annual" for 1891 (Catholic Publication Society, New York) is in its 23rd year. It contains a vast variety of useful information with illustrations of that excellence to which American engravers have accustomed us. Finally, coming home to our own side of the Atlantic, we have received from Burns and Oates a new sermon and an old letter. The sermon is "The Obedience of Faith," by Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport; and the letter is the famous one addressed by Cardinal Manning many years ago to Dr. Pusey, and entitled "The Working of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England." Both seem to be admirably suited to convince those to whom they are specially addressed.

11. *The Tablet*, in recommending for use in schools Mr. Justice O'Hagan's "Children's Ballad Rosary," makes this practical suggestion: "As each ballad occupies a separate leaf in the book, the fifteen mysteries might be distributed among as many children, with promise of the entire book to those who succeed in accurate recital from memory." We should add to this that the separation of leaves should take place in a penny paper-covered copy—*experimentum fiat in corpore vili*—and that one of the pretty fourpenny copies in blue binding should then be given as a prize. We cannot refrain from adding here the thoughtful criticism passed on Judge O'Hagan's little book by a writer in *The Month* for November:—

"One of the privileges of those who take part in the Christian education of little children is the opportunity they have of storing their childish minds with religious truths that bring forth good fruit in their after-life. Poems and ballads afford a special means of teaching them what they will never forget; verses learnt in childhood often remain fresh in the memory till old age. Any simple poetry that implants religious ideas is therefore a boon to our little ones, and a versified Rosary ought to be welcome to all, priests, Christian Brothers, nuns engaged in instruction, schoolmistresses, Sunday school teachers, to say nothing of fathers and mothers who prefer home teaching to doing by proxy the work that they can do best of all when circumstances allow. Mr. Justice O'Hagan is a benefactor to children and teachers alike by *The Children's Ballad Rosary*, lately published by the Catholic Truth Society. It is a work of art as well as of piety. Unlike most poems of the sort, it never flags, and it would be hard to point out weak stanzas. It will be a training in poetical narrative as well as in piety to those who use it. The metre is varied in the different parts of the Rosary, and we observe that to the Sorrowful Mysteries is given the special honour of being double-rhymed."

JUDGE O'HAGAN.

A WORD IN MEMORY.

Thus far we had written about the latest production of Judge O'Hagan's pen, little dreaming that it was not only the latest but the last—that he had laid down his pen for ever. We had hoped that, after his retirement from public life, his health would be sufficiently restored to allow him to work on through many years in divers ways for the objects that were dear to his heart, everything that concerned the welfare of his country, the good of souls, and the glory of God. But it was not to be. God willed that his death—which could not have been unprovided, since every year of his perfect Christian life provided for it—should come, if not with suddenness, yet without the weariness of waiting, and while his mind in its full vigour could complete the preparation for the great change. Those who had the

happiness of knowing him in life, and who know how the end found him, can say with the simplest truth :

He taught us how to live, and (oh, too high
The price of knowledge !) taught us how to die.

And surely it was a good omen that, as his last prose was his sympathetic essay in *The Contemporary Review* on Thomas Davis as a type of Irish patriotism, so his last verses were "The Children's Ballad Rosary." These were the two strongest impulses of his nature—love of faith and fatherland, *pro fide et patria*. This circumstance has been remarked by many already. For instance, the author of "Lessons from our Lady's Life" says in a private note: "It is nice to think that his last literary effort was in the cause of our Lady. He became like to a little child for her sake, and she will secure for him the promised reward."

These few grateful words, which have only been broken off from our book-notes at the last moment, must not allude to such merely natural things as the wonderful mental gifts and acquirements of the soul so lately departed. It is more fitting to note that in the exercise of them all he selected themes and objects that are worthy of being named even in the immediate presence of the majesty of death. Thus his marvellous skill as a metrical translator was expended on so solemn a lyric as the *Dies Irae* and on so pure an epic as *The Song of Roland*. His spirit felt at home among these lofty thoughts.

John Mitchel quotes somewhere with approval some one's prayer: *Sit anima mea cum Bedello!* Those who knew intimately this great Catholic Irishman—a privilege for which they thank God as for a precious grace—would not hesitate to breathe with humble earnestness a similar prayer beside this new grave in Glasnevin, feeling confident that now indeed is realized the fancy of one of his colleagues who used to say that he never conversed with Judge O'Hagan without feeling the impression as of a man who looked habitually on the face of God. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

Thus, then, we close the eighteenth volume of our Magazine—in which our lost friend took the kindest and most practical interest from the first and till the last—by inscribing on this last page, with the deepest gratitude, love, and reverence, the name of JOHN O'HAGAN.
Cujus anima in refrigerium !

Farewell ! Whate'er the future brings
To us—no longer by thy side—
'Twill help us on to higher things
To think that *thou* hast lived and died.

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